J. A. Garfield

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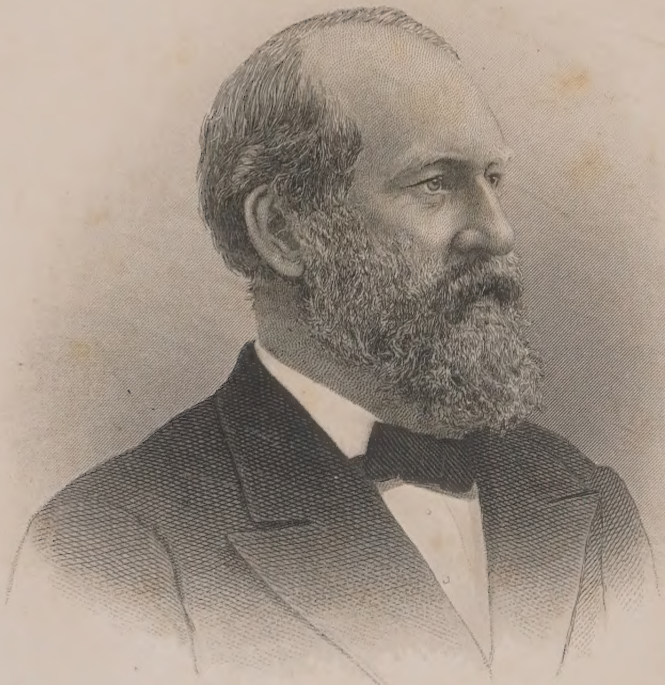

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J. A. Garfield

THE

LIFE

OF

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CAREER WHICH, LIKE THAT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, BY NATIVE ENERGY AND UNTIRING INDUSTRY, LED ITS HERO FROM OBSCURITY TO THE FOREMOST POSITION IN THE AMERICAN NATION.

TOGETHER

WITH A FULL ACCOUNT OF HIS ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY, MOMENTOUS EVENTS OF HIS BRIEF ADMINISTRATION, ASSASSINATION, SURGICAL TREATMENT, THE SYMPATHY OF THE NATION, REMOVAL TO ELBERON, DEATH, AUTOPSY, FUNERAL OBSEQUIES, INTERMENT, ETC., ETC., ETC.

By WILLIAM RALSTON BALCH,

Managing Editor of The American.

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TO

THE MEMORY OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

THIS VOLUME,

WHICH DOES BUT SCANT JUSTICE TO A NOBLE THEME, IS INSCRIBED IN FULL ADMIRATION OF ITS HERO BY

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE READER.

No APOLOGY is needed for presenting you with the story of President Garfield's life. As our hero once said: "Things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up," and the terrible days between that black 2d of July and the sad 19th of September, have prompted everybody to seek a closer acquaintance with the man who won each heart among fifty millions of people. The awful trial that came so suddenly after his new honors he bore without a murmur. In that unparalleled affliction all classes of the people were drawn to him, watched by his bedside, prayed for him day and night through the melancholy hours of his illness, and felt as if he belonged to them. So I trust the story of his life will prove acceptable to you, command your admiration, excite your emulation and win all the sympathy within you.

For the narrative of events prior to March 4th, 1881, I am indebted to the courtesy of the stricken President. After that date the facts have been gleaned from all available sources. Mistakes, I presume there are, but trust you will excuse them, as it has hardly been possible to make accurate history before the events therein described may be said to belong to the past.

WILLIAM RALSTON BALCH.

PHILADELPHIA, Fall of 1881.

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GARFIELD AS A BOY AND MAN.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving.

Garfield's Address to the Students of Hiram College.

CHAPTER I.

A FIRE AND ITS RESULT.

ABRAM GARFIELD, worn out with a night of bitter toil, bead-drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead and coursing down his heated, cinder-stained cheeks, walked to his home with a weary step. All night long the fires had ravaged the woods surrounding his little homestead, and all night long, assisted by the stout arms of his neighbors, he had valiantly fought the flames that threatened his all, twenty acres of good wheat growing on the land he himself had cleared around his cabin.

The fires were now well down, the trunks of unburnt trees stood out against the sky, blackened witnesses of destruction, and the wind was scattering the ashes hither and thither, as the farmers, knowing their scanty crops were saved, turned homeward.

Abram Garfield, honest, hard-working farmer that he was, naturally had taken pride in his grain, a pride he could not afford to see humbled by the agency of a vagrant fire in the woods. When it approached the edge of his fields, he had gone forth to the fight, and after hours of exhausting work, succeeded in getting the better of his enemy.

Reaching his cabin, he sank wearily on a three-legged stool that stood by the open door and raised his hat, that he might wipe away the perspiration beading his forehead. With no thought but that of rest, he allowed the breezes that blew over his saved wheat fields to cool his face with their grateful breath.

In this most natural act he contracted a severe cold and sore throat, the over-tension of his system laying it open to influences, that his otherwise hardy nature would have easily withstood.

Chill followed chill, and inflammation set in, becoming rapidly so intense, that his good wife Eliza determined to send for the only doctor the county boasted, a semi-quack, who lived several miles away. The leech responded promptly, came, and with many a profound gesture that illustrated nothing so well as his profound ignorance, ordered a blister for the sick man's throat—it was applied with all the instant virulence of quack practice in an unsettled country. The treatment was in faith so heroic, that Abram Garfield shortly after the blister was applied choked to death. Feeling that the last great act of his life had come, he motioned his wife to his side, and said, with thick, broken utterance: "I am going to leave you, Eliza. I have planted four saplings in these woods, and I must now leave them to your care."

Then, giving a last, long look upon his little farm as it stretched beyond the window toward

the rising sun, he called his oxen by name, turned upon his side, and expired.

The poor widow was stunned by the suddenness of her great misfortune. It had come upon her so quickly, it was impossible to realize at the moment of her husband's passing away, the full extent of her loss. Gradually, the iron entered her soul, she became aware of her loneliness. Bowing her head, she wept bitterly.

"Do not cry, my mother, I will take care of you," said her son Thomas, a mere slip of a boy, who stood by her side, scarce comprehending what he said, or why he said it.

"God bless you, my son; I will try to be brave for your sweet sakes," said the stricken woman, as she wound her arms convulsively about the boy. Rising, she called two little girls to her side, and explained to them their loss—the death of their father. Tenderly she lifted them in her arms and bade them kiss the cold, calm face, for the last time. Then from the cradle she lifted the youngest, her baby-boy, James, almost two years old, the pride of her hearth-stone. The boy looked down, wonderingly, out of his great blue eyes at his father's face so still upon the pillow. With a childish, questioning look, he lisped, "Papa sleep?" The mother's tears, flowing rapidly, was the only answer.

Two days later, Abram Garfield was laid to rest, and the baby-boy was carried to the funeral in the

arms of his uncle, William Letcher. The child, as was natural in one so young, paid no attention to the sad ceremonies, until he was brought beside the coffin to take a last look at the dead. Recognizing his father, he called aloud for him, the tears following each other rapidly down his face. When the earth was thrown upon the coffin, the child continued his cries, until the whole company burst into tears.

Who of us that have passed through such a scene, can ever forget it? The agony of a few brief moments then, often lives forever. They are to the mind what scars are to the body, and remain upon us while life lasts, teaching always, however, their lesson, just as the rock, when rent, discloses the gem, or the little obstacle that impedes the onward progress of the brook serves to make music and keep pure its water. So with Eliza Garfield. The influence of her chastening is upon her; it will be to her a softening thought and one to nerve her arm, for hers is a heroic soul—she comes from no common mould; she will come forth from the death-chamber well armed for the battle of life. In her veins runs the blood of the Puritans, and all the energy, intelligence and perseverance of that grand old race lies mingled in her frame. No danger it will fail her now; no danger but that such a woman will succeed; no danger but that such a mother is a fit woman to raise a President.

Her lineage will guarantee this anywhere. Let us look back a moment at the names that stand sponsor for her courage and devotion. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, Maturin Ballou fled to America and took refuge at Cumberland, Rhode Island. The fifth in descent from this great man was James Ballou, who, after some vicissitudes, finally found a home at Richmond, New Hampshire, and a wife in the person of Mehetabel Ingalls, of that place. Four children were born to Ballou, one of whom was christened Eliza. Soon after her birth, on September 21st, 1801, at the age of eight, her father dead, she removed with her mother to Worcester, Otsego County, New York. At the close of the War of 1812, a removal was again thought advisable, this time once more toward the West. Zainesville, Ohio, was selected as the Mecca of this pilgrimage, and after the household effects had been loaded into heavy carts, the adventurous party set out. Six weeks were occupied in the journey, and six more in settling in the new home. At the age of eighteen, Eliza Ballou fell in love with the man whose death we have just described, Abram Garfield.

His lineage was as strongly marked by all the qualities that made "men" in the brave days of old, as was that of the woman he chose to be his wife. In the stout, strangely-shaped ship that

brought the famous Governor Winthrop to the inhospitable shores of his New England home, to

"The stern and rock-bound coast,"

came also Edward Garfield, a Welshman of brave heart, who left his birthplace (Chester in Wales) for an unknown, untried home in the New World. The name he bore was probably in those days pronounced differently to the way it is now sounded, for, as old names always did, it meant something. In Anglo-Saxon it meant "field wat_h." Was this prophetic of the military honors coming to the name of Garfield in later years? An ancient coat of arms, derived from Gaerfili Castle, in Wales, has on the shield a gold ground crossed by three red horizontal bars, and in the upper dexter corner (left hand looking toward the shield) on an ermine canton, is a red Maltese cross, (*croix firmee*). The crest consists of a helmet with a raised visor, above which is an arm with a drawn sword, similar to the familiar device in the State seal of Massachusetts. The motto is "*In cruce vinco*," (Through faith I conquer). The Maltese cross seems to indicate that the bearer had been in the Crusades, and the ermine signifies that the coat of arms was conferred by the king.

Edward Garfield thought little of this as he landed in Massachusetts Bay. He had come to a country where such heraldic glories were of little

moment. He settled at Watertown, Massachusetts, where he and some of his descendants lie buried. Solomon Garfield, one of Edward Garfield's descendants, soon after the Revolutionary War, in which the Garfields upheld fully the honor of their name, moved with his children, one of whom bore the name of Thomas, to Worcester, Otsego County, New York. It was here that Abram Garfield was born.

When the question came up in the quiet of the simple family circle: What shall we name the boy? not many minutes' discussion decided that he should be called after his uncle Abram, a man who deserved well of his country, for he served it well. He was among the foremost of the farmers who, with their rusty rifles, hastened to repulse the British assault on Concord Bridge; and he was selected, with John Hoar, grandfather of the present Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, as witnesses, whose depositions concerning the British assault were taken at the request of the Continental Congress, which wished to show that the British government made the first illegal aggression, and began the War of Independence.

The young Garfield bearing his uncle's worthy name, was born in December, 1799. When two years old he lost his father by an attack of the small-pox, and the boy henceforth was under the care of a mother who possessed a sufficient measure, of those sterling virtues the women of our

Revolution always displayed, to give him a sturdy start in life. What education he gathered was obtained at the maternal knee, and his constitution became hardened and moulded on the broad fields of the family farm. As a boy, rugged and suntanned, he had made the acquaintance of a prim little girl, born in a New England town, Eliza Ballou by name, who interested him not a little, and who occupied such of his moments as were given over to heart hopes and heart troubles. But Eliza Ballou moved West, and left Abram Garfield alone in his Eastern home. He was not long following where his heart prompted, and in the autumn of 1819 he journeyed westward to meet and win his bride.

The leisure hours from his occupation—a contractor's work on the Ohio Canal—were agreeably filled in with the courtship of Eliza Ballou, whom he in due course married. His contractor's work over, the canal built, with a fair profit in his pocket, he moved to Orange, Cuyahoga County, and bought a piece of land. He moved practically into the wilderness, for there was but one house within seven miles. Life here flowed quietly on, just as in many another Western log cabin. The father managed his farm, and added an acre or two of clearing to it every year. The mother looked after the cabin comforts, and did what she could to make her children fit for the struggle of existence. The father prospered fairly.

The little country town grew rapidly, neighbors gathered on other farms, and a larger, more vigorous life settled upon the little place. Everything went well until the outbreak of the fire mentioned at the opening of this chapter. The death of Abram Garfield was the first cloud upon a life of successful happiness.

The children, who were around their father's death-bed on that eventful morning of death, were four, the eldest, a girl, Mehetabel, bearing her grandmother's Puritan name; the second, Thomas, called after his uncle; the third, Mary, and the last, the blue-eyed baby, James Abram, christened for his great uncle, almost as soon as he was born (November 19th, 1831).

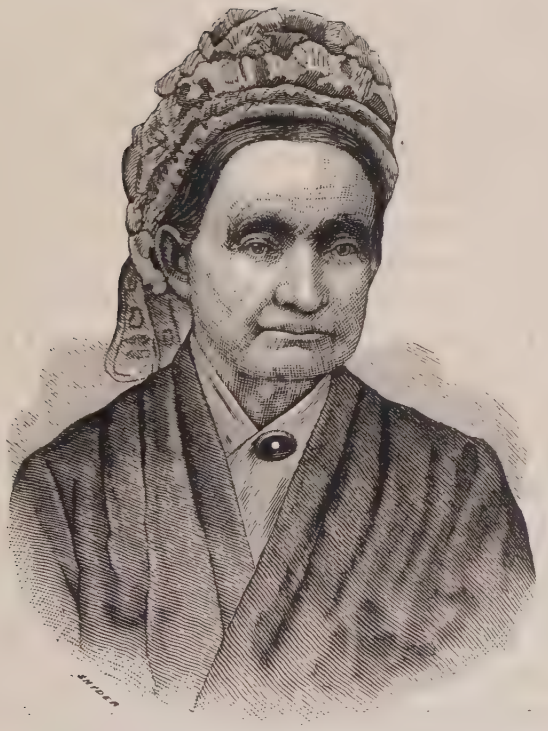
It is the life of this boy, James Abram Garfield, that is portrayed in the following pages.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME IN EARLY DAYS.

ELIZA GARFIELD had but a sunless prospect before her the morning after her husband was buried. A small farm incumbered with debt, a dense forest only partially broken by clearings, a scattered population almost as poor as herself, made up her immediate environment. Putting aside the mistaken but kindly-meant advice of friends, she said the house should not be broken up, the children should not be scattered. Advisers yielded to her will, and she had her way. She took up the mantle of head of the family, and with that brevet rank which widowhood never fails to confer upon deserving women, she made herself thoroughly respected by her sterling force of character and high resolve to dare and do for the weal of her children. Though small of stature, and thirty years of age, she had the ability and energy of a larger and older woman. The farm was to be kept up, the home continued as it had been since 1830, the "four saplings" cared for until they were ready to be transplanted. Then, and not till then, would she give up the farm.

This was a resolve that boded a harvest in its



MRS. GARFIELD—THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

fruition. For there was nothing strikingly beautiful in the country where she dwelt, there was nothing remarkably attractive. The soil was not noticeably excellent. There were a thousand farms that surpassed it, and she had nothing to work with but energy and willingness. She rose early and retired late. Her work never sought her, she sought it. The homestead assumed a more homelike appearance each year, as new comforts were added by the thrifty woman who managed it. The young orchard which Abram Garfield had planted grew amazingly, and the trees fulfilled the promise of their planting. Cherries, apples and plums, and later currants, proved quite an addition to the frugal fare of the family, and the gathering of these was always a delight to the children. Often could young James be seen perched on the top of a tree, with a pail, picking cherries for his mother to preserve, or gathering apples for her to dry. Out-door life to the boy, who had already toddled through infancy and was now a rousing youngster of eight, presented many an attraction that some children never seem to perceive.

Indian histories, then the liveliest and most vivid of all border reminiscences, were often told over in the twilight to the eager boy, eager for any news of that world to which his yet unformed fancies had carried him but which he was yet unable to people properly or quite understand. He car-

ried his bright fancies into his play and every tree in the orchard received at his hands the name of some noted author of whom he had but imperfectly heard and still more imperfectly admired; or of some statesman who had figured in the scraps of American history which he had listened to; or better still of some noted Indian Chief whose deeds had excited the boy's admiration. The noblest tree of the orchard received in the boy's estimation the noblest name Tecumseh.

As a boy he was always a busy spectator and assistant at the various harvest ceremonies; cider making, apple gathering for butter, corn husking and the like. So seldom perhaps has an apple-butter boiling on the border been seen by any of our readers that we may be pardoned perhaps for turning aside a moment to describe one. In those days there were no carriages and but very few roads. Paths through the forest led from one farm to another, and it was only the highways between the larger villages that rose to the dignity of township roads. Everybody rode on horseback and the men generally carried the women behind them upon the same horse. In the fall when the apples were gathered it was given out far and near that there would be an apple-butter boiling at a certain farm-house and all the neighbors were cordially invited to attend. In the afternoon came the older women who pared the apples and made ready for the night. Large tubs full of pared,

quartered and cored apples stood about the kitchen, and a great black kettle was hung in the yard. As night approached youths and maidens, some on foot and some on horseback, came from miles around and then the fire under the kettle was lighted. The kettle was filled about two-thirds full of cider and a bushel of quartered apples thrown in as soon as the cider came to a boil. It had to be unceasingly stirred with a long handled stirrer lest it burn. With a maid to assist, a young man took charge of the kettle and standing face to face with their hands on the stirrer, they moved the apples about in the kettle and chatted of love, war or the gossip of the neighborhood. What man that has ever stirred apple butter with his sweetheart has forgotten it? And who of these cannot now remember with a thrill of delight the paring bees and the fun of counting the apple seeds to know if the girl next you really loved you? And who but recalls the sweet blushes as the tell-tale seeds revealed the hidden secret, the agitated flight of the maiden to escape the shocking public announcement of the discovery just made?

The frolics of apple-butter boiling were hardly forgotten before the corn-huskings lightened the cool autumn days, and gave to labor wings of pleasure. Here young Garfield was in his element, as he assisted everybody in the long line of men and women who, with many a happy jest,

many a frolic, vigorously applied the shucker to the yielding leaf. Here, again, the youth and maiden were found side by side. She working assiduously, he less earnestly, though more watchfully for fear some red ear not noticed might lose him the privileged kiss. They were happy days, those before the modern march of machinery invaded our harvest fields to shorten our labor, and to steal away all the sweet privileges that the custom of decades had interwoven with it. But while they lasted upon the Orange farm of the Garfields young James took his share of the romping, for he was fond of it, or of the work, of which he was fonder. For there was not a lazy bone in his body, and he possessed the full boyish enthusiasm that oftentimes makes the whole world seem obtainable.

CHAPTER III.

DAYS OF EARNEST WORK.

THE early spring of 1843 finds the Garfield family still humbly prosperous. The not over-productive farm yields a subsistence, a subsistence made somewhat more bountiful, now that the children are all able to do work that counts. The elder son works the farm with the aid of hired hands, and James, now twelve years of age, is beginning to help. He drives in the cattle, carries wood, hoes the potatoes and corn, builds fires and does whatever his little hands can find to do. The girls assist their mother with her household duties; and the family, though poor, is thoroughly happy. James has obtained some tools—a saw, a chisel, a gimblet, and a shaving-knife—and with these he mends the chairs, puts latches and hinges on the doors, and is so handy, his brother says, he will "surely be a carpenter some day and build houses."

In winter the children go to the village-school, and are fast acquiring the rudiments of knowledge. The mother helps them with their little lessons. The district school only lasts for a few months in winter, and often the weather is so inclement the children cannot go out. Then the mother teaches

them herself, reads to them, and as the embers crackle and sparkle in the open fire-place, diffusing a gentle warmth, the family gathers about it, and little heed is paid to the driving storm without. At night stories are told, the scanty library overhauled and its precious information repeated without end. There is one book which is a source of never-ending comfort, the Holy Bible, and from this the mother reads every night to her children selecting those interesting Bible stories which their young minds can comprehend.

Among the books were two of greatest interest to young James, Weem's "Life of Marion," and Grimshaw's "Napoleon." "Mother, read to me about that great soldier," he says almost every night, and as the martial deeds of the first man of France are recited the boy's eyes dilate, his breast swells, and once he exclaims, enthusiastically, "Mother, when I get to be a man, I am going to be a soldier."

At this the girls laugh heartily, and James, chagrined, says, "Well, you will see that I will be a soldier, and whip people as Napoleon did." The good-natured and matter-of-fact Thomas reminds him that it is far better to be a farmer, and so the matter drops.

The little school that he attends is not far from the house, and within its walls on due effort, he easily leads the boys and girls who are his classmates. One day, he and his brother are caught

whispering, and the teacher sends them home. Thomas stays around the school-house, hoping that somehow he will be forgiven. Jim runs right home and then right back again. When he comes into the room the teacher says: "James, I thought I sent you home. Didn't I?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Jim.

"Well, why didn't you go?"

"I did go, I just got back," and, with a laugh, the teacher allows Jim to stay. He was very clever at this age, and not infrequently he would go to Sunday-school with the teacher and would sit on the desk and ask the boys Bible questions, such as these: "Who was the wisest man?" "Who was the meekest man?" "Who was in the whale's belly?" The boys did not know, and then Jim's superior knowledge would come into play, and he would gravely inform them, and always with accuracy. Thus the winter passes away, and the summer comes on all too soon.

With the opening leaves, the summer's work begins. The manure has to be hauled out and spread upon the land, then the land is plowed, harrowed mellow, and made ready for the corn. Farrowing out, or marking the earth for the corn, is a neat job, and often a boy has to ride the horse to keep him going straight. The dropping of the corn is always done by boys and girls. With a basket full of kernels on one arm, four grains at a time are taken out, and put in a hill. Some take

a handful out at a time, and measure out four grains with the thumb and the two front fingers, letting them slide off into the hill. The hills must be put the same distance apart, and the droppers generally walk in the farrow, planting the kernels just in front of the big toe, three feet being allowed between hills. The girls and boys run in their bare feet, and each one vies with the other in planting the hills regularly and with expedition. What jolly races we have had along the corn rows to beat the hoers out and have time to gather the raspberries that grew in the fence corners! Each corn-dropper is followed by a man with a hoe, who carefully covers up the seed, and grumbles incessantly if the kernels are scattered too far apart.

After the corn-planting season comes the stone-picking from the land that is to be mowed, and this must be done early, before the grass gets so high as to conceal the smaller stones. To properly cleanse a piece of grass land from stones is no small job, and often have we seen the boys with their finger-nails worn into the quick, and the skin so thin on their fingers that the blood oozed through. In those days, before reapers and mowers were known, the smallest stone would spoil a scythe, and every one had to be carefully picked up and carried away or placed in little heaps, around which the scythe men could mow.

Planting potatoes, cultivating the corn to keep down the weeds, hoeing potatoes, weeding in the

garden, milking the cows, churning and butter-making occupied the time until the grass was grown, and then came the hay making. Who that has ever lived on a farm will forget the jolly time when the scythes were brought out, and the whet-stones rang against their blue-steel blades? What music was sweeter than the song of the mowers? And when the hay was turned to dry in the sun, we raked it into windrows for the pitchers. Then the wagon, with its wide ladders; the bright forks, with their long handles; the fragrant odor of the grass, as it was pitched on the wagon, to be caught in our arms, and built into a long, wide sugar loaf overhanging the wheels; the sun shining, the meadow-larks singing, and our own little sweetheart adding her tender voice, as with nut-brown hands and disheveled hair she rakes the fragrant hay! It is always the province of a farm boy to build the hay on the wagon, and often the little maid assisted, sometimes tramping with naked feet on a hidden brier, which causes her to scream gently, and necessitated a search for the nasty jagger.

The haying season is speedily followed by the grain-cutting. "The harvest is ripe," is a welcome announcement to the husbandman, but not always to the farmer's son, for it means "strength, labor and sorrow" to him. Up at daylight to turn the grind-stone for the cradle-scythes, out with the lark to bring in the cows and get the morning work done, be-

fore the harvesters begin. Then following the reapers and binders, to gather up the sheaves for the shocks, while the sun, each hour grows hotter and hotter, until the light quivers with waves of heat. The bringing out of the ten o'clock piece, the carrying of water for the thirsty men, and the toiling until the welcome dinner-bell rings! How often have we thought it never would ring, and the great, hot, red sun seemed to have been commanded by another Joshua to stand still in the sky. Then the sweet noon rest under the trees, the renewal of labor, the long, hot afternoon, with night at last! What farmer-boy does not remember these days in his early life?

To James Garfield such life was pregnant with interest, engendered by duty. He was not an enthusiastic farmer, but he was an enthusiastic helper of his mother, and from the time he was able—he was always willing—he shouldered his full share of all the farm-work, finding his special province in the lighter labors of seed-time and harvest. In the fall, "chores" about the barn-house, until the winter's snowy mantle covered the ground, and the district school-teacher summoned the boys and girls to reopen their neglected books, for another season. And so the years fled their even course until 1846.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PIRATE'S OWN BOOK.

THERE was a wide difference between the Garfield boys. Thomas, the older brother, was quiet, unambitious, and aspired to nothing more than the honest, regular round of a farmer's life. James, the younger, was enterprizing, ambitious and pushing in his temperament. It is more than doubtful if he ever intended to be a farmer, and, probably, from his earliest years his brain was tenanted with visions of greatness. He had now become so expert in the use of tools that he could, while yet a mere boy, make or build almost anything, and his talent as a carpenter was in constant demand. Hardly a building or enterprise of any kind in the section of Ohio where he lived, but bore some marks of his skill. He had a carpenter's bench, and on this he worked early and late, though his labor brought him but small financial return. The land on which the Garfields lived was so poor it yielded them but a scanty living, and James felt the necessity of "working out," as it was called, to increase the limited resources of the family. He was early and late in the village, and among the neighbors, seeking odd jobs for his dexterous hands, and soon came to be

known as the most industrious lad in all Orange. His life was a hard one, but James was patient—being willing to "labor and wait" for the better times that he knew would come when he deserved them.

His popularity with the citizens of Orange was great, and they often put themselves out to do a favor for the youth who was so firmly resolved to become a fully equipped man, and they gave him employment mornings, evenings and Saturdays. In this way he earned enough to clothe and maintain himself, and also help the family a little. The summer vacation afforded him more time to work, and added largely to his earnings. He was sober and steady, a gaint in labor, and never seemed to even give himself time to rest. The savings of his busy vacations, earned with a jack-plane and hammer, made a full purse to the lad whose previous supplies of money had been more than meagre.

From his earliest appreciable days, young Garfield had been fond of books. Before he could read, he loved to listen to what others would tell him, treasuring every word his unpracticed memory could recall. When he was able to read, his appetite for it grew with every hour of his life. What he could obtain in the way of literature he devoured, not merely read, but re-read and re-read, until every word was more than a "twice told tale.' Books of adventure, tales of daring, lives

JAMES A. GARFIELD

AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

of freebooters, seemed to fascinate his mind the most. The air of wild freedom, the nonchalance and absence of care with which pirates lived, was a great attraction to the boy's spirit, already equal in its boldness to the most daring freebooter the sea ever knew. "The Pirate's Own Book" was a treasure-house of stories in which Garfield took an extreme, ever vivified delight. No matter how many times he pored over the book; no matter how often he absorbed its wild life and seemed to breathe the very atmosphere in which his heroes lived and moved, it was ever a well-spring of pleasure to him. He shared in all the dangers of the pirates, he made the bivouac with them on the lonely beach among the shadows, he drank their coffee, he eat their biscuits and fruit, he stole with them on stealthy foot over the difficult paths to where the gold was buried from the last great prize, a Spanish treasure galleon, he boarded the stranger ship, he carried a torch that set her on fire with the best of them, and he joined with all a boy's ardor in the lusty cheer as the prize went down. He lived their lives over again, he was every brave chief in turn, and he loved the salt waves with the most enthusiastic of them all.

It was perhaps fortunate at this juncture that there were no opportunities to gratify the wild fancies thus born within the boy's heart, fancies the black shadows of which he hardly saw. As it was the Pirate's Own Book only fired his ambition

to be something, and so did no harm. He saw too that his ambition could only be gratified with money and upon a larger field of life that opened to him in the Cuyahoga wilderness or was contained within the bounds of Orange.

One day he came to his mother and said,

"Mother, I have engaged to chop a hundred cords of wood for twenty-five dollars."

"But are you sure you are quite strong enough for such an undertaking?" inquired the careful woman.

"Oh, yes," replied James, laughingly, "I shall get through with it some how."

He went bravely to work, but soon found he had indeed undertaken a formidable task. His pride forbid him to give up. He had said he could do it and do it he would let it cost what it might. The task was that of a man, and his boy's strength began to fail him before it was half over, but he toiled on day after day. At every stroke of the axe he could look up and catch the sun's glimmer on the slaty-blue waves of Lake Erie. It prompted all the imaginings of his young heart so deeply stirred by the Pirate's Own Book. He thought the lake to be the sea and already he saw himself a bold rover with a gallant crew, commanding a staunch black ship that proudly carried the black flag at the peak, floating out upon its restless bosom. And when he would lie down at night his day thoughts turned into dreams of the

sea and its life of wild attractiveness. In his dreams he was ever a sailor.

When his wood-chopping was done and his hundred cords were neatly piled, he went to the Newburg farmer, for whom he had worked, received his twenty-five dollars and carried it straight to his mother. Mrs. Garfield looked at the pale boy, and though proud of his manly achievement, she saw, with some apprehension, that he had overtasked himself. She softly remonstrated with his ardor, urging it as a caution for the future. It was precisely this future that was on the boy's mind, and still strong in his sailor fancies, it was this that he had come to speak about.

"Mother, I want to be a sailor, and I am going to sea," said he, abruptly.

Mrs. Garfield turned pale, for she knew too well, alas! this meant a separation for years, and, perhaps forever, from her son.

"Nay, James," she replied, gently; "why not be content with us at home? the sea is a hard life, and I fear I could not part with you just yet. The haying season is at hand, and your brother will need your assistance on the farm. I pray you give up this sea-faring idea for the present."

James said not a word, but went about the work on the farm. He assisted in the hay-fields and the gathering of the harvest, but when it was all over he came again to his mother, and announced to her that he could no longer restrain his desire

for a life on the wave. He had resolved to immediately depart. Then he packed a few clothes in a bundle, and placing them on a stick across his shoulder, like all the boys in pictures he had ever seen, set out on foot for Cleveland. Amid prayers and forebodings, the poor mother had bidden him good-bye, and he carried with him her kiss and her blessing, as his only fortune

He plodded along cheerfully. His heart never failed him, his courage never sank. He was always hopeful and in good spirits. After a tramp of several days, he reached Cleveland, and at once sought the harbor, that paradise wherein he believed he should find a career of indescribable happiness. There was but one ship in port. This he boarded, and not without some trepidation inquired for the captain.

His idea of a ship's captain had been formed from his reading, and then gilded with the honest goodness of his own nature. He imagined that any man who was good and great enough to command a ship, must, at least, be a dashing, brave and gallant fellow, capable, when occasion required, of performing desperate deeds, but disposed to be, as a general thing, generous to a fault. To his question, where he could see the captain, a deck-hand replied: "The cap'n's below, he'll be up soon." Garfield, somewhat disturbed, waited the fulfillment of the deck-hand's information. In a moment it proved true. The "cap'n" came on deck, an-

GARFIELD ON THE TOW-PATH

nouncing his coming with volley after volley of oaths that would have done no disgrace to "our army in Flanders." A second after the oaths came the captain, and then he greeted the astonished youth:

"What do you want hyar?" rolled out in gruffest thunder.

"I would like to ship as a hand on board your vessel," promptly replied our hero, as he recollected his errand. His only answer was a renewed volley of oaths, fired directly at him instead of into space, followed by a suppresed titter from the men. Hurt, shocked and stunned, young Garfield left the vessel.

Once on shore, he sat down to consider his plans, and resolve on his next move. The sea after all did not seem quite as blue, and quite as attractive as it had earlier in the day. He went back to the city. As he strolled on, his philosophic mind reasoning on his situation, he chanced upon the canal. "As the canal is to the lake, so is the lake to the sea. I will go to work on the canal and learn there first."

Armed with this new resolve, which now seemed to be reinforced with all the love and ambition he had originally felt for his sea-faring project, he sought out a canal boat. The EVENING STAR, Captain Amos Letcher, was tied to the bank. Stepping on board, he asked to see the captain. Amos Letcher looked into the boy's frank, open

countenance and his bright blue eye, and was mentally prepossessed in his favor. Letcher is still living, and recalls his boy-driver to-day in the following fashion:

"There was nothing prepossessing about him at that time, any more than he had a free, open countenance. He had no bad habits, was truthful, and a boy that every one would trust on becoming acquainted with him. He came to me in the summer of 1847, when I was Captain of the EVENING STAR, and half owner—B. H. Fisher, now Judge Fisher, of Wichita, Kansas, being my partner. Early one morning, while discharging a cargo, Jim Garfield tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Hello, Ame, what are you doing here?' 'You see what I'm doing. What are you doing here?' 'Hunting work.' What kind of work do you want?' 'Anything to make a living. I came here to ship on the lake, but they blaffed me off, and called me a country greenhorn.' 'You'd better try your hand on smaller waters first; you'd better get so you can drive a horse and tie a tow-line. I should like to have you work for me, but I've nothing better than a driver's berth, and suppose you would not like to work for twelve dollars a month?' 'I have got to do something, and, if that is the best you can do, I will take the team.' 'All right, I will give you a better position as soon as a vacancy occurs.' I called my other driver, and said, 'Ikey, go and show Jim his team.' Just as they were going to start, Jim asked, 'Is it a good team?' 'As good as is on the canal.' 'What are their names?' 'Kit and Nance.' Soon after we were in the 'eleven-mile lock,' and I thought I'd sound Jim on education—in the rudiments of geography, arithmetic and grammar. For I was just green enough those days to imagine that I knew it all. I had been teaching school for three winters in the backwoods of Steuben County, Ind. So, I asked him several questions, and he answered them all; and then

he asked me several that I could not answer. I told him he had too good a head to be a common canal hand.

"As we were approaching the twenty-one locks of Akron, I sent my bowsman to make the first lock ready. Just as he got there, the bowsman from a boat above made his appearance, and said: 'Don't turn this lock, our boat is just round the bend, ready to enter.' My man objected, and began turning the gate. By this time, both boats were near the lock, and their headlights made it almost as bright as day. Every man from both boats was on hand ready for a field fight. I motioned my bowsman to come to me. Said I: 'Were we here first?' 'It's hard telling, but we'll have the lock anyhow.' 'All right, just as you say.' Jim Garfield tapped me on the shoulder, and asked: 'Does that lock belong to us?' 'I suppose, according to law, it does not. But we will have it anyhow.' 'No, we will not.' 'Why?' said I. 'Why?' with a look of indignation I shall never forget, 'why, because it don't belong to us.' Said I: 'Boys, let them have it.'

"Next morning, one of the hands accused Jim of being a coward, because he would not fight for his rights. Said I: 'Boys, don't be hard on Jim. I was mad last night, but I have got over it. Jim may be a coward for aught I know, but if he is, he is the first one of the name that I ever knew that was. His father was no coward. He helped dig this canal, and weighed over two hundred pounds, and could take a barrel of whisky by the chime and drink out of the bung-hole and no man dared call him a coward. You'll alter your mind about Jim, before fall.'

"The next trip, Jim was bowsman. Before we got to Beaver—we were bound for Pittsburg—the boys all liked him first-rate. Before we got back to Cleveland, Jim had the ague. He left my boat at the eleven-mile lock, and struck across country to his home."

On this, his first trip, he had his first fight. He was holding his "setting-pole" against his shoulder; Dave, a hand, was standing a short distance

away, when the boat took a sudden lunge, the pole slipped from the young man's shoulder and flew with terrible force toward Dave. A loud call "Look out, Dave!" was not in time to warn him, and he was struck a painful blow in the ribs. Furiously enraged, he threatened to thrash the offender within an inch of his life, and with his head down, rushed like a mad bull at Garfield. The latter took in the situation at a glance, and stepping aside he waited Dave's approach with quiet confidence. When he was close, he dealt him a terrible blow under the ear, that felled him to the deck of the boat. In an instant he was upon him with his clenched fists raised to strike. "Pound him, —— him!" called out Captain Letcher, "—— if I interfere. A man who'll git mad at an accident orto be thrashed." Jim didn't strike. He saw his antagonist was helpless and he let him up. Dave and he arose, shook hands and were ever after fast friends. This fight was, however, but preliminary to many others during his three months on the tow-path, as the boys on the canal undertaking to bully him, it was constantly necessary to remind them that he wouldn't be bullied, which he always did most effectually by the virtue of his toughened muscles.

Such was his disposition, capacity and attention to duty that in the completion of the first round trip he had learned all there was to be learned on the tow-path. He was promptly promoted from

driver to bowsman, he was accorded the proud privilege of steering the boat instead of steering the mules.

By actual count during his first trip in his new position he fell overboard fourteen times. This was serious. The malaria of the canal region would in all probability have taken hold of his system in due time anyhow, but these frequent baths greatly helped it. He could not swim a stroke, and aid to fish him out was not always forthcoming. One dark and rainy midnight as the EVENING STAR was leaving one of those long reaches of slack water which abounded in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal the boy was called out of his berth to take his turn in tending bow-line. Bundling out of bed, his eyes only half opened, he took his place on the narrow platform below the bow deck and began uncoiling a rope to steady the boat through a lock it was approaching. Sleepily and slowly he unwound the coil till it knotted and caught in a narrow cleft in the edge of the deck. He gave it a sudden pull, but it held fast, then another and a stronger pull and it gave way, but sent him over the bow of the EVENING STAR into the water. Down he went into the dark night and still darker water and the EVENING STAR glided on to bury him among the fishes. No human help was near; God only could save him and He only by a miracle. So the boy thought as he went down saying the prayer his mother had

taught him. Instinctively clutching the rope, he sank below the surface, but then it tightened in his grasp and held firmly. Seizing it, hand over hand he drew himself up on deck and was again a live boy among the living. Another kink had caught in another crevice and proved his salvation. Was it the prayer or the love of his praying mother that saved him? The boy did not know but long after the boat had passed the lock he stood there in his dripping clothes pondering the question.

Coiling the rope, he tried to throw it again into the crevice, but it had lost the knack of kinking. Many times he tried—six hundred it is said—and then set down and reflected: "I have thrown this rope six hundred times, I might throw it ten times as many without its catching. Ten times six hundred are six thousand, so there were six thousand chances against my life. Against such odds Providence alone could have saved it. Providence, therefore, thinks it worth saving, and if that's so I won't throw it away on a canal boat. I'll go home, get an education, and become a man."

Straightway he acted on the resolution, and not long after stood before his mother's log cottage in the Cuyahoga Wilderness. It was late at night. The stars were out, and the moon was down, but by the firelight that came through the window, he saw his mother kneeling before an open book, which lay on a chair in the corner. She was read-

ing, but her eyes were off the page looking up to the Invisible:

"Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me! Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thy handmaid!"

Then she read what sounded like a prayer, but this is all the boy remembered, as he for the first time comprehended that his departure had crushed her.

He opened the door, put his arm about her neck, and his head upon her bosom. What words he said we do not know, but there, by her side, he gave back to God the life which He had given. So, the mother's prayer was answered. So sprang up the seed which in toil and tears she had planted.

For a short time he remained at home, comforting his mother and endeavoring to reconcile her to his hopes of a sea-faring life. This he more than accomplished, and was just about to take his second departure, when the malaria took hold of him and he was seized in the vice-like grip of fever and ague. For six months his strong frame was shaken. He lay upon the bed, the "ague-cake" in his side. Tenderly, indefatigably, his mother nursed him during his days of suffering, which her care and his iron constitution, at last permitted him to overcome. He was still determined, however, to return to the canal, and thence to the lake and ocean. Mrs. Garfield well knew that any op-

position would be useless, so she argued that he had better attend school, for a time, at least, until he was able to resume severe labor, and thus fit himself to teach during the winter months, when he could not sail. He reluctantly consented to his mother's wishes. So came about a great change—a change that worked for Jim Garfield a wonderful, far-differing future than that which he had woven from his net of fancies, by the aid of the "Pirate's Own Book."

CHAPTER V.

INTER FOLIO FRUCTUS—FRUIT BETWEEN LEAVES.

UP to this time, in our hero's life, there are no political impressions to record. The boy well remembers attending a political meeting in the ever-memorable Harrison campaign, but merely as a curiosity seeker. Nor is it to be recorded that he had any deep religious emotions. He went regularly, when at home, to the Disciples' meeting, first at Bentleyville, and later at the school-house near his home, where his Uncle Boynton had organized a congregation. The polemics of religion interested him deeply at that time, but his heart was not touched. He was familiar with Bible texts, and was often a formidable disputant. One day, when about fifteen, he was digging potatoes for Mr. Patrick, in Orange, and carrying them in a basket from the patch to the cellar. Near the cellar door sat a neighbor talking to the farmer's grown-up daughter about the merits of the sprinkling and immersion controversy, and arguing that sprinkling was baptism within the meaning of the Scriptures. James overheard him say that a drop was as good as a fountain. He stopped on his way to the field, and

began to quote this text from Hebrews: "'Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.'" "Ah, you see," said the man, "it says 'sprinkled.'" "Wait for the rest of the text," replied James—"'and our bodies washed with pure water!' Now, how can you wash your body in a drop of water?" and, without waiting for a reply, he hastened off to the potato field.

James was now seventeen years of age, but it would seem he had cherished little ambition for anything beyond the prospects offered by that laborious life of a sailor which he had entered upon. It happened that during the winter of his ague-illness there came to Orange, to teach the district school, a young man named Samuel D. Bates—now a distinguished minister of the Gospel at Marion, Ohio—who had been to the adjacent township to school. He had attended what was then a high school, and known as the Geauga Seminary, and he and Garfield became firm friends. Bates was full of his school experiences, and finding his new acquaintance so intelligent, with true proselyting spirit, as was so common among men in the backwoods who were beginning to taste the pleasures of education, he was very anxious to take back several new students with him. Garfield listened to the representations of his eloquent friend and was tempted. He was too weak and ill to carry out his plan of becoming a sailor at

once, and he finally resolved to attend the high school one session, and postpone sailing until the next fall. It was this resolution made a major general, a senator, and a President of him, instead of a common sailor before the mast, on a Lake Erie schooner.

Accordingly he joined two other young men, Wm. Boynton (his cousin), and Orrin H. Judd, of Orange, and they reached Chester, March 6th, 1849, and rented a room in an unpainted frame house nearly west from the seminary and across the street from it. Garfield had seventeen dollars in his pocket, scraped together by his mother and his brother Thomas. They took provisions along and a cooking stove, and a poor widow prepared their meals and did their washing for an absurdly small sum. The academy was a two-story building, and the school, with about a hundred pupils of both sexes, drawn from the farming country around Chester, was in a flourishing condition. It had a library of perhaps one hundred and fifty volumes—more books than young Garfield had ever seen before. A venerable gentleman named Daniel Branch was principal of the school, and his wife was his chief assistant. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, Mr. Bigelow and Miss Abigail Curtis. Mrs. Branch had introduced an iconoclastic grammar, which assailed all other systems as founded on a false basis, maintained that *but* was a verb in the imperative mood, and

meant *be out;* that *and* was also a verb in the imperative mood, and meant *add;* and tried in other ways to upset the accepted etymology. Garfield had been reared in "Kirkham" at the district school, and refused to accept the new system. The grammar classes that term were a continuous battle between him and the teacher. Here, though he did not know it at the time, he first saw his future wife. Lucretia Randolph, a quiet, studious girl in her seventeenth year, was among the students. There was no association between the two, however, save in classes. James was awkward and bashful, and contemplated the girls at a distance as a superior order of beings.

He bought, soon after arriving, the second algebra he had ever seen. He studied it as well as natural philosophy. At the close of the spring term he made his first public speech. It was a six minutes' oration at the annual exhibition, delivered in connection with a literary society to which he belonged, and he recorded in a diary that he kept at the time that he "was very much scared," and "very glad of a short curtain across the platform that hid my shaking legs from the audience." Among the books he read at this time was the autobiography of Henry C. Wright, and the determined lad was much impressed with the author's account of how he lived in Scotland on bread and milk and crackers, and how well he was all the time, and how hard he could study.

Fired with the idea, he told his cousin that they had been too extravagant, and that another term they must board themselves and adopt Wright's diet.

At the close of the session he returned to Orange, helped his brother build a barn for his mother, and then went at the hard work of earning money—for from the time he left Chester until to-day he has always paid his way—to continue his studies at Chester when the fall term began. He worked at harvesting, and secured enough to guarantee his continuance at the Geauga Seminary, and to pay off some of the doctor's bills incurred during his protracted illness of the winter before. On his return to the seminary the "boarding themselves" experiment was not repeated. An arrangement was entered into with Heman Woodworth, a carpenter of Chester, to live at his house and have lodging, board, washing, fuel and light for one dollar and six cents a week, and this sum he expected to earn by helping the carpenter on Saturdays and at odd hours on school days. The carpenter was building a two-story house on the east side of the road a little way south of the seminary grounds, and James's first work was to get out siding at two cents a board. The first Saturday he planed fifty-one boards and so earned one dollar and two cents, the most money he had ever got for a day's work. He began that fall the study of Greek. That term he paid his way,

bought a few books, and returned home with three dollars in his pocket. He now thought himself competent to teach a country school, but in two days' tramping through Cuyahoga County, failed to find employment. Some schools had already engaged teachers, and where there was still a vacancy the trustees thought him too young. He returned to his mother completely discouraged, and greatly humiliated by the rebuffs he had met with. He made a resolution that he would never again ask for a position of any sort, and the resolution was kept, for every public place he has since had has come to him unsought.

Next morning, while still in the depths of despondency, he heard a man call to his mother from the road: "Widow Gaffield," (a local corruption of the name Garfield), "where's your boy Jim? I wonder if he wouldn't like to teach our school at the Ledge?" James went out and found a neighbor from a district a mile away, where the school had been broken up for two winters by the rowdyism of the big boys. He said he would like to try the school, but before deciding must consult his uncle, Amos Boynton. That evening there was a family consultation. Uncle Amos pondered over the matter and finally said: "You go and try it. You will go into that school as the boy 'Jim' Gaffield; see that you come out as Mr. Garfield, the schoolmaster." The young man mustered the school in the school-room, after a

hard tussle with the bully of the district, who resented a flogging, and tried to brain the teacher with a billet of wood. No problem in his after life ever took so much absorbing thought and study as that of making the Ledge school successful. He devised all sorts of plans for making study interesting to the children; joined in the out-door sports of the big boys, read aloud evenings to the parents where he boarded, and won the hearts of old and young. Before spring he got the name of the best schoolmaster who ever taught at the Ledge. His wages were "twelve dollars a month and found," and he "boarded around" in the families of the pupils.

He returned to the seminary in the spring (1850) to find the principal, Mr. Branch, had left and was succeeded by Spencer J. Fowler, while John B. Beach had stepped into the shoes of the crusty, iconoclastic grammarian, Mrs. Branch. During this, his third term at the seminary, he and his cousin Henry boarded themselves and put in practice Henry C. Wright's dietary scheme. At the end of six weeks the boys found their expenses for food had been just thirty-one cents per week apiece. Henry thought they were living too poorly for good health, and they agreed to increase their outlay to fifty cents a week apiece. James had, up to this time, looked upon a college course as wholly beyond his reach, but he met a college graduate who told him he was mistaken

in supposing that only the sons of rich parents were able to take such a course. A poor boy could get through, he said, but it would take a long time and very hard work. The usual time was four years in preparatory studies and four in the regular college course. James thought that by working part of the time to earn money, he could get through in twelve years. He then resolved to bend all his energies to the one purpose of getting a college education. From this resolution he never swerved a hair's breadth. Until it was accomplished, it was the one overmastering idea of his life. The tenacity and single-heartedness with which he clung to it, and the sacrifices he made to realize it, unquestionably exerted a powerful influence in moulding and solidifying his character.

In March of this year, after having exercised his full freedom in reaching conclusions, he joined his uncle's church, the Church of the Disciples, or Campbellites, and was baptized in a little stream that flows into the Chagrin River. His conversion was brought about by a quiet, sweet-tempered man, who held a series of meetings in the schoolhouse near the Garfield homestead, and told in the plainest manner, and with the most straightforward earnestness, the story of the Gospel. The creed he then professed, and which was then held by few, but now by about half a million followers, is as follows:

1. We call ourselves Christians or Disciples.

2. We believe in God the Father.

3. We believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and our only Saviour. We regard the divinity of Christ as the fundamental truth in the Christian system.

4. We believe in the Holy Spirit, both as to its agency in conversion and as an indweller in the heart of the Christian.

5. We accept both the Old and New Testament Scriptures as the inspired word of God.

6. We believe in the future punishment of the wicked and the future reward of the righteous.

7. We believe that Diety is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

8. We observe the institution of the Lord's Supper on every Lord's Day. To this table it is our practice neither to invite nor debar. We say it is the Lord's Supper for all the Lord's children.

9. We plead for the union of all God's people on the Bible and the Bible alone.

10. The Bible is our only creed.

11. We maintain that all the ordinances of the Gospel should be observed as they were in the days of the Apostles.

When the summer came he went again to his old trade, and was happy among the hammers and planes, the saw and chisel. He earned a fair amount, and returned in the fall to the seminary. During this fall he entered a school of book-keeping, penmanship and elocution, kept by Dr. Alonzo Harlow, located at Chagrin Falls, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. Garfield was the doctor's janitor, paying his tuition in that manner, and at the same time earning his board of a neighboring farmer by doing chores about the place. It was here that

he took his first lessons in elocution, and received the first real encouragement to fit himself for public life.

In the winter he taught a village school in Warrensville, receiving sixteen dollars a month and board. One of the boys under his charge at this school desired to study geometry. Garfield had never got so far in mathematics, but he bought a text-book, studied nights, kept ahead of his pupil, and took him through without his once suspecting that the master was not an expert in the science. This was the last of Garfield in Chester or its neighborhood. Writing many years afterward on the time spent here, he said:

"I remember with great satisfaction the work which was accomplished for me at Chester. It marked the most decisive change in my life. While there I formed a definite purpose and plan to complete a college course. It is a great point gained, when a young man makes up his mind to devote several years to the accomplishment of a definite work. With the educational facilities now afforded in our country, no young man, who has good health and is master of his own actions, can be excused for not obtaining a good education. Poverty is very inconvenient, but it is a fine spur to activity, and may be made a rich blessing."

In the spring he went with his mother to visit relatives in Muskingum County, and rode for the first time in a railroad train. The Cleveland and Columbus Railroad was then just opened, and he went to Columbus from Orange. Hon. Gamaliel

Kent, then representative from Geauga, showed him over the State capital and the legislative halls. From Columbus Garfield and his mother went by stage to Zanesville, and then floated eighteen miles in a skiff down the Muskingum River to their destination. While there, James taught a spring school in a log building on Back Run, in Harrison Township. The coal burned in the school-house he was obliged to dig from a bank in the rear of the house.

In the summer he returned with his mother to Orange. He decided to go on with his education at a new school, established by the Disciples the year before at Hiram, Portage County, a cross-roads village, twelve miles from any town or railroad. His religious feeling naturally called him to the young institution of his own denomination. In August, 1851, he arrived at Hiram, and found a plain brick building standing in the midst of a cornfield, with perhaps a dozen farm-houses, near enough for boarding places for the students. It was a lonely, isolated place, on a high ridge dividing the waters flowing into Lake Erie from those running southward to the Ohio. The Rev. A. S. Hayden was the principal; Thomas Munnell and Norman Dunshee were teachers; the latter teaching mathematics and Greek. Recently General Garfield said, in an address:

"A few days after the beginning of the term, I saw a class of three reciting in mathematics—geometry, I think. I had

never seen a geometry, and, regarding both teacher and class with a feeling of reverential awe for the intellectual height to which they had climbed, I studied their faces so closely that I seem to see them now as distinctly as I saw them then. And it has been my good fortune since that time to claim them all as intimate friends. The teacher was Thomas Munnell, and the members of his class were William B. Hazen, George A. Baker and Almeda A. Booth."

He lived in a room with four other pupils, studied harder than ever, having now his college project fully anchored in his mind, got through his six books of Cæsar that term and made good progress in Greek. He met, on entering the institute, a woman, who exercised a strong influence on his intellectual life, Miss Almeda Booth—the Margaret Fuller of the West—a teacher in the school. She was nine years older than the young student, possessed a mind of remarkable range and grasp, and a character of unusual sweetness, purity and strength. She became his guide and companion in his studies, his mental and moral heroine, and his unselfish, devoted friend.

When the winter came he returned to Warrensville, and taught school again, earning eighteen dollars a month. Spring found him again at Hiram, and during this term, in company with Corydon E. Fuller, he aided Miss Booth in writing a colloquy for the public exercises at the close of the school year. During the ensuing summer (1852), he helped to build a house in the village, planing the sides and shingling the roof himself.

In the fall, when the institute opened, one of the tutors in the department of English and ancient languages fell ill, and James Garfield was advanced to his place. Henceforward he taught and studied at the same time, his eye all the while fixed upon the bright beacon of a college education. He began Zenophon's Anabasis among other things. That winter he became a member of President Hayden's household.

The summer vacation of 1853 only brought harder work. In company of eleven students, he formed a class, and hired Professor Dunshee to give them private lessons for one month. During that time he mastered the Pastorals of Virgil, the Georgics and Buccolics entire, and the first six books of Homer's Illiad, accompanied by a thorough drill in the Latin and Greek grammar at each recitation. He was also a member of an active literary society during this month. When the fall term was fairly under way, Garfield went at it again, to hasten his preparation for college. He, with some other students, formed a Translation Society, that met at Miss Booth's rooms two evenings a week, and made a joint translation with her of the Book of Romans. The work done was more thorough than rapid. An entry in Garfield's diary for December 15th, 1853, reads: "Translation Society sat three hours in Miss Booth's rooms, and agreed upon the translation of nine verses." To this class, Professor Dunshee contributed some

essays on the German commentators, De Wette and Tholock. During the winter (1853–54), Garfield read the whole of "Demosthenes on the Crown."

When he went to Hiram he had studied Latin only six weeks, and just begun Greek; and was, therefore, just in a condition to fairly begin the four years' preparatory course, ordinarily taken by students before entering college in the freshman class. Yet, in three years' time, he fitted himself to enter the junior class, two years further along, and, at the same time, earned his own living, thus crowding six years study into three, and teaching for support at the same time. To accomplish it, he shut the whole world out from his mind, save that little portion of it within the range of his studies; knowing nothing of politics or the news of the day, reading no light literature, and engaging in no social recreations that took his time from his books.

The college question was now before him. But where should he go? He had recently read some lectures by President Hopkins, of Williams, that had made him think favorably of that institution. But he had originally intended to enter Bethany College, the institution sustained by the church of which he was a member, and presided over by Alexander Campbell, the man above all others he had been taught to admire and revere. A familiar letter shall tell us how he reasoned and acted:

"There are three reasons why I have decided not to go to Bethany: 1st. The course of study is not so extensive or thorough as in Eastern colleges. 2d. Bethany leans too heavily toward slavery. 3d. I am the son of Disciple parents, am one myself, and have had but little acquaintance with people of other views, and, having always lived in the West, I think it will make me more liberal, both in my religious and general views and sentiments, to go into a new circle, where I shall be under new influences. These considerations led me to conclude to go to some New England college. I therefore wrote to the presidents of Brown University, Yale and Williams, setting forth the amount of study I had done, and asking how long it would take me to finish their course.

"Their answers are now before me. All tell me I can graduate in two years. They are all brief, business notes, but President Hopkins concludes with this sentence: 'If you come here we shall be glad to do what we can for you.' Other things being so nearly equal, this sentence, which seems to be a kind of friendly grasp of the hand, has settled the question for me. I shall start for Williams next week."

Some points in this letter of a young man about to start away from home to college will strike the reader as remarkable. Nothing could show more mature judgment about the matter in hand than the wise anxiety to get out from the Disciples' influence and see something of other men and other opinions. It was notable that one trained to look upon Alexander Campbell as the master intellect of the churches of the day should revolt against studying in his college, because it leaned too strongly to slavery. And in the final turning of the decision upon the little friendly commonplace that closed one of the letters, we catch a glimpse

of the warm, sympathetic nature of the man, which much and wide experience of the world in after years has never hardened.

So, in the fall of 1854, the pupil of Geauga Seminary and of the Hiram Institute received admission at the venerable doors of Williams.

CHAPTER VI.

GARFIELD AT WILLIAMS.

WHEN Garfield reached Williams College, in June, 1854, he had about three hundred dollars, which he had saved while teaching at Hiram; and with this amount he hoped to get through the first year. The college year had not quite closed, a few weeks remained, which he utilized by attending the recitations of the sophomore class, in order to become familiar with the methods of the professors before testing his ability to pass the examinations of the junior year. He had a keen sense of his want of the advantages of society and general culture which the students with whom he came in contact had enjoyed all their lives, but his homely manners and Western garb did not subject him to any slights or mortifications. The spirit of the college was generous and manly. No student was estimated by the clothes he wore; no one was snubbed because he was poor. The intellectual force, originality and immense powers of study possessed by the new-comer from Ohio were soon recognized by his classmates, and he was shown as much respect, cordiality and companionship as if he had been the son of a millionaire. His old

mates recall him as a big young man, quite German in appearance—so strong is good Saxon blood, after centuries of exile from the Saxon land—blonde and bearded, strong-limbed, serious, but sociable, and with the Western easy-going manners, ready wit and broad sympathy going out toward all his fellows. The boys called him "Old Gar," so readily did he assume the patriarchate of the college in the brief two years he was there. He boarded in club, and did not smoke or drink.

The beauty of the scenery around Mechanicsville made a strong impression upon his fancy. He had never seen mountains before. The spurs of the Green Hills, which reach down from Vermont and inclose the little college town in their arms, were to the young man from the monotonous landscapes of the Western Reserve a wonderful revelation of grandeur and beauty. He climbed Greylock and explored all the glens and valleys of the neighborhood.

The examination for entering the junior class was passed without trouble. Although self-taught, save for the help of his friend and companion in his studies, Miss Booth, his knowledge of the books prescribed was thorough. A long summer vacation followed his examination, and this time he employed in the college library, the first large collection of books he had ever seen. His absorption in the double work of teaching and fitting

himself for college had hitherto left him little time for general reading, and the library opened a new world of profit and delight. He had never read a line of Shakespeare, save a few extracts in the school reading-books. From the whole range of fiction he had voluntarily shut himself off at eighteen, when he joined the church, having serious views of the business of life, and imbibing the notion, then almost universal among religious people in the country districts of the West, that novel reading was a waste of time, and, therefore, a simple, worldly sort of intellectual amusement. When turned loose in the college library, with weeks of leisure to range at will over its shelves, he began with Shakespeare, which he read through from cover to cover. Then he went to English history and poetry. Of the poets, Tennyson pleased him best, which is not to be wondered at, for the influence of the Laureate was then at its height. He learned whole poems by heart, and can repeat them now.

After he had been six or eight months at college, and had devoured an immense amount of serious reading, he began to suffer from intellectual dyspepsia. He found his mind was not assimilating what he read, and would often refuse to be held down to the printed page. Then he revised his notions about books of fiction, and concluded that romance is as valuable a part of intellectual food as salad of a dinner. He pre-

scribed for himself one novel a month, and on this medicine his mind speedily recuperated and got back all its old elasticity. Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales were the first novels he read, and afterward Walter Scott. An English classmate introduced him to the works of Dickens and Thackeray. He formed a habit in those days of making notes while he read of everything he did not clearly understand, such as historical references, mythological allusions, technical terms, etc. These notes he would take time to look up afterward in the library, so as to leave nothing obscure on his mind concerning the books he absorbed. The thoroughness he displayed in his work in after life was thus begun at that early period, and applied to every subject he took hold of. The ground his mind traversed he carefully cleared and plowed before leaving it for fresh fields.

Garfield studied Latin and Greek and took up German as an elective study. One year at Williams completed his classical studies, on which he was far advanced before he came there. German he carried on successfully until he could read Goethe and Schiller readily and acquired considerable fluency in the conversational use of the language. He entered with zeal into the literary work of the college, was a vigorous debater and a member of the Philologian Society, of which he was president in 1855–56. The influence of the mind and character of Dr. Hopkins

was seriously felt in shaping the direction of Garfield's thought and his views of life. He often says that the good president rose like a sun before him, and enlightened his whole mental and moral nature. His preaching and teaching were a constant inspiration to the young Ohio student and he became the centre of his college life, the object of his hero-worship.

At the end of the fall term of 1854, Garfield enjoyed a winter vacation of two months which he spent in North Pownal, Vt., teaching a writing class in the same school-house where a year before Chester A. Arthur was the principal. Garfield wrote a broad, handsome hand, a hand that was strongly individual, and the envy of the boys and girls who tried to imitate it.

At the end of the college year in June, Garfield returned home to see his mother, who was then living with a daughter at Solon. His money was exhausted and he had to adopt one of two plans, either to borrow enough to take him through to graduation at the end of the next year or set to work as a teacher until he earned the requisite amount; and so break the continuity of his college course. He, however, did neither, but insured his life for eight hundred dollars, his brother Thomas undertaking to furnish the funds on instalments, but, being eventually unable, the obligation was assumed by Dr. Robinson, of Hiram, who advanced the money and took the insurance policy as security.

He returned to Williams in the fall, and was again active in his contributions to the College Magazine, the *Williams Quarterly*. Of his contributions we cannot quote as liberally as we would like. We find three poetical productions. One is a political satire, called "Sam," and contains the lines:

"'Twas noon of night, and by his flickering lamp,
That gloated o'er his dingy room and damp,
With glassy eye and haggard face there sat,
A disappointed, worn-out Democrat;
His eloquence all wasted—plans all failed,
His spurious coin fast to the counter nailed,
Deception's self was now at length deceived,
His lies, political, no more believed."

Another, evidently a squid at some college prank, and is modeled on Tennyson. It is entitled "The Charge of the Tight Brigade." The first verse leads off:

Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
Fizzled and sundered,
Ent'ring with shout and yell,
Boldly they drank and well,
They caught the Tartar then;
Oh, what a perfect sell!
Sold—the half Hundred.
Grinned all the dentals bare,
Swung all their caps in air,
Uncorking bottles there,
Watching the Freshmen while
Every one wondered;
Plunged in tobacco smoke,
With many a desperate stroke,

Dozens of bottles broke,
Then they came back, but not,
But not the half hundred."

The third contribution, in verse, we reproduce entire. It is entitled "Memory:"

"'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
No light gleams at the window save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now with noiseless step sweet Memory comes,
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted shadowy land where Memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree.
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days;
Upon its gently-sloping hillsides bend
The weeping-willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; and yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand,
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues: some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below;
Others are floating through the dreamy air;
White as the falling snow their margins tinged
With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadows of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away across the noisy years,

Unto the utmost verge of Memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And Memory dim with dark oblivion joins;
Where woke the first-remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And wandering thence, along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf,
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er a summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along."

The prose contributions were many, and upon many subjects. During his second year, 1855–'56, he formed, with W. R. Baxter, Henry E. Knox, E. Clarence Smith and John Tatlock, the editors for the class of '56. In the opening number of his year, September, 1855, he supplied the Editor's Table. How pleasantly he voices the trouble every newspaper editor or writer has gone through, when he says in his opening lines:

"It is, indeed, an uninviting task to bubble up sentiment and elaborate thought in obedience to corporate laws; and not unfrequently those children of the brain when paraded before the proper authorities, show by their meager proportions that they have not been nourished by the genial warmth of a willing heart."

Speaking of the *Quarterly*, which was in those days a really high class magazine, he states its purpose:

"It proposes a kind of intellectual tournament where we may learn to hurl the lance and wield the sword, and thus prepare for the conflict of life. It shall be our aim to keep the lists still open and the arena clear, that the knights of the quill may learn to hurl the lance and wield the sword of thought, and thus be ready for sterner duties. We shall also endeavor to decorate the arena with all the flowers that our *own gardens* afford, and thus render the place more pleasant and inviting. We should remember, however, that it is no honor or profit merely to *appear* in the arena, but the wreath is for those who *contend*."

From a brilliant review of the life and writings of the unfortunate Karl Theodor Korner, that appeared in the number for March, 1856, we cut a single paragraph:

"The greater part of our modern literature bears evident marks of the haste which characterizes all the movements of this age; but, in reading these older authors, we are impressed with the idea that they enjoyed the most comfortable leisure. Many books we can read in a railroad car, and feel a harmony between the rushing of the train and the haste of the author; but to enjoy the older authors, we need the quiet of a winter evening—an easy chair before a cheerful fire, and all the equanimity of spirits we can command. Then the genial good nature, the rich fullness, the persuasive eloquence of those old masters will fall upon us like the warm, glad sunshine, and afford those hours of calm contemplation in which the spirit may expand with generous growth, and gain deep and comprehensive views. The pages of friendly old Goldsmith come to us like a golden autumn day, when every object which meets the eye bears all the impress of the completed year, and the beauties of an autumnal forest."

Another extract, and we will hurry on to later

dates and other things. Writing on "The Province of History," Garfield defined the historian's duty:

"There are two points which the historian should ever have before him:

"*First*—The valuation of facts to each other and the whole body of history; and,

"*Second*—The tendency of the whole toward some great end.

* * * * * * * *

"For every village, State and nation there is an aggregate of native talent which God has given, and by which, together with his Providence, he leads that nation on, and thus leads the world. In the light of these truths we affirm that no man can understand the history of any nation, or of the world, who does not recognize in it the power of God, and behold His stately goings forth as He walks among the nations. It is His hand that is moving the vast superstructure of human history, and, though but one of the windows were unfurnished, like that of the Arabian palace, yet all the powers of earth could never complete it without the aid of the Divine Architect.

"To employ another figure—the world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and of every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and, though there have been mingled the discord of roaring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian, Philosopher and Historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song, which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come. The record of every orphan's sigh, of every widow's prayer, of every noble deed, of every honest heart-throb for the right, is swelling that gentle strain; and when, at last, the great end is attained—when the lost image of God is restored to the human soul; when the church anthem can be pealed forth without a dis-

cordant note, then will angels join in the chorus, and all the sons of God again 'shout for joy.'"

Young Garfield's connection with the *Quarterly* proved of great benefit to him, as it gave him experience and brought him into closer contact with the men around him. He first came to know Sam Bowles through the *Quarterly*, the magazine being printed in Bowles' office. Among the constant contributors during Garfield's connection with it as editor, we notice Professor Chadbourne, Horace E. Scudder, G. B. Manly, S. G. W. Benjamin, J. Gilfillan, W. R. Dimmock, John Savery and W. S. B. Hopkins, some of whom survive to-day to a more distinguished fame than the pages of the College *Quarterly*.

His second winter vacation was passed at Prestenkill, New York, a country neighborhood, about six miles from Troy, where one of the Disciple preachers from Ohio, named Streeter, was occupied in preaching. Garfield organized a writing school, to keep himself busy, and occasionally preached in his friend's church. During a visit to Troy he became acquainted with the teachers and directors of the public schools of that city, and was one day surprised by the offer of a position in them, at a salary far beyond his expectations of what he could earn on his return to Ohio after his graduation. The proposition was debated gravely. If he accepted, he could pay his debts, marry the girl to whom he was engaged, and live a life of

comparative comfort in an Eastern city. But he could not finish his college course, and he would have to sever the ties with friends in Ohio and with the struggling school at Hiram, to which he was deeply attached. He settled the question in a conversation. Walking on a hill, called Mount Olympus, with the gentleman who had made the proposition, Garfield said to him:

"You are not Satan, and I am not Jesus, but we are upon the mountain, and you have tempted me powerfully. I think I must say, get thee behind me. I am poor, and the salary would soon pay my debts and place me in a position of independence; but there are two objections. I could not accomplish my resolution to complete a college course, and should be crippled intellectually for life. Then my roots are all fixed in Ohio, where people know me and I know them, and this transplanting might not succeed as well in the long run as to go back home and work for smaller pay."

Study at Williams was easy for Garfield. He had been used to much harder work at Hiram, where he had crowded a six years' course into three, and taught at the same time. Now he had the stimulus of a large class, an advantage he had never enjoyed before. His lessons were always perfectly learned. Professor Chadbourne says he was "the boy who never flunked," and he found a good deal of time for courses of reading that involved as much brainwork as the college text-books. He graduated August, 1856, with a class honor established by President Hopkins and

highly esteemed in the college—that of Metaphysics—reading an essay on "The Seen and the Unseen." It is singular how at different times in the course of his education he was thought to have a special aptitude for some single line of intellectual work, and how at a later period his talents seemed to lay just as strongly in some other line. At one time it was mathematics, at another the classics, at another rhetoric, and finally he excelled in metaphysics. The truth was that he had a remarkably vigorous and well-rounded brain, capable of doing effective work in any direction his will might dictate. The class of 1856 contained among its forty-two members a number of men who have since won distinction. Three became general officers in the volunteer army during the rebellion—Garfield, Daviess and Thompson. Two, Bolter and Shattuck, were captains, and were killed in battle; Eldridge, who now lives in Chicago, was a colonel; so was Ferris Jacobs, of Delhi, N. Y.; Rockwell is a quartermaster in the regular army; Gilfillan is Treasurer of the United States. Hill was Assistant Attorney-General and is now a lawyer in Boston. Knox is a leading lawyer in New York. Newcombe is a professor in the New York University, of New York.

During his last term at Williams he made his first political speech, an address before a meeting gathered in one of the class-rooms to support the nomination of John C. Fremont. Although he

had passed his majority nearly four years before, he had never voted. The old parties did not interest him; he believed them both corrupted with the sin of slavery; but when a new party arose to combat the designs of the slave power it enlisted his earnest sympathies. His mind was free from all bias concerning the parties and statesmen of the past, and could equally admire Clay or Jackson, Webster or Benton.

CHAPTER VII.

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

JAMES A. GARFIELD left the venerable dome of Williams decorated with her high towers and went straight back to his Ohio home, to take a higher step in his hard won career. He entered Hiram College in the fall of 1856 as a teacher of ancient languages and literature. The next year, at the age of twenty-six, he was made president of the institution. This office he held until he went into the army in 1861. Hoping that he might return—unwilling to part even with his name—the board kept him nominally at the head two years longer. Then he fell out of the catalogue, to re-appear as a trustee and as advisory principal and lecturer in 1864 and 1865. Then his name finally disappears from the faculty page of the catalogue. His last service as an instructor was an admirable series of ten lectures on "Social Science," given in the spring of 1871.

Hiram, when he returned to it, had not much improved since two years before. It was a lonesome country village, three miles from a railroad, built upon a high hill, overlooking twenty miles of cheese-making country to the southward. It contained fifty or sixty houses clustered around the

green, in the centre of which stood the homely red-brick college structure. Plain living and high thinking was the order of things in those days. The teachers were poor, the pupils were poor, and the institution was poor, but there was a great deal of hard, faithful study done, and many courageous plans formed.

The young president was ambitious for the success of the institution under his charge. There probably never was a younger college president, but he carried his new position remarkably well, and brought to it energy, vigor and good sense, which are the mainsprings of his character. Under his supervision, the attendance on the school at Hiram soon doubled, and he raised its standard of scholarship, strengthened its faculty, and inspired everybody connected with it with something of his own zeal and enthusiasm. At that time the leading Hiram men were called Philomatheans, from the society to which they belonged. Henry James, an old Philomathean, mentioning recently the master-spirits of that time, thus referred to the president:

"Then began to grow up in me an admiration and love for Garfield that has never abated, and the like of which I have never known. A bow of recognition, or a single word from him, was to me an inspiration."

The young president taught, lectured and preached, and all the time studied as diligently

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as any acolyte in the temple of knowledge. His scholars all regarded him with respect, admiration and affection. His greatness as a teacher and administrator did not lie so much in his technical scholarship, his drillmaster teaching, or his schoolmaster discipline. His power was in energizing young men and women. He stimulated thought, aroused courage, stiffened the moral fibre, poured in inspiration, widened the field of mental vision, and created noble ideal of life and character. He was more than a teacher and administrator: the student found him a helper and friend.

A notable instance of this is on record. The present president of Hiram College, Professor B. A. Hinsdale, was greatly troubled, during the winter of 1856–'57, in his mind, concerning the questions of life. He wrote to Garfield for relief. Garfield's reply was as follows:

"HIRAM, January 15th, 1857.

"MY DEAR BRO. BURKE:—I was made very glad a few days since by the receipt of your letter. It was a very acceptable New Year's present, and I take great pleasure in responding. You have given a vivid picture of a community in which intelligence and morality have been neglected—and I am glad you are disseminating the light. Certainly, men must have some knowledge in order to do right. God first said, 'Let there be light.' Afterward He said, 'It is very good.' I am glad to hear of your success in teaching, but I approach with much more interest the consideration of the question you have proposed. Brother mine, it is not a question to be dis-

cussed in the spirit of debate, but to be thought over and prayed over as a question 'out of which are the issues of life.' You will agree with me that every one must decide and direct his own course in life, and the only service friends can afford is to give us the data from which we must draw our own conclusion and decide our course. Allow me, then, to sit beside you and look over the field of life and see what are its aspects. I am not one of those who advise every one to undertake the work of a liberal education; indeed, I believe that in two-thirds of the cases, such advice would be unwise. The great body of the people will be, and ought to be, intelligent farmers and mechanics, and in many respects these pass the most independent and happy lives. But God has endowed some of His children with desires and capabilities for a more extended field of labor and influence, and so every life should be shaped according to 'what the man hath.' Now, in reference to yourself. *I know* you have capabilities for occupying positions of high and important trust in the scenes of active life; and I am sure you will not call it flattery in me, nor egotism in yourself, to say so. Tell me, Burke, do you not feel a spirit stirring within you that longs to *know, to do and to dare* to hold converse with the great world of thought, and hold before you some high and noble object to which the vigor of your mind and the strength of your arm may be given? Do you not have longings like these, which you breathe to no one, and which you feel must be heeded, or you will pass through life unsatisfied and regretful? I am sure you have them, and they will forever cling round your heart till you obey their mandate. They are the voice of that nature which God has given you, and which, when obeyed, will bless you and your fellow-men. Now, all this might be true, and yet it might be your duty not to follow that course. If your duty to your father or your mother demands that you take another, I shall rejoice to see you taking that other course. The path of duty is where we all ought to walk, be that where it may. But I sincerely hope you will not, without an earnest struggle,

give up a course of liberal study. Suppose you could not begin your study again till after your majority? It will not be too late then, but you will gain in many respects; you will have more maturity of mind to appreciate whatever you may study. You may say you will be too old to begin the course, but how could you spend the earlier days of life? We should not measure life by the days and moments that we pass on earth.

> "'The life is measured by the soul's advance;
> The enlargement of its powers; the expanded field
> Wherein it ranges, till it burns and glows
> With heavenly joy, with high and heavenly hope.'

"It need be no discouragement that you are obliged to hew your own way, and pay your own charges. You can go to school two terms every year, and pay your own way. I know this, for I did so, when teachers' wages were much lower than they are now. It is a great truth, that 'where there is a will there is a way.' It may be that by and by your father could assist you. It may be that even now he could let you commence on your resources, so that you could begin immediately. Of this you know, and I do not. I need not tell you how glad I should be to assist you in your work; but if you cannot come to Hiram while I am here, I shall still hope to hear that you are determined to go on as soon as the time will permit. Will you not write me your thoughts on this whole subject, and tell me your prospects? We are having a very good time in the school this winter. Give my love to Polden and Louise, and believe me always your friend and brother,

"J. A. GARFIELD.

"P. S.—Miss Booth and Mr. Rhodes send their love to you. Henry James was here and made me a good visit a few days ago. He is doing well. He and I have talked of going to see you this winter. I fear we cannot do it. How far is it from here? Burke, was it prophetic that my last word to you ended on the picture of the Capitol of Congress?

"J. A. G."

The significance of the last sentence is seen when it is understood that it was written on a sheet of Congress note paper, and the last words came across the little picture of the capitol which adorns its upper left-hand corner.

A pleasant picture of his methods and manners is drawn for us from another source—the recollections of an old pupil, the Rev. J. F. Darsie. He pictures Garfield graphically:

"I attended school at the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute when Garfield was principal, and I recall vividly his method of teaching. He took very kindly to me, and assisted me in various ways, because I was poor and was janitor of the buildings, and swept them out in the morning and built the fires—as he had done only six years before, when he was a pupil at the same school. He was full of animal spirits, and he used to run out on the green almost every day and play cricket with us. He was a tall, strong man, but dreadfully awkward. Every now and then he would get a hit on the nose, and he muffed his ball and lost his hat as a regular thing. He was left-handed, too, and that made him seem all the more clumsier. But he was most powerful and very quick, and it was easy for us to understand how it was that he had acquired the reputation of whipping all the other mule-drivers on the canal, and of making himself the hero of that thoroughfare when he followed its tow-path ten years earlier.

"No matter how old the pupils were Garfield always called us by our first names, and kept himself on the most familiar terms with all. He played with us freely, scuffled with us sometimes, walked with us in walking to and fro, and we treated him out of the class-room just about as we did one another. Yet he was a most strict disciplinarian, and enforced the rules like a martinet. He combined an affectionate and

confiding manner with respect for order in a most successful manner. If he wanted to speak to a pupil, either for reproof or approbation, he would generally manage to get one arm around him and draw him close up to him. He had a peculiar way of shaking hands, too, giving a twist to your arm and drawing you right up to him. This sympathetic manner has helped him to advancement. When I was janitor, he used sometimes to stop me and ask my opinion about this and that, as if seriously advising with me. I can see now that my opinion could not have been of any value, and that he probably asked me partly to increase my self-respect, and partly to show me that he felt an interest in me. I certainly was his friend all the firmer for it.

"I remember once asking him what was the best way to pursue a certain study, and he said: 'Use several text-books. Get the views of different authors as you advance. In that way you can plow a broader furrow. I always study in that way.' He tried hard to teach us to observe carefully and accurately. He broke out one day in the midst of a lesson with 'Henry, how many posts are there under the building downstairs?' Henry expressed his opinion, and the question went around the class, hardly one getting it right. Then it was: 'How many boot-scrapers are there at the door?' 'How many windows in the building?' 'How many trees in the field?' 'What were the colors of different rooms, and the peculiarities of any familiar objects?' He was the keenest observer I ever saw. I think he noticed and numbered every button on our coats.

"Mr. Garfield was very fond of lecturing to the school. He spoke two or three times a week, on all manner of topics, generally scientific, though sometimes literary or historical. He spoke with great freedom, never writing out what he had to say, and I now think that his lectures were a rapid compilation of his current reading, and that he threw it into this form partly for the purpose of impressing it on his own mind. His facility of speech was learned when he was a pupil there

The societies had a rule that every student should take his stand on the platform and speak for five minutes, on any topic suggested at the moment by the audience. It was a very trying ordeal. Garfield broke down badly the two first times he tried to speak, but persisted, and was at last, when he went to Williams, one of the best of the five-minute speakers. When he returned as principal his readiness was striking and remarkable."

As president of an institute, it was natural that Garfield should appear on the platform on every public occasion. The Church of the Disciples, as before stated, like the Society of Friends, is accustomed to accord large privileges of speaking to its laity; and so it came to be expected that President Garfield should address his pupils on Sundays—briefly even when ministers of the Gospel were to preach—more at length when no one else was present to conduct the services. The remarks of the young president were always forcible, generally eloquent, and the community presently began to regard him as its foremost public speaker, to be put forward on every occasion, to be heard with attention on every subject. His pupils also helped to swell his reputation and the admiration for his talents.

His large brain was stored with information always at his command; he was fluent without being verbose; and he had in an unusual degree the happy quality of clearness. This, added to his commanding appearance and effective delivery, made him sought for on all public occasions. His

sincerity, his unblemished character, and his eloquence were well known, not only all about the region where he lived, but throughout the State, and the fact that Mr. Garfield was to appear in the pulpit anywhere always drew a great crowd.

He remained, as we have said, at Hiram, until the war called him away, and steadily refused all efforts made to induce him to desert the institution for whose welfare he had done so much. In March, 1861, he was offered the place of vice-principal of the Cleveland Institute, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. To the offer he returned this reply:

"I am very much obliged to you for your kind offer, but you would not want to employ me for a short time, and I feel it my duty to say that some of my friends have got the insane notion in their heads that I ought to go to Congress. I know I ain't fit for the position, and I have fought against it all I could. I know nothing about political wire-pulling, and I have told my friends plainly that I would have nothing to do with that kind of business, but I am sure that I can be nominated and elected without my resorting to any unlawful means, and I have lately given authority to allow my name to be used. I don't know that anything will come of it; if there does not, I will gladly accept your offer."

During his term as president at Hiram, he had continued the study of law, begun some time before, and he was admitted to the bar of Cuyahoga County, in 1860. He also paid some attention to Masonry, into which order he was initiated. He

has not been, however, a very active member, though he has taken a number of degrees. When he was in the army so many of his regiment were Masons that they organized a lodge, which he joined to please them. He is a charter member of Pentalpha Lodge, No. 23, and a member of Columbia Chapter, No. 1; Columbia Commandery, No. 2, and Mithras Lodge of Perfection, A. and A. Rite, all of Washington.

With this last mention, President Garfield drops from the record of educational history in this country, to take his place in the procession of figures that stand silhouetted against our national horizon, as men who made and saved our country. The mature teacher was transformed into the youthful statesman. But before we turn the page to follow him upon the stormy sea of politics, we must relate an incident of his life that has proved to have been the happiest red-letter of his existence.

In his earlier days, when a pupil, he met, as related, a sweet-faced girl named Lucretia Rudolph. She was the daughter of a Maryland farmer, Zebulon Rudolph, from the banks of the Shenandoah. The uncle of this man served with distinguished bravery in the war of the Revolution, and after sheathing his sword here, he went to France to draw it in the service of the great Napoleon, and he rose to be, so says a cherished tradition in the Rudolph family, that brilliant sol-

dier, Michel, Duke of Elchingen, Marshal Ney. Zebulon Rudolph's wife was from an old Connecticut family, and was Arabella Mason, of Hartford, Vermont. This was Lucretia Rudolph's parentage.

When Garfield first met her as a fellow-student at Hiram, she was a refined, intelligent, affectionate girl, who shared his thirst for knowledge and his ambition for culture, and had, at the same time, the domestic tastes and talents which fitted her equally to preside over the home of the poor college professor and that of the famous statesman. A Hiram poet, celebrating the Ladies' Literary Society of the college in verse, so sung:

"*Again* a Mary? Nay, *Lucretia*,
The noble, classic name
That well befits our fair ladie,
Our sweet and gentle dame,
With heart as leal and loving
As e'er was sung in lays
Of high-born Roman matron,
In old, heroic days;
Worthy her lord illustrious, whom
Honor and fame attend;
Worthy her soldier's name to wear,
Worthy the civic wreath to share
That binds her Viking's tawny hair;
Right proud are we the world should know
As hers, him we long ago
Found truest helper, friend."

When Garfield went to Williams, Miss Rudolph started for Cleveland to teach in the public schools and to patiently wait the realization of their hopes.

which was agreed to be as soon as he should graduate and become established in life. This he considered accomplished when he succeeded to the head of the Hiram Institute, and accordingly, in 1858, they were married. A neat little cottage was bought, fronting the college campus, and the wedded life begun, poor in worldly goods, but wealthy in the affection of brave hearts. The match was a love-match and has turned out very happily. The general attributes much of his success in life to his wise selection. His wife has grown with his growth, and has been, during all his career, the appreciative companion of his studies, the loving mother of his children, the graceful, hospitable hostess of his friends and guests, and the wise and faithful helpmeet in the trials, vicissitudes and successes of his busy life.

Both she and the general keep up their classical studies yet, and derive great satisfaction from doing so. It is said that, when a girl at Hiram, she used to remark that her Latin and her Greek would be of no use to her in after life. Two or three years ago, having grown a little "rusty" on the dead languages, she expressed a wish that she had not forgotten her Latin, as she would like to take the boys. One day, the general gave her a Cæsar, and told her he would hear her recite a page of it that night. She had not looked at the great commentaries for years, but when night

came she recited the page very fairly, and from that time on, for two years, she took the two older boys and carried them through their Latin, and the little children have never been to school, but have been taught at home by their accomplished mother, a wiser, better way.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIRTH OF A POLITICAL CAREER.

UP to 1856, General Garfield had taken no particular interest in public affairs. He had been occupied with other matters. But now that his general education was finished, and he was ready to devote himself to the work of the world, his political pulses began to stir. A year or two before the Republican party had sprung up as an immediate consequent of the Kansas-Nebraska legislation. Its original mission has been thus stated by its present standard-bearer:

"Long familiarity with traffic in the bodies and souls of men had paralyzed the consciences of a majority of our people. The baleful doctrine of State sovereignty had shaken and weakened the noblest and most beneficent powers of the National Government; and the grasping power of slavery was seizing the virgin territories of the West, and dragging them into the den of external bondage. At that crisis the Republican party was born. It drew its first inspiration from that fire of liberty which God has lighted in every human heart, and which all the powers of ignorance and tyranny can never wholly extinguish."

In the campaign of 1857 and 1858, he took the stump and became quite well-known as a vigorous, logical stump orator. And it is extremely

probable that he, during the excitement of the campaign, felt the promptings of a political ambition that he did not even acknowledge to himself. It was natural then, thinking that a few weeks at Columbus would not interfere with his duties at Hiram, that he should accept the nomination to the Ohio Senate from the counties of Portage and Summit, when it was tendered him in 1859; and equally natural that he should be thought of by the strong anti-slavery voters of those counties. His speeches, during his first campaign, were warm, fresh and impassioned, and added not a little to his already growing popularity. He was elected by a very handsome majority.

Senator Garfield at once took high rank in the Legislature as a man well informed on the subjects of legislation, and effective and powerful in debate. He seemed always prepared to speak; he always spoke fluently and to the point; and his genial, warm-hearted nature served to increase the kindness with which both political friends and opponents regarded him. Three Western Reserve senators formed the Radical triumvirate in that able and patriotic Legislature, which was to place Ohio in line for the war. One was a highly-rated professor of Oberlin College; another, a lawyer already noted for force and learning, the son-in-law of the president of Oberlin; the third was our village carpenter and village teacher from Hiram. He was the youngest of the three, but

he speedily became the first. The trials of the next six years were to confirm the verdict of the little group about the State capital that soon placed Garfield before both Cox and Monroe. The college professor was abundantly satisfied with the success in life which made him a consul at a South American port. The adroit, polished, able lawyer became a painstaking general, who, perhaps, oftener deserved success than won it, and who at last, profiting by the gratitude of the people to their soldiers, rose to be Governor of the State, but there (for the time, at least), ended. The village carpenter started lower in the race of the war, and rose higher, became one of the leaders in our national councils, and confessedly one of the ablest among the younger of our statesmen.

During the session of 1860–61, he was characteristically active and vigorous in aiding to prepare the State to stand by the General Government, in opposition to the rising storm of rebellion; a storm that he met bravely, as we shall see later. In committee work, we find from his pen an able report in favor of a State Geological Survey; another from a select committee in favor of authorizing active measures to protect and instruct neglected, destitute and pauper children. Further, the now famous report to punish treason, in which he urged that it was "high time for Ohio to enact a law to meet treachery when it shall take the form of an overt act; to provide that, when her soldiers

go forth to maintain the Union, there shall be no treacherous fire in the rear."

Something about the man as he then was is written us by Mr. W. D. Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who was legislative correspondent and news editor of the *Ohio State Journal* during the years Garfield was in the Ohio Senate:

"One winter there was an exchange of visits between the Tennessee Legislature and ours to promote a sentiment of good-feeling. Garfield was prominently in the affair, and extremely popular with the Tennesseeans, on account of the manly and self-respectful good feeling with which he, a Western Reserve anti-slavery man, not then on the common ground of their Americanism and devotion to the Union. I think he was more acceptable to them than any other Ohioan, though there was no question about his political opinions. He had then, as now, that simple, affectionate way, which charms people.

"I knew him, then, for his literary taste, and I particularly remember his passion for Tennyson's poetry. I had printed my first poems in the *Atlantic*, and it was, no doubt, his confidence in my literary sympathy which brought him one morning to the *Journal* office, with his Tennyson, to read me some passages that had especially moved him in 'The Poet.' The rich fullness of his voice, and his fine, self-forgetfulness, as he read—impressive enough to a boy of twenty, who had looked up to him as a law-giver."

This literary reminiscences calls forth another from a correspondent who knew the young senator at the time. Remarking on Garfield's love of Pascal, he says:

"One of the passages from Pascal, which the general is

most fond of quoting is where that great philosopher said that the true way to study history is to treat the whole human race as one colossal, immortal man, forever living, always learning; who sometimes stumbles and falls, but who in the long run always advances in intelligence and civilization. I well remember the general's quoting this. 'Do you know,' he said, 'that thought of Pascal's is one of remarkable beauty and value? I have often dwelt over it, and carried it much further than it is developed by the philosopher. The people of a Republic like ours are peculiarly like a single great individual man, full of passions—prejudices often—but with a great heart, despising anything like show or pretense, and always striving forward in a general right direction. The popular verdict, expressed as the voice of this giant man, is sometimes wrong for the nonce, but in the course of time it assumes the right tendency again. This individual pays but little attention to infinite things, unless there is something very peculiar about them. He casts his ox-like eye, in a sort of slow and easy way, along the horizon, and ascertains about where a great many men are. If any of these men who appear before his general vision make any special effort to attract his attention, he probably smiles a sort of contemptuous smile, and passes on. Men often attempt to attract his attention—some one way, and others another. If the old fellow once fastens his eyes on a man or woman from some legitimate act or course of action of his or hers, that person has that thing happen to him known as fame. If the old fellow's eye is caused to rest on a person from some outlandish caper performed on purpose to catch his eye, that man is only notorious. The way to make the old giant take special notice of a man of worth is not to pay much attention to him, but keep on one's course, regardless of whatever he sees or not. It has been so often illustrated that the men who by Liliputian efforts attempt to court the old fellow generally fall short of capturing his favor. It is like a woman courting a man. There is something in man's nature that makes him

revolt against anything of that kind. No woman is so pretty, charming and well-dressed that she can safely say to him, "Here, marry me! You love me, and I know it. I am now ready for you; why should we delay?" The man would say, "I was going to ask you to marry me, yesterday; but now I don't want you at all. You are just a little too willing. I think I'd rather not." That is man's nature—he can't help but show it; and that is the nature of the old giant we are discussing. He would much rather seek his man when he wants to look at one or bestow any special favors.'"

On the 4th of July, 1860, at Ravenna, Mr. Garfield delivered an oration which rings with the sterling patriotism of the man and forms a fitting prelude to the story of war, to which we must next invite the reader's attention. At Ravenna, Garfield said:

"We have seen that our Republic differs in its origin from all the monarchies of the world. We may also see that it differs widely from all other republics of ancient or modern times. These all centred round a conquering hero or a powerful city—ours round a principle. In the brightest days of the Grecian Republic, its strength and glory rested upon the life and fortunes of Pericles. In the old Dutch Republic of Holland and the later establishments of modern Germany, freedom was of the city and not of the people. The burghers were the only freemen, and they constituted an aristocracy more haughty and imperious than the hereditary peers of England. The peasants of the rural districts, the toiling thousands, were hardly known to the government, except that they bore many of its heavy burdens. But here, cities are not tyrannies, and freedom in her best estate is found in the green fields of the country, among the hardy tillers of the soil. Heroes did not *make* our liberties, they but reflected and illustrated them. Indi-

viduals may wear for a time the glory of our institutions, but they carry it not with them to the grave. Like rain-drops from heaven, they pass through the circle of the shining bows and add to its lustre, but when they have sunk in the earth again, the proud arch still spans the sky and shines gloriously on. Governments, in general, look upon man only as a citizen, a fraction of the state. God looks upon him as an individual man, with capacities, duties and a destiny of his own; and just in proportion as a government recognizes the individual and shields him in the exercises of his rights, in that proportion is it Godlike and glorious. The village church and the village school have become our great civilizing and elevating guardians, and we mention with honest pride the fact that more than half of all the revenue of our State government is annually expended in the education of our youth. And yet there are other States in the Union which, in this respect, wear still brighter laurels than Ohio. To all these means of culture is added that powerful incentive to personal ambition which springs from the genius of our Government. The pathway to honorable distinction lies open to all. No post of honor so high but the poorest boy may hope to reach it.

"It is the pride of every American that many cherished names, at whose mention our hearts beat with a quicker bound, were worn by the sons of poverty, who conquered obscurity and became fixed stars in our firmament. None appreciate this more fully than our adopted citizens, who have felt the crushing hand of power in other lands. It cannot but destroy the high hopes of a noble nature to know that, though the blood that visits his heart leaps as free and ruby red as that which courses the veins of king or lord, and though in God's sight he is every whit their peer, yet the strong crust of centuries is above him, the shadow of power gloomily enshrouds him, and all the high places of distinction and trust are forever barred against him.

"And here we are brought to that question of deepest in-

terest to the patriot's heart—our nation's future. Shall it be perpetual? Shall the expanding circle of its beneficent influence extend, widening onward to the farthest shore of time? Shall its sun rise higher and yet higher, and shine with ever-brightening lustre? Or, has it passed the zenith of its glory, and left us to sit in the lengthening shadows of its coming night? Shall power from beyond the sea snatch the proud banner from us? Shall civil dissension or intestine strife rend the fair fabric of the Union? The rulers of the Old World have long and impatiently looked to see fulfilled the prophecy of its downfall. Such philosophers as Coleridge, Allison and Macauley have, severally, set forth the reasons for this prophecy—the chief of which is, that the element of stability in our Government will sooner or later bring upon it certain destruction. This is truly a grave charge. But whether instability is an element of destruction or of safety, depends wholly upon the sources whence that instability springs.

"The granite hills are not so changeless and abiding as the restless sea. Quiet is no certain pledge of permanence and safety. Trees may flourish and flowers may bloom upon the quiet mountain side, while silently the trickling raindrops are filling the deep cavern behind its rocky barriers, which, by and by, in a single moment, shall hurl to wild ruin its treacherous peace. It is true, that in our land there is no such outer quiet, no such deceitful repose. Here society is a restless and surging sea. The roar of the billows, the dash of the wave, is forever in our ears. Even the angry hoarseness of breakers is not unheard. But there is an understratum of deep, calm sea, which the breath of the wildest tempest can never reach. There is, deep down in the hearts of the American people, a strong and abiding love of our country and its liberty, which no surface-storms of passion can ever shake. That kind of instability which arises from a free movement and interchange of position among the members of society, which brings one drop up to glisten for a time in the crest of the highest wave, and then give place to another, while it

goes down to mingle again with the millions below; such instability is the surest pledge of permanence. On such instability the eternal fixedness of the universe is based. Each planet, in its circling orbit, returns to the goal of its departure, and on the balance of these wildly-rolling spheres God has planted the broad base of His mighty works. So the hope of our national perpetuity rests upon that perfect individual freedom, which shall forever keep up the circuit of perpetual change. God forbid that the waters of our national life should ever settle to the dead level of a waveless calm. It would be the stagnation of death—the ocean grave of individual liberty."

GARFIELD AS A SOLDIER.

"General Garfield proceeded to the Front."

—General Rosecrans's official report of the battle of Chickamauga.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORM BURSTS.

TO write the career of James A. Garfield during the trying hours of the Rebellion is to write at once a history of intrepid bravery, exquisite coolness in danger and sure success in action. His career has been rarely equaled by any American who entered the war as a civilian and laid down his sword with the rank of a major-general. His record, while bearing testimony to the marvelous spirit that always pervades a great people in a great crisis, and brings to the front a leader for every emergency, is a strangely complete illustration of how perfectly a man of brains and determination may succeed in some difficult walk in life, for which special and particular training have been always considered necessary.

When the South chose to inaugurate the return of the flowers, the budding of the leaves, in 1861, by tearing from the old flag some of its sacred stars, the country paused a moment, waiting, as it were, actors for the tragedy about to begin, leaders for the now inevitable armies. The guns that had opened upon Sumter on the memorable 12th of April, had not merely crumbled the walls of that Southern fortress, but they shattered also all hopes

of a peaceful solution of the problems then before the country.

Civil war had become a sad necessity; a bitter fact to write upon the pages of a nation's history begun so gloriously in 1776. The President's proclamation of the 15th called forth the militia for objects entirely lawful and constitutional, and it was responded to with a patriotic fervor which melted down all previously existing party lines. This "uprising of a great people," as it was well termed by a foreign writer, was a kindling and noble spectacle. The hearts of a whole land throbbed as one. But we cannot now glance back upon the brilliant and burning enthusiasm that lighted our beloved country like a torch without a touch of sadness. For there was commingled with it so much ignorance, not merely of the magnitude of the contest before us, but of the nature of war itself. The high-spirited young men who thronged to swell the ranks of the volunteer force at the call of duty, marched off as gayly as if they were participants in a holiday turnout, a party of picnickers rather than devoted patriots upon a high percentage of whom the death seal was already set. The Rebellion was to be put down at once, and by little more than the mere show of the preponderating force of the loyal States; and the task of putting it down was to be attended with no more danger than was sufficient to give the enterprise a due flavor of excitement. War was

unknown to us except by report; the men of the Revolution were but spectres of a jeweled past; the veterans of 1812 were some of them still alive, but even they were gray with years and the memories of events.

"All of which they saw, and part of which they were,"

could be but dimly, disjointedly recalled. We had read of battles; we had seen something of the pomp of holiday soldiers; but of the grim realities of war we were absolutely ignorant. Indeed, not a few had come to the conclusion that war was a relic of barbarism, which civilization had so outgrown that modern times had forever dispensed with the soldier and his sword.

It need hardly be said that the call to conflict found us totally unprepared for the great storm about to break. Our regular army was insignificant in numbers and scattered over our vast territory or along our Western frontier, so that it was impossible to collect any considerable force anywhere together. Our militia system had everywhere fallen into neglect, allowed to die for want of interest, and in some States had almost ceased to have any existence whatever. The wits laughed at it; it was a common subject of newspaper criticism; it was christened "the cornstalk militia;" platform orators declaimed against it. Indeed, so low had it fallen in public estimation, that it required some moral courage to march through the streets at the head of a company.

The South had been wiser, or at least, more provident in this respect. The military spirit had never been discouraged there. Many of the political leaders had long been looking forward to the time when the unhappy sectional contests which were distracting the country would blaze into a civil war, and preparing for it. They watched the smouldering fire of discontent, and waited the great conflagration of blood. In some of the States there had been military academies where a military education had been obtained, so that they had a greater number of trained officers to put into their regiments. This gave them a considerable advantage at the start, an advantage more real than seeming, and one they were not slow to turn to its fullest promise.

At the North the people paused a moment to ask themselves where were they to get the needed officers. Graduates of West Point were scattered over the country; to them the civil authorities turned for assistance. This they rendered freely and ably, but it was, of necessity, limited in its scope. In most States the militia elected their own officers, and there was no other resource than to continue the system until time and the fire of the enemy's guns should level the abilities of the civilians, and bring to the front those who had the best title to be there. This produced a result of which we have no reason to be the least ashamed. A race of civilian officers, proving their right to

command by deeds, not diplomas, winning experience at the point of the bayonet, and testing bravery beneath the bullets of the foe, sprang everywhere into sight in the great upholding of the Stars and Stripes. To this class, now occupying a place in our history, that is to us a crowning wreath of credit, James A. Garfield belonged, and of those who were his comrades few show a better, braver record than he.

When the secession of the Southern States begun, National considerations were of paramount importance in Ohio as elsewhere. Indeed, the early signs of the dissolution between the North and South had attracted earnest attention and severe comment in that State. In its Senate and House of Representatives many a debate had been held, wherein the seeds of secessionists' doctrines had been sought to be planted by men who saw amiss. Garfield, as it will be remembered, was a member of the Senate, having been elected to represent Portage and Summit Counties two years before. The spring of 1861 found the Senate, of which he was a member, earnestly occupying its time with those questions that had so much interest within as well as beyond the borders of Ohio. Garfield's course on all these questions was manly and outspoken. He was foremost in the very small number (only six voting with him) who thought the spring of 1861 a bad time for adopting the Corwin Constitutional

Amendment, forbidding Congress from ever legislating on the subject of slavery in the States. He was among the foremost in maintaining the right of the National Government to coerce seceded States. "Would you give up the forts and other government property in those States, or would you fight to maintain your right to them?" was his adroit way of putting the question to a conservative Republican who deplored his incendiary views.

It was under his leadership, and of his own personal initiation, that a bill was passed declaring any resident of the State, who gave aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, guilty of treason against the State, to be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

Ohio, when the great call came, was as unprepared as were other States. There was a small force of militia nominally organized, but the constitution and laws of the State provided that all its officers should be elected by the men, and the governor was limited in his selection of officers, in case the militia was called out, to the parties so chosen. Everywhere, however, there was enthusiasm for the cause and a wild willingness to help the government by every possible sacrifice that a great people could make. When the President's call for seventy-five thousand men was announced to the Ohio Senate, Senator Garfield was instantly on his feet, and amid the tumultuous

acclamations from the assemblage, moved that "twenty thousand troops and three millions of money" should be at once voted as Ohio's quota! His speech he immediately illustrated by offering his own services in any capacity Governor Dennison might choose. That he should uphold the flag was demanded both by patriotism and by the logic of the Republican doctrine, that he had so nobly, so bravely upheld. It was but the second stage of resistance to slavery. While waiting a wider field, he occupied himself with the arming of the militia or any measure that had for its object the advancement of the plans then in progress. He made a hasty journey to Illinois, and procured five thousand muskets, which he shipped to Columbus to arm some of the first regiments that formed upon Ohio soil. He then returned to the capital.

From here he wrote as follows to Mr. Hinsdale:

"COLUMBUS, January 15th, 1861.

"My heart and thoughts are full almost every moment with the terrible reality of our country's condition. We have learned so long to look upon the convulsions of European States as things wholly impossible here, that the people are slow in coming to the belief that there may be any breaking up of our institutions, but stern, awful certainty is fastening upon the hearts of men. I do not see any way, outside a miracle of God, which can avoid civil war with all its attendant horrors. Peaceable dissolution is utterly impossible. Indeed, I cannot say that I would wish it possible. To make the concessions demanded by the South would be hypocritical and sinful; they would neither be obeyed nor respected. I am inclined to believe that the sin of slavery is one of which it may be said that without the shedding of blood there is no remission. All that is left us as a State, or say as a company of Northern States, is to arm and prepare to defend ourselves and the Federal Government. I believe the doom of slavery is drawing near. Let war come, and the slaves will get the vague notion that it is waged for them, and a magazine will be lighted whose explosion will shake the whole fabric of slavery. Even if all this happen, I cannot yet abandon the belief that one government will rule this continent, and its people be one people.

"Meantime, what will be the influence of the times on individuals? Your question is very interesting and suggestive. The doubt that hangs over the whole issue bears touching also. It may be the duty of our young men to join the army, or they may be drafted without their own consent. If neither of these things happen, there will be a period when old men and young will be electrified by the spirit of the times, and one result will be to make every individuality more marked and their opinions more decisive. I believe the times will be even more favorable than calm ones for the formation of strong and forcible characters.

"Just at this time (have you observed the fact?) we have no man who has power to ride upon the storm and direct it. The hour has come, but not the man. The crisis will make many such. But I do not love to speculate on so painful a theme. * * * I am chosen to respond to a toast on the Union at the State Printers' Festival here next Thursday evening. It is a sad and difficult theme at this time."

"COLUMBUS, February 16th, 1861.

"Mr. Lincoln has come and gone. The rush of people to see him at every point on the route is astonishing. The reception here was plain and republican, but very impressive. He has been raising a respectable pair of dark-brown whiskers, which decidedly improve his looks, but no appendage can ever render him remarkable for beauty. On the whole, I am greatly pleased with him. He clearly shows his want of culture, and the marks of Western life but there is no touch of affectation in him, and he has a peculiar power of impressing you that he is frank, direct and thoroughly honest. His remarkable good sense, simple and condensed style of expression, and evident marks of indomitable will, give me great hopes for the country. And, after the long, dreary period of Buchanan's weakness and cowardly imbecility, the people will hail a strong and vigorous leader.

"I have never brought my mind to consent to the dissolution peaceably. I know it may be asked, Is it not better to dissolve before war than after? But I ask, Is it not better to fight before dissolution than after? If the North and South cannot live in the Union without war, how can they live and expand as dissevered nations without it? May it not be an economy of bloodshed to tell the South that disunion is war, and that the United States Government will protect its property and execute its laws at all hazards.

"I confess the great weight of the thought in your letter of the Plymouth and Jamestown ideas, and their vital and utter antagonism. This conflict may yet break the vase by the lustiness of its growth and strength, but the history of other nations gives me hope. Every government has periods when its strength and unity are tested. England has passed through the Wars of the Roses and the days of Cromwell. A monarchy is more easily overthrown than a republic, because its sovereignty is concentrated, and a single blow, if it be powerful enough, will crush it.

"Burke, this is really a great time to live in, if any of us can only catch the cue of it. I am glad you write on these subjects, and you must blame yourself for having made me inflict on you the longest letter I have written to any one in more than a year."

CHAPTER X.

AT THE HEAD OF A REGIMENT.

"WHEN the time came for appointing officers for the troops so hastily got together, Garfield displayed," says Whitelaw Reid, in his "Ohio in the War," "his signal want of tact and skill in advancing his own interests. Of the three leading Radical senators, Garfield had the most personal popularity. Cox was at that time, perhaps, a more compact and pointed speaker, he had matured earlier as (to change the figure) he was to culminate sooner. But he had never aroused the warm regard which Garfield's, whole-hearted, generous disposition always excited, yet Cox had the sagacity to see how his interests were to be advanced. He abandoned the Senate-chamber, installed himself as assistant in the governor's office, made his skill felt in the rush of business, and soon convinced the appointing power of his special aptitude for military affairs. In natural sequence he was presently appointed a brigadier-general, while Garfield was sent off on a mission to some western States to see about arms for the Ohio volunteers."

On the 14th of August, 1861, some months after the adjournment of the Legislature, Governor

Dennison offered Garfield the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Forty-second Ohio, a regiment not yet formed, and one which Garfield had been instrumental in bringing into existence with the active aid of Judge Sheldon, of Illinois, Don A. Pardee, of Medina, Ralph Plumb, of Oberlin, and other patriotic citizens of his district. He did not accept the tendered command hastily, he did not grasp the glitter of command with the avidity of an aspirant for honors. He went home, opened his mother's Bible, and pondered upon the subject. He had a wife, a child, and a few thousand dollars. If he gave his life to the country, would God and the few thousand dollars provide for his wife and child? He consulted the Book about it. It seemed to answer in the affirmative, and before morning he wrote to a friend:

"I regard my life as given to the country. I am only anxious to make as much of it as possible before the mortgage on it is foreclosed."

At the same sitting he wrote Governor Dennison his acceptance of the appointment. The regiment with which he had thus considerately chosen to cast his lot was principally recruited from Portege and Summit Counties. Most of the officers and privates had been students of Hiram College, and it was in a certain degree the transfer of that Campbellite institution *en masse* to another field where the church militant was to become militant in truth and finally the church triumphant.

Five weeks were spent in drilling, and the regiment was encamped at Camp Chase near Columbus. Companies A, B, C and D were mustered into service September 25th, 1861, Company E, October 30th, Company F, November 12th, and Companies G, H, I and K, November 26th, at which time the organization was completed.

Garfield at once set vigorously to work to master the art and mystery of war, and to give his men such a degree of discipline as would fit them for effective service in the field. Bringing his saw and jack-plane again into play, he fashioned companies, officers and non-commissioned officers out of maple blocks, and with these wooden-headed troops he thoroughly mastered the infantry tactics in his quarters. Then he organized a school for the officers of his regiment, requiring thorough recitation in the tactics, and illustrating the manœuvres by the blocks he had prepared for his own instruction. This done, he instituted regimental, company, squad, skirmish and bayonet drill, and kept his men at these exercises from six to eight hours a day, until it was universally admitted that no better drilled or disciplined regiment could be found in Ohio.

At the time Garfield was appointed lieutenant colonel, it was understood that had he cared to push the matter he might have been made colonel, but, with a modesty quite unusual in those early days of the war, he preferred to start low

and rise as he learned. It was but a just tribute, therefore, that on the completion of his organization he was, without his own solicitation, promoted to the colonelcy. The regiment saw three years of service; the last of the men were mustered out December 2d, 1864.

It was not until the 14th of December that orders for the field were received at Camp Chase for Colonel Garfield's command. Yet to this date no active operations had been attempted in the great department that lay south of the Ohio River. The spell of Bull Run still hung over our armies. Save the campaign in Western Virginia and the attack by General Grant at Belmont, not a single engagement had occurred over all the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. General Buell was preparing to advance upon Bowling Green, when he suddenly found himself hampered by two co-operating forces skillfully planted within striking distance of his flank. General Zollikoffer was advancing from Cumberland Gap toward Mill Spring; and Humphrey Marshall, moving down the Sandy Valley from Virginia, was threatening to overrun Eastern Kentucky. Till these could be driven back, an advance upon Bowling Green would be perilous, if not actually impossible. To General George H. Thomas, then just raised from his colonelcy of regulars to a brigadiership of volunteers, was committed the task of repulsing Zollikoffer; to the un-

tried colonel of the raw Forty-second Ohio the task of repulsing Humphrey Marshall. And on their success the whole army of the Department waited.

Colonel Garfield's orders directed him to move his command to Catlettsburg, Kentucky, a town at the junction of the Big Sandy and the Ohio, and to report immediately, in person, to the Department Head-quarters at Louisville. The regiment went by rail to Cincinnati, and thence by boat to Catlettsburg, where it arrived on the morning of December 17th. By sunset of the 19th, Colonel Garfield reported to General Buell, at Louisville. In his interview with that officer, he was informed that he was to be sent against Humphrey Marshall, who had in his advance reached as far north as Prestonburg, driving the Union forces before him.

Our hero was now face to face with the actualities of the conflict, he was to command an expedition to which great importance was attached, and on which great results might depend. The prize at stake was Kentucky. If the rebel plan was successful, Kentucky would probably go out of the Union at once; if the Federal operations succeeded, secession might be delayed indefinitely or prevented. Marshall was expected by the rebel authorities to advance toward Lexington, unite with Zollikoffer and establish the authority of the Provisional Government at the State capital. These

hopes were fed by the recollection of his great intellectual abilities and the soldierly reputation he had borne ever since he led the famous charge of the Kentucky volunteers at Buena Vista. It was also feared that he, with the large army he could gather, if unmolested, would hang upon Buell's flank, and so prevent his advance into Tennessee; or, if he did advance, cut off his communications and falling on his rear while Beauregard encountered him in front, crush him, as it were, between the upper and nether millstones. This done, Kentucky was lost, and that occurring so early in the war, the dissolution of the Union might have followed.

To check this dangerous advance, meet Marshall, a thoroughly educated military man, and the uncounted thousands whom his reputation would draw about him, Colonel Garfield was asked to plan a movement. He had come into the war with a life not his own and was now called upon to prove his title to the confidence his State had reposed in him. He knew nothing of war beyond its fundamental principles; which are, as stated by some writer, that "a big boy can whip a little boy, and that the big boy can whip two little boys, if he take them singly one after another." He knew no more about it when General Buell, one of the most scientific military men of his time, selected him to solve a problem which has puzzled the heads of the ablest generals; namely, how two

small bodies of men stationed widely apart can unite in the face of an enemy and beat him, when he is twice the united strength, and strongly posted behind intrenchments.

To do this Garfield was given, what? Twenty-five hundred men, eleven hundred of whom under Colonel Cramer were at Paris, Ky., the remainder, his own regiment and the half-formed Fourteenth Kentucky, under Colonel Moore, at Catlettsburg; a hundred miles of mountain country, overrun with rebels being between them. This was the problem of the big boy of uncertain size, but known to be skilled in war, and the two little boys who were to whip him when only by a miracle could they act together, and when they knew no more of war than can be learned from the posturing of wooden blocks and the crack perhaps of squirrel rifles.

"That is what you have to do, Colonel Garfield—drive Marshall from Kentucky," said Buell, when he had finished his view of the situation, "and you see how much depends on your action. Now, go to your quarters, think of it over night and come here in the morning and tell me how you will do it."

On his way to his hotel, the young colonel bought a rude map of Kentucky, and then shutting himself in his room, spent the night in studying the geography of the country in which he was to operate, and in making notes of the plan which,

in the still, small hours, came to him as the only one feasible and likely to secure the objects of the campaign.

His interview with the commanding general on the following morning was, as may be imagined, one of peculiar interest. Few army officers possessed more reticence, terse logic and severe military habits, than General Buell, and as the young man laid his rude map and roughly-outlined plan on his table, and with a curious and anxious face watched his features to detect some indication of his thought, the scene was one for a painter. But no word or look indicated the commander's opinion of the feasibility of the plan, or the good sense of the suggestions. He spoke now and then in a quiet, sententious manner, but said nothing of approval or disapproval; only, at the close of the conference, he made a single remark:

"Your orders will be sent to you at six o'clock, this evening."

Promptly at that hour the order came, organizing the Eighteenth Brigade of the Army of the Ohio, Colonel Garfield commanding, and with the order came a letter of instructions for the campaign, recapitulating, with very slight modifications, the plans submitted by Garfield that same morning. On the following morning he took his leave of his general. The latter said to him at parting:

"Colonel, you will be at so great a distance from

me, and communications will be so slow and difficult, that I must commit all matters of detail, and much of the fate of the campaign to your discretion. I shall hope to hear a good account of you."

Garfield at once set out for Catlettsburg, and, arriving there on the 22d of December, found his regiment had already proceeded to Louisa, twenty-eight miles up the Big Sandy.

A state of general alarm existed throughout the district. The Fourteenth Kentucky—the only force of Union troops left in the Big Sandy region—had been stationed at Louisa, but had hastily retreated to the mouth of the river during the night of the 19th, under the impression that Marshall, with his whole force, was following to drive them into the Ohio. Union citizens and their families were preparing to cross the river for safety, but with the appearance of General Garfield's regiment a feeling of security returned, and this was increased when it was seen that the Union troops boldly pushed on to Louisa without even waiting for their colonel. This, however, was only in pursuance of orders he had telegraphed on the morning after he had formed the plan of the campaign by midnight, in his dingy quarters of his Louisville hotel.

Waiting at Catlettsburg only long enough to forward supplies to his forces, Garfield appeared

at Louisa on the morning of December 24th, and thence forward he became an actor in, all its circumstances considered, one of the most wonderful dramas to be read of in history.

CHAPTER XI.

OPENING THE BIG SANDY CAMPAIGN.

GARFIELD had two very difficult things to accomplish. He had to open communications with Colonel Cranor, while the intervening country, as has been said, was infested with roving bands of rebels and populated by disloyal people. He had also to form a junction with the force under that officer in the face of a superior enemy who would doubtless be apprised of his every movement and be likely to fall upon his separate columns the moment either was set in motion, in the hope of crushing them in detail. Either operation was hazardous if not well-nigh impossible.

Evidently the first thing to be done was to find a trustworthy messenger to convey dispatches between the two halves of his army. To this end Garfield applied to Colonel Moore of the Fourteenth Kentucky.

"Have you a man" he asked, "who will die rather than fail and betray us?"

The Kentuckian reflected a moment, then answered:

"I think I have, John Jordan from the head of the Blaine."

Jordan was sent for and soon entered the tent of the Union commander. He was somewhat of a noted character in that region, a descendant of a Scotchman belonging to a family of men who ever died in the defense of some honor or trust. Jordan was also a born actor, a man of unflinching courage, of great expedients and devoted to the true principles that bind this land in the solidity of a great union.

On his appearance, Garfield was at once impressed in his favor. He remembers him to-day as a tall, gaunt, sallow man, of about thirty years, with gray eyes, a fine falsetto voice, pitched in the minor key, and a face that had as many expressions as could be found in a regiment. To the young colonel he seemed a strange combination of cunning, simplicity, undaunted courage and undoubting faith, but possessed of a quaint sort of wisdom, which ought to have given him to history. He sounded him thoroughly, for the fate of the campaign might depend upon his fidelity; but Jordan's soul was as clear as crystal, and in ten minutes Garfield had read it as if it had been an open volume.

"Why did you come into this war?" at last asked the commander.

"To do my part for the country, colonel," answered Jordan, "and I made no terms with the Lord. I gave Him my life without conditions, and if He sees fit to take it in this tramp, why, it is His. I have nothing to say against it."

"You mean you have come into the war not expecting to get out of it?"

"I do, colonel."

"Will you die rather than let this dispatch be taken?"

"I will."

The colonel recalled what had passed in his own mind, when poring over his mother's Bible that night at his home in Ohio, and it decided him.

"Very well," he said; "I will trust you."

The dispatch was written on tissue paper, rolled into the form of a bullet, coated with warm lead, and put into the hand of Jordan. He was given a carbine and a brace of revolvers, and mounting his horse when the moon was down, he started on his perilous journey, where, in spite of its most romantic interest, we cannot follow him.

By midnight of the second day Jordan reached Colonel Cranor's quarters, at McCormick's Gap, and delivered his precious billet. The colonel opened the dispatch. It was dated Louisa, December 24th, midnight, and directed him to move his regiment at once to Prestonburg. He would encumber the men with as few rations as possible and as little baggage, bearing in mind that the safety of his command would depend on his expedition. He would also cause the dispatch to be conveyed to Lieutenant-Colonel Woolford, at Stamford, and direct him to join the march with his three hundred cavalry. Hours were now worth

months of common time, and on the following morning Cranor's column was set in motion.

The dispatch fully revealed to Cranor Garfield's intention to move at once upon the enemy. Of Marshall's real strength he is ignorant, but his scouts and the country people report that the rebel's main body—which is intrenched in an almost impregnable position near Paintville—is from four to seven thousand, and that an outlying force of eight hundred occupies West Liberty, a town directly on the route by which Colonel Cranor is to march to effect a junction with Garfield's men. Cranor's column is one thousand one hundred strong, and the main body, under Garfield, numbers about seventeen hundred, consisting of the Forty-second Ohio Infantry, one thousand and thirteen strong and the Fourteenth Kentucky Infantry, numbering five hundred, rank and file, but imperfectly armed and equipped. All told, Garfield's force, therefore, counted two thousand eight hundred, in a strange district, cut off from reinforcements, with which to meet and crush an army of at least five thousand, familiar with the country and daily receiving recruits from the disaffected southern counties. Evidently a forward movement is attended with great hazard, but the Union commander does not waste time in considering the obstacles and dangers of the expedition. On the morning following the scout's departure for Cranor's camp, Garfield sets out with such of his

command as are in readiness, and halting at George's Creek, only twenty miles from Marshall's intrenched position, prepares to move at once upon the enemy.

The roads along the Big Sandy are impassable for trains, and the close proximity of the enemy renders it unsafe to make so wide a detour from the river as would be required to send supplies by the table-lands to the westward. Under these circumstances Garfield decides to depend mainly upon water navigation to transport his supplies, and to use the army-train only when his troops are obliged, by absolutely impassable roads, to move away from the river.

The Big Sandy is a narrow, fickle stream, that finds its way to the Ohio through the roughest and wildest spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. At low water it is not navigable above Louisa, except for small flat-boats pushed by hand, but these ascend as high as Piketon, one hundred and twenty miles from the mouth of the river. In time of high water small steamers can reach Piketon; but heavy freshets render navigation impracticable, owing to the swift current filled with floating timber, and to the overhanging trees, which almost touch one another from the opposite banks. At this time the river was only of moderate height, but, as will be readily seen, the supply of a brigade at mid-winter by such an uncertain stream, and in the presence of a powerful enemy, was a thing of great difficulty.

However the obstacles did not intimidate Garfield. Gathering ten days' rations, he charters two small steamers and impresses all the flat-boats he can lay hand on, and then taking his army wagons apart, he loads them with his forage and provisions upon the flat-boats. This is on New Year's Day, 1862. Next morning Captain Bent, of the Fourteenth Kentucky, entering Garfield's tent, says to him:

"Colonel, there's a man outside who says he knows you, Bradley Brown, a rebel thief and scoundrel."

"Brown," says Garfield, raising half-dressed from his blanket. "Bradley Brown! I don't know any one of that name."

"He has lived near the head of the Blaine, been a boatman on the river, says he knew you on the canal in Ohio."

"Oh, yes," answered Garfield, "bring him in, now I remember him."

In a moment Brown is ushered into the colonel's quarters. He is clad in country homespun, and spattered from head to foot with the mud of a long journey, but, without any regard for the sanctity of rank, he advances at once upon the Union commander, and grasping him warmly by the hand, exclaims, "Jim, ole feller, how ar' ye!"

The colonel received him cordially, but noticing his ruddy face, says:

"Fifteen years haven't changed you, Brown;

you will take a glass of whisky? But what's this I hear? Are you a rebel?"

"Yes," answers Brown, "I belong to Marshall's force, and"—this he prefaces with a burst of laughter, "I've come stret from his camp to spy out yer army."

The colonel looks surprised, but says, coolly:

"Well, you go about it queerly."

"Yes, quar, but honest, Jim—when yer alone, I'll tell yer about it."

As Bent was leaving the tent he said to his commander, in an undertone:

"Don't trust him, colonel; I know him, he's a thief and a rebel."

Brown's disclosures, in a few words, are these:

Hearing, a short time before, at the rebel camp, that James A. Garfield, of Ohio, had taken command of the Union forces, it at once occurred to him that it was his old canal companion, for whom, as a boy, he had felt a strong affection. This supposition was confirmed a few days later by his hearing from a renegade Northern man something of the antecedents of the colonel. Remembering their former friendship, and being indifferent as to which side was successful in the campaign, he at once determined to do an important service to the Union commander.

With this object he sought an interview with Humphrey Marshall, stated to him his former acquaintance with Garfield, and proposed that he

should take advantage of it to enter the Union camp, and learn for the rebel general all about his enemy's strength and intended movements. Marshall at once fell into the trap, and the same night Brown set out for the Union camp, ostensibly to spy for the rebels, but really to tell the Union commander all that he knew of the rebel strength and position. He did not know Marshall's exact force, but he gave Garfield such facts as enabled him to make, within half an hour, a tolerably accurate map of the rebel position.

When this was done, the Union colonel said to him:

"Did Bent blindfold you when he brought you into camp?"

"Yes, colonel, I couldn't see my hand afore me."

"Well, then, you had better go back directly to Marshall."

"Go back to him! Why, colonel, he'll hang me to the first tree!"

"No he won't—not if you tell him all about my strength and intended movements."

"But how kin I? I don't know a thing. I tell ye I was blindfolded."

"Yes, but that don't prevent your guessing at our numbers, and about our movements. You may say that I shall march to-morrow straight for his camp and in ten days be upon him."

Brown sat for a moment musing, then he said:

"Wall, Colon'l ye'd be a durned fool, and if ye's

thet ye must hev growed to it since we were on ther canal—ef ye went upon Marshall, trenched as he is, with a man short on twenty thousand. I kin guess' ye's that many.'

"Guess again. I haven't that number."

"Then, ten thousand."

"Well, that will do for a Kentuckian. Now, to-day, I will keep you under lock and key, and to-night you can go back to Marshall."

At nightfall, Brown set out for the rebel camp, and, on the following day, Garfield put his little army, reduced now by sickness and garrison-duty, to fourteen hundred, in motion.

It was a toilsome march. The roads were knee-deep in mire, and encumbered as it was with only a light train, the army made very slow progress. Some days it marched five or six miles, and some considerably less, but on January 6th, it arrived within seven miles of Paintville. Here the men threw themselves upon the wet ground, and Garfield laid down in his boots, in a wretched log hut to catch a few hours of slumber.

About midnight, he was roused from his sleep by a man who said his business was urgent. The colonel rubbed his eyes, and raised himself on his elbow.

"Back safe?" he asked. "Have you seen Cranor?"

"Yes, colonel; he can't be any more than two days behind me."

"God bless you, Jordan! You have done us a great service," said Garfield, warmly.

"I thank you, colonel," answered Jordan, his face trembling, "that is more pay than I expected."

He had returned safely, but the Providence which so wonderfully guarded his way out, seemed to leave him to find his way back, for, as he expressed it, "The Lord cared more for the dispatch than He cared for me, and it was natural He should, because my life counts only one, but the dispatch, it stood for the whole of Kentucky."

Next morning, another horseman rode up to the Union head-quarters. He was a messenger direct from General Buell, who had followed Garfield up the Big Sandy with dispatches. They contained only a few hurried sentences, from a man to a woman, but their value was not to be estimated in money. It was a letter from Humphrey Marshall to his wife, which Buell had intercepted, and it revealed the important fact that the rebel general had five thousand men—four thousand four hundred infantry and six hundred cavalry—with twelve pieces of artillery, and was daily expecting an attack from a Union force of ten thousand!

Garfield put the letter in his pocket, and then called a council of his officers. They assembled in the rude log shanty, and the question was put to them:

"Shall we march at once, or wait the coming of Cranor?"

All but one said "Wait!" He said, "Move at once, our fourteen hundred can whip ten thousand rebels."

Garfield reflected awhile, then closed the council with the laconic remark:- "Well, forward it is. Give the order."

Three roads led to the rebel position—one at the east, bearing down to the river and along its western bank; another, a circuitous one, to the west, coming in on Paint Creek at the mouth of Jenny's Creek, on the right of the village; and a third between the two others, a more direct route but climbing a succession of almost impassible ridges. These three roads were held by strong rebel pickets, and a regiment was outlying at the village of Paintville.

The diagram opposite will show the situation.

To deceive Marshall as to his real strength and designs, Garfield orders a small force of infantry and cavalry to advance along the river road, drive in the rebel pickets, and move rapidly after them as if to attack Paintville. Two hours after this small force goes off, a similar one, with the same orders sets off on the road to the westward, and two hours later still another small party takes the middle road. The effect is that the pickets on the first route being vigorously attacked and driven, retired in confusion to Paintville, and dispatched word to Marshall that the Union army is advancing along the river. He hurries off a thousand

infantry and a battery to resist the advance of this imaginary column.

When this detachment had been gone an hour and a half, Marshall hears from the routed pickets on his left that the Union forces are advancing along the western road. Countermanding his first order, he now directs the thousand men and the battery to check the new danger, and hurries off the troops at Paintville to the mouth of Jenny's Creek, to make a stand at that point. Two hours later the pickets on the central route are driven in, and finding Paintville abandoned, they flee precipitately to the fortified camp with the story that the whole Union army is close at their heels, and already occupying the town. Conceiving that he has thus lost Paintville, Marshall hastily withdraws the detachment of a thousand to his camp, and then, Garfield moving rapidly over the ridges of the central route, occupies the abandoned position.

So affairs stand on the evening of the 8th of January, when a rebel spy enters the camp of Marshall with tidings that Cranor, with three thousand three hundred men, is within twelve hours' march at the westward.

On receipt of these tidings, the rebel general conceiving himself vastly outnumbered, breaks up his camp—which he might have held for a twelvemonth—and retreats precipitately, abandoning or burning a large portion of his supplies. Seeing

the fires, Garfield mounts his horse, and with a thousand men enters the deserted camp at nine in the evening, while the blazing stores are yet unconsumed. He sends off a detachment to harass the rebel retreat, and waits the arrival of Cranor, with whom he means to follow and bring Marshall to battle in the morning.

In the morning Cranor comes, but his men are footsore, without rations and completely exhausted. The most of these cannot move one leg after the other. But the Union commander is determined on a battle, so every man who has strength to march is ordered to come forward. Eleven hundred, and among them four hundred of Cranor's tired heroes, step from the ranks, and with them, at noon on the 9th, Garfield sets out for Prestonburg, sending all his available cavalry to follow the line of the enemy's retreat, and harass and destroy him.

Marching eighteen miles he reaches, at nine o'clock that night, the mouth of Abbott's Creek, three miles below Prestonburg—he and the eleven hundred. There he learns that Marshall is encamped on the same stream, three miles higher up; and, throwing his men into bivouac in the midst of a sleety rain, he sends back an order to Lieutenant-Colonel Sheldon, who had been left in command at Paintville, to bring up every available man with all possible dispatch, for he shall force the enemy to battle in the morning. He spends

the night in learning the character of the surrounding country, and the disposition of Marshall's forces, and makes a hasty dinner off of stewed rabbit eaten out of a tin-cup—he sharing the single spoon and the stew with one of his officers.

Jordan, the scout, now comes into play once more. A dozen rebels are grinding at a mill, and a dozen honest men come upon them, steal their corn and take them prisoners. The miller is a tall, gaunt man, and his "butternuts" fit Jordan as if they were made for him. He is a rebel too, and his very raiment should bear witness against this feeding of his enemies. It does. It goes back to the rebel camp, and Jordan goes in it. That chameleon face of his is smeared with meal, and looks the miller so well that the miller's own wife might not detect the difference. The night is pitch dark and rainy, and that lessens the danger; but still Jordan is picking his teeth in the very jaws of the lion.

Jordan's midnight ramble in the rebel ranks gave Garfield the exact position of the enemy. They had made a stand, and laid an ambuscade for him. Strongly posted, on a semi-circular hill at the forks of Middle Creek, on both sides of the road, with cannon commanding its whole length, and hidden by the trees and underbrush, they awaited his coming.

Deeming it unsafe to proceed further in the

darkness, Garfield, as has been said, ordered his army into bivouac, at nine o'clock in the evening, and climbed the steep ridge called Abbott's Hill. His tired men threw themselves upon the wet ground to wait till morning. It was a terrible night, fit prelude to the terrible day that followed. A dense fog shut out the moon and stars, and shrouded the lonely mountain in almost Cimmerian darkness. A cold wind swept from the north, driving the rain in blinding gusts into the faces of the shivering men, and stirring the dark fires into the cadences of a mournful music. But the slow and cheerless night at last wore away, and at four in the morning the tired and hungry men, their icy clothing clinging to their half-frozen limbs, were roused from their cold beds and ordered to move forward. Slowly and cautiously they descended into the valley, that to so many of them seemed the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The enemy was waiting them, they were waiting him. The last bivouac had been held, and there was nothing left but to advance and measure their lives against the foe.

CHAPTER XII.

HAIL COLUMBIA'S SOLDIER AT THE BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK.

AS the day breaks in the east, and the gray mists that have been the blankets for Garfield's little force slowly draw up from the inhospitable ground, the advance guard, rounding a hill that juts out into the valley, is charged upon by a body of rebel horsemen. Forming his men in a hollow square, Garfield gives the rebels a volley that sends them reeling up the valley, all but one, and he with his horse plunges into the stream, and is captured.

The main body of the enemy, it is now evident, is not far distant, but whether he has changed his position since the visit of the scout Jordan is yet uncertain. To determine this, Garfield sends forward a strong corps of skirmishers, who sweep the cavalry from a ridge they have occupied, and moving forward, soon draw the fire of the hidden rebels. Suddenly a puff of smoke rises from beyond the hill, and a twelve-pound shell whistles above the trees, then, plowing up the hill, buries itself in the ground at the feet of the adventurous little band of skirmishers.

It is now twelve o'clock, and throwing his whole

force upon the ridge whence the rebel cavalry have been driven, Garfield prepares for the impending battle. It is a trying and perilous moment. He is in the presence of a greatly superior enemy, and how to dispose his little force, and where first to attack, are things not easy to determine. But he loses no time in idle indecision.

Looking in the faces of his eleven hundred men, he goes at once into the terrible struggle. His mounted escort of twelve soldiers he sends forward to make a charge, and, if possible, to draw the fire of the enemy. The ruse succeeds admirably. As the little squad sweeps round a curve in the road, another shell whistles through the valley, and the long roll of nearly five thousand muskets chimes in with a fierce salutation. The battle has begun in earnest.

A glance at the ground will best show the real nature of the conflict. It was on the margin of Middle Creek, a narrow and rapid stream, and three miles from where it finds its way into the Big Sandy, through the sharp spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. A rocky road, not ten feet in width, winds along this stream, and on its two banks abrupt ridges, with steep and rocky sides, overgrown with trees and underbrush, shut closely down upon the narrow road and little streamlet. At twelve o'clock Garfield has gained the crest of the ridge at the right of the road, and the charge of his handful of horsemen has drawn Marshall's

fire and disclosed his actual position. It will be clearly seen from the subjoined diagram.

The main force of the rebels occupied the crests of the two ridges at the left of the stream, but a strong detachment was posted on the right, and a battery of twelve pieces held the forks of the creek and commanded the approach of the Union army. It was Marshall's plan to lure Garfield along the road, and then taking him between two enfilading fires, surround and utterly destroy him. But his hasty fire betrayed his design and unmasked his position.

Garfield acts with promptness and decision. A hundred undergraduates, recruited from his own college, are ordered to cross the stream, climb the ridge whence the fire had been hottest, and bring on the battle. Boldly the little band plunges into the creek, the icy water up to their waists, and clinging to the trees and underbrush, climb the rocky ascent. Half way up the ridge the fire of at least two thousand rifles open upon them, but springing from tree to tree, they press on, and at last reach the summit. Then suddenly the hill is gray with rebels, who, rising from ambush, pour their deadly volleys into the little band of only a hundred. For a moment there are signs of wavering, then their leader calls out: "Every man to a tree! Give them as good as they send, my brave Bereans!"

The rebels, behind rocks and rude intrench-

ments, are obliged to expose their heads to take aim at the advancing column, but the Union troops, posted behind the huge oaks and maples, can stand erect and load and fire fully protected. Though they are outnumbered ten to one, the contest is therefore for a time not so very unequal. But soon the rebels, exasperated with the obstinate resistance, rush from cover and charge upon the little handful with the bayonet. Slowly they are driven down the hill, and two of them fall to the ground wounded. One never rises, the other, a lad of only eighteen, is shot through the thigh, and one of his comrades turns back to bear him to a place of safety. The advancing rebels are within thirty feet, when one of them fires, and his bullet strikes a tree directly above the head of the Union soldier. He turns, levels his musket, and the rebel is in eternity. Then the rest are upon him; but, zigzagging from tree to tree, he is soon with his driven column. But not far are the brave boys driven. A few rods lower down they hear the voice of their leader.

"To the trees again, my boys," he cries. "We may as well die here as in Ohio!"

To the trees they go, and in a moment the advancing horde is checked, and then rolled backward. Up the hill they turn, firing as they go, and the little band follows. Soon the rebels reach the spot where the Berean boy lies wounded, and one of them says to him:

"Boy, guv me yer musket."

"Not the gun but its contents," returns the lad, and the rebel falls, mortally wounded. Another raises his weapon to brain the prostrate lad, but he too falls, killed with his comrade's own rifle. And all this is done while the hero-lad is on the ground bleeding. An hour afterward, his comrades bear him to a sheltered spot on the other side of the streamlet, and then the first word of complaint escapes him. As they are taking off his leg, he says, in his agony: "Oh, what will mother do?"

A fortnight later, the words of this patient, patriotic lad—Charles Carlton, of Franklin, Ohio—repeated in the Senate of Ohio, aroused the State to at once make provision for the widows and mothers of its soldiers.

As the college boys retreat, the quick eye of the Union commander, standing upon a rocky height on the other side of the narrow valley, discerns, through the densely-curling smoke, the real state of the unequal contest. "They are being driven," he says; "they will lose the hill unless supported."

Immediately, five hundred of the Ohio Fortieth and Forty-second, under Major Pardee and Colonel Cranor, are ordered to the rescue. Holding their cartridge-boxes above their heads, they dash into the stream, up the hill and into the fight shouting:

"Hurra for Williams and the brave Bereans!"

But shot, and shell, and canister, and the fire of four thousand muskets, are now concentrated upon the few hundred heroes.

"This will never do," cries Garfield. "Who will volunteer to carry the crest of the mountain?"

"We will!" shouts Colonel Munroe, of the Twenty-second Kentucky. "We know every inch of the ground."

"Go in, then," cries Garfield, "and give them Hail Columbia!"

Fording the stream lower down, they climbed the ridge to the left, and in ten minutes are upon the enemy. Like the others, these rebels are posted behind rocks, and, when uncovered, heads soon become ghastly targets for the sure Kentucky rifles.

"Take good aim, and don't shoot till you see the eyes of your enemy," shouts the brave colonel.

The men have never been under fire, but in a few moments are as cool as if at one of the traditional Kentucky turkey matches.

"Do you see that reb," says one to a comrade, as a head appears above the rock. "Hit him while I'm loading."

Another is bringing his cartridge to his mouth when a bullet cuts away the powder and leaves the lead in his fingers. Shielding his arm with his body, he says, as he turns from the foe and rams

home another cartridge: "There, see if you can hit that?"

Another takes out a piece of hard-tack and a ball shivers it in his hand. He swallows the remnant, and then coolly fires away again. One is brought down by a ball in the knee; and, lying on the ground, rifle in hand, watches for the man who shot him. Soon the rebel's head rises above a rock, and the two fire at the same instant. The Union man is struck in the mouth, but as he is borne down the hill he splutters out: "Never mind, that secesh is done for." The next morning the rebel is found with the whole upper part of his head shot away by the other's bullet.

The brave Kentuckians climb or leap up along the side of the mountain. Now they are hidden in the underbrush, now sheltered by the great trees, and now fully exposed in some narrow opening, but gradually they near the crest of the ridge, and at last are on its very summit. As they come in open sight a rebel cries out:

"How many are there of you?"

"Twenty-five millions, d——m you," shouts back a Kentucky Union officer.

Then comes a terrible hand-to-hand struggle, and the little band of less than four hundred, overpowered by numbers, are driven far down the mountain.

Meanwhile another cannon has opened on the hill and round shot and canister fall thickly among

the weary eleven hundred. Seeing his advance about to waver the Union commander sends volley after volley from his entire reserve at the central point between his two detachments, and for a time the enemy is silenced in that quarter. But soon it opens again, and then Garfield orders all but a chosen hundred upon the mountain. There the battle grows terrible. Thick and thicker swarm the rebels on the crest, sharp and sharper rolls the musketry along the valley, and as volley after volley echoes among the hills and the white smoke curls up in long wreaths from the gleaming rifles a dense cloud gathers overhead as if to shut out the scene of carnage from the very eye of Heaven.

So the bloody work goes on, so the battle wavers till the setting sun wheeling below the hills glances along the dense line of rebel steel moveing down to envelop the weary eleven hundred. It is an awful moment, big with the immediate fate of Kentucky. At its very crisis two figures stand out against the fading sky, boldly defined in the foreground.

One is in Union blue with a little band of heroes about him. He is posted on a projecting rock which is scarred with bullets and in full view of both armies. His head is uncovered, his hair streaming in the wind, his face upturned in the darkening daylight and from his soul is going up a prayer—a prayer for Sheldon and reinforce-

ments. He turns his eyes to the northward, his lips tighten, he pulls off his coat and throws it into the air and it lodges in a tree top out of reach, then he says to his hundred men:

"Boys, *we* must go at them."

The men threw up their caps with a wild shout and rush in, following the Union colonel who led them at a run, and in his shirt sleeves.

The other figure is in Rebel gray. Moving out to the brow of the opposite hill and placing a glass to his eye, he too takes a long look to the northward. Suddenly he starts, for he sees something which the other on lower ground does not distinguish. Soon he wheels his horse and the word "RETREAT" echoes along the valley between them. It is his last word; for six rifles crack, and the rebel major lies on the ground quivering. The one in blue looks to the north again as he clambers up the mountain and now floating proudly among the trees he sees the starry banner, that banner that has meant liberty and life to millions. It is Sheldon and his forces. On they come like the rushing wind filling the air with their shouting. The rescued eleven hundred take up the strain and then above the swift pursuit, above the lessening conflict, above the last boom of wheeling cannon goes the wild huzza of victory.

As they come back from the short pursuit, the young commander grasps man after man by the hand, and says:

"God bless you, boys! You have saved Kentucky!"

They had, indeed, and in a wonderful battle. Says that genial writer, Edmund Kirke: "In the history of the late war, there is not another like it. Measured by the forces engaged, the valor displayed and the results that followed, it throws into the shade the achievements of even that mighty host that saved the nation. Eleven hundred foot-sore and weary men, without cannon, charged up a rocky hill, over stumps, over stones, over fallen trees, over high intrenchments, right into the face of five thousand fresh troops with twelve pieces of artillery!"

To the reader, the action may seem insignificant, but it was of considerable importance to the Federal armies at this juncture. Captain F. H. Mason, in his history of the Forty-second Ohio Infantry, defines its place in history:

"The battle of Middle Creek, trifling though it may be considered in comparison with later contests, was the first substantial victory won for the Union cause. At Big Bethel, Bull Run, in Missouri, and at various points at which the Union and Confederate forces had come in contact, the latter had been uniformly victorious. The people of the North, giving freely of their men and their substance in response to each successive call of the government, had long and anxiously watched and waited for a little gleam of victory to show

that northern valor was a match for southern impetuosity in the field. They had waited in vain since the disaster at Bull Run, during the previous summer, and hope had almost yielded to despair. The story of Garfield's success at Middle Creek came, therefore, like a benediction to the Union cause. Though won at a trifling cost it was decisive so far as concerned the purposes of that immediate campaign. Marshall's force was driven from Kentucky, and made no further attempt to occupy the Sandy Valley. The important victories at Mill Spring, Forts Donaldson and Henry, and the repulse at Shiloh, followed. The victory at Mill Creek proved the first wave of a returning tide."

Speaking of the engagement, Garfield said, after he had gained a wider experience in war: "It was a very rash and imprudent affair on my part. If I had been an officer of more experience, I probably should not have made the attack. As it was, having gone into the army with the notion that fighting was our business. I didn't know any better."

"And, during it all," says Judge Clark, who was in the Forty-second, "Garfield was the soldiers' friend. Such was his affection for the men that he would divide his last rations with them, and nobody ever found anything better at head-quarters than the rest got."

CHAPTER XIII.

A STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN AND THE CAPTURE OF POUND GAP.

THE night closed in upon the happy, but tired men; another night, the long watches of which were lived out upon the frozen ground. Garfield took the time to consider the situation. Marshall's forces were broken and demoralized. Though in full retreat, they might be overtaken and destroyed; but his own troops were half dead with fatigue and exposure, and had less than three days' rations. In these circumstances, Garfield prudently decided to occupy Prestonburg, and await the arrival of supplies before dealing a final blow at the enemy. On the day succeeding the battle he issued the following address to his army, which tells, in brief, the story of the campaign:

"SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH BRIGADE: I am proud of you all! In four weeks you have marched, some eighty, and some a hundred miles, over almost impassable roads. One night in four you have slept, often in the storm, with only a wintry sky above your heads. You have marched in the face of a foe of more than double your number, led on by chiefs who have won a national re-

nown under the old flag, entrenched in hills of his own choosing, and strengthened by all the appliances of military art. With no experience but the consciousness of your own manhood, you have driven him from his strongholds, pursued his inglorious flight, and compelled him to meet you in battle. When forced to fight, he sought the shelter of rocks and hills. You drove him from his position, leaving scores of his bloody dead unburied. His artillery thundered against you, but you compelled him to flee by the light of his burning stores, and to leave even the banner of his rebellion behind him. I greet you as brave men. Our common country will not forget you. She will not forget the sacred dead who fell beside you, nor those of your comrades who won scars of honor on the field. I have recalled you from the pursuit, that you may regain vigor for still greater exertions. Let no one tarnish his well-earned honor by any act unworthy an American soldier. Remember your duties as American citizens, and sacredly respect the rights and property of those with whom you may come in contact. Let it not be said that good men dread the approach of an American army. Officers and soldiers, your duty has been nobly done. For this I thank you."

The retreat of Marshall had by no means gotten rid of the dangers by which the small army of the Union colonel was hampered. A fresh peril now

beset the force. An unusually violent rain-storm broke out, the mountain gorges were all flooded, and the Sandy rose to such a height that steamboat-men pronounced it impossible to ascend the stream with supplies. The troops were almost out of rations, and the rough, mountainous country was incapable of supporting them. Colonel Garfield had gone down the river to its mouth. He ordered the "Sandy Valley," a small steamer, which had been in the quarter-master's service, to take in a load of supplies and start up. The captain declared it was impossible. Efforts were made to get other vessels, but without success.

Finally, Garfield ordered the captain and crew on board, and stationed himself at the wheel. The captain still protested that no boat could possibly stem the raging current, but Garfield turned her head up the stream and began the perilous trip. The water in the usually shallow river was sixty feet deep, and the tree-tops along the banks were almost submerged. The little vessel trembled from stem to stern at every motion of the engines, the water whirled her about as if she were a skiff, and the utmost speed the steam could give her was three miles an hour. When night fell the captain of the boat begged permission to tie up. To attempt ascending the flood in the darkness was madness. But Garfield kept his place at the wheel, now as always no mere considerations of danger affected his purpose. Finally, in one of

the sudden bends of the river they drove, with a full head of steam, into the quicksand of the bank. Every effort to back off was in vain. Mattocks were procured, and excavations made around the embedded bow. Still she stuck. Garfield, at last, ordered a boat to be lowered to take a line across to the opposite bank. The crew protested against venturing out on the flood. Garfield leaped into the boat and steered it over. The force of the current carried them far below the point they sought to reach, but they finally succeeded in making fast to a tree, and rigging a windlass with rails sufficiently powerful to draw the vessel off and get her once more afloat.

It was on Saturday that the boat left the mouth of the Sandy. All night, all day Sunday, and all through Sunday night they kept up their struggle with the current, Garfield leaving the wheel only eight hours out of the whole time, and that during the day. By nine o'clock on Monday morning they reached the camp, and were received with tumultuous cheering. Garfield himself could hardly escape being borne to head-quarters on the shoulders of the delighted men.

It was but natural that the confused retreat of the troops under Humphrey Marshall should have precipitated an alarm among the simple country people. The flying rebels had spread the most exaggerated reports of the strength and character of the Union forces, and the inhabitants of the

district looked for the immediate inauguration of a reign of terror, that should deprive all non-combatants of life and liberty. Fleeing from their homes, they took refuge in the woods and mountains, and the towns were well-nigh deserted for a time. On his return with the supplies, Garfield determined to attempt the quieting of the frightened people, and to that end issued the following:

"CITIZENS OF SANDY VALLEY: I have come among you to restore the honor of the Union, and to bring back the old banner which you once loved, but which, by the machinations of evil men, and by mutual misunderstanding, has been dishonored among you. To those who are in arms against the Federal Government I offer only the alternate of battle or unconditional surrender. But to those who have taken no part in this war, who are in no way aiding or abetting the enemies of this Union—even to those who hold sentiments averse to the Union, but will give no aid or comfort to its enemies—I offer the full protection of the Government, both in their persons and property.

"Let those who have been seduced away from the love of their country to follow after and aid the destroyers of our peace lay down their arms, return to their homes, bear true allegiance to the Federal Government, and they shall also enjoy like protection. The army of the Union wages no war of plunder, but comes to bring back the prosperity of peace. Let all peace-loving citizens who have fled from their homes return and resume again the pursuits of peace and industry. If citizens have suffered any outrages by the soldiers under my command, I invite them to make known their complaints to me, and their wrongs shall be redressed and the offenders punished. I expect the friends of the Union in this valley to banish from among them all private feuds, and let a liberal

love of country direct their conduct toward those who have been so sadly estrayed and misguided, hoping that these days of turbulence may soon be ended and the days of the Republic soon return.

"J. A. GARFIELD,

"Colonel Commanding Brigade."

Encouraged by this promise of protection, the people soon issued from their hiding-places and began to flock about the Union head-quarters. From them Garfield obtained various reports of the whereabouts and intentions of Marshall. By some he was told that Marshall, reinforced by three Virginia regiments and six field-pieces, had made a stand and was fortifying himself in a strong position, about thirty miles above, on the waters of the Big Beaver. Others claimed to know that he was merely collecting provisions and preparing to retreat into Tennessee as soon as the runs and rivers should become passable.

All information pointed to the truth that Marshall had made a stand, and was still within the limits of Kentucky. Garfield determined to learn his exact position, and dispatched a body of one hundred cavalry, under Captain Jenkins, of the Ohio cavalry, with orders to go up the Big Sandy as far as Piketon, and not to return until they had ascertained the position and intentions of the enemy.

From information brought back by Captain Jenkins, and reports gathered from other sources

—mainly from the scout Jordan—during the succeeding weeks Garfield was pretty well able to keep posted as to the movements of Humphrey Marshall, who was still sufficiently near to be obnoxious. Let us see what this was.

Pound Gap is a wild and irregular opening in the Cumberland Mountains, about forty-five miles south-west of Piketon, and leads into Virginia. It is the only avenue for wagon communication between the southerly portions of Virginia and Kentucky, and derives its name from the fertile track of meadow-land which skirts the southerly base of the mountains, and is inclosed by a narrow stream called Pound Fork. In the early history of the district, this mountain locality was the home of a tribe of Indians, who made irregular and constant expeditions into Virginia in search of plunder. Returning with the stolen cattle of the settlers, they pastured them in this meadow inclosure. In this way it was christened the "Pound," which in time it bestowed both to the gap and the streamlet.

In this "Pound," and on the summit of the gorge through which the road passes, the rebels had built long huts, capable of quartering nearly a thousand men; and across the opening, to make their position apparently impregnable, they had built directly across the gap a formidable breastwork—completely blocking up the way, and behind which five hundred men could resist successfully five thousand.

In several weeks Pound Gap had been garrisoned by about six hundred rebel militia under a Major Thompson, and though incapable of effective service in the field the troops had been of no small value to the rebel cause by holding this gateway into Virginia and establishing a constant reign of terror among all the loyal citizens of the surrounding country. Imitating the Indians, the rebels would issue from this stronghold in small parties, descend to the valleys, rob and murder the peaceful inhabitants, and before pursuit was possible would be once more behind the protecting breastworks. Many of these predatory bands had been captured through the ceaseless activity of the Kentucky cavalry, but as soon as one party was captured another would start out from the stronghold to continue the work of spoilation and perpetuate the reign of blood. It soon became evident that the only way to effectually stop these inroads was to break up once and forever the nest on the mountain. This Garfield had long determined to do. He waited only for reliable information as to the strength and position of the rebels and for a definite description of the route to be taken to get in the rear of the intrenchments.

This information the scout Jordan, after surmounting many difficulties and encountering great dangers, was enabled to supply. He made for Garfield an accurate map of the position and wrote to him:

"General Marshall has issued an order for a grand muster of the rebel militia on the 15th of March. They are to meet at the 'Pound' in the rear of their intrenchments, and it is expected they will muster in sufficient strength to enter Kentucky and drive the Union forces before them."

Garfield at once determined to forestall the intended gathering and to break up the entire swarm of guerillas. He set out on the following morning with three days' rations in the haversacks of his men, and a quantity of provisions packed on the backs of mules. He took with him two hundred and twenty of the Fortieth Ohio, under Colonel Cranor, two hundred of the Forty-second Ohio, under Major Pardee, one hundred and eighty of the Twenty-second Kentucky, under Major Cook, and a hundred cavalry, under Major McLaughlin, a total of seven hundred.

The roads were deep in mud, and the countless rivulets that thread through this mountainous region were filled with ice and swollen to the size of respectable torrents. The little army made light of the difficulties, however, and pressed on with perseverance over the rough roads in the midst of the drenching rain. Late on the second day Elkborn Creek was reached, a small stream which flows along the northern base of the mountains and empties into the Big Sandy, only two miles below the rebel position. Here the troops went into camp on the wet ground, and waited the coming of dawn.

Garfield's plan was to send his one hundred cavalrymen up the road to make a demonstration against the enemy's intrenchments, and to engage his attention while he, with the six hundred infantry, should climb the steep side of the mountain and, filing along a narrow ledge of rocks at the summit, reach the gap and attack the rebels upon the flank. To prove successful, absolute secrecy was required; and to obtain this every male resident of the vicinity was brought into camp and detained, that he should not carry information to the enemy. Questions were asked of every one as to some practicable route to the rear of the rebel intrenchments. There was no route. The mountain was steep, and in many places precipitous, and it was tangled with dense thickets, obstructed with fallen logs, and covered with huge boulders which, coated with ice and snow, formed an almost impassable barrier to the passage of any living thing, save the panther or the catamount. Then again, even if the adventurous band succeeded in gaining the mountain summit in the face of these obstacles, there was still to be traversed for a long distance a narrow ledge, buried three feet in treacherous snow, where one false step would be dangerous—a place where ten men could dispute the passage of ten thousand.

Though tempted with liberal offers of money, not one of the "natives" would undertake to

guide the expedition on the perilous journey about to be undertaken. Garfield laid down at midnight on the floor of a miserable log shanty, near the foot of the mountains. The prospect was in no way encouraging. But, turning back was out of the question. Even if failure was to be the reward of his pains, the Union commander determined to scale the mountain in the morning.

These thoughts in his mind, he dropped off to sleep. Before morning he was aroused by a number of men entering his apartment—one of them said:

"Colonel, this old fellow has just come into camp, and offers to guide us over the mountains. He says he knows every road of this region, and can lead us to the rebel nest in safety."

Garfield raised himself on his blanket, and by the dim light of the logs that were smouldering on the hearth looked narrowly at the old native. He was apparently not far from seventy, with a tall, bent form, and long hair and beard which were almost of snowy whiteness. He wore the common homespun of the district, and over his shoulder carried, slung by a stout leather thong, a brightly-burnished squirrel rifle. His enormous beard and huge slouch hat more than half hid his face, but enough of it was exposed to show a tawny, smoke-begrimed skin, and strongly-marked, determined features. Hastily scanning him from head to foot, the Union officer said, smiling:

"You! old man, do you think you can climb the mountain?"

"I hev done it, gineral, many and many a time," said the native in a voice that sounded much like a cracked kettle.

"I know, but in winter the slope is a sheet of ice and three feet of snow on the summit."

"I komed down it not ten days ago. Whar I kin come down ye kin go up."

"I should think so—up or down. Is there a bridle path we can follow?"

"Yes, eight miles below. But ye'd better make yer own path. Ye must cum unto them unbeknown and sudden, and to do that ye must foller the path squirrels travil."

"And do you think we can get over it safely?"

"Yes, if ye's men of narve as means to do what they has come about."

"Well," continued Garfield, after a pause, "what induces an old man like you to undertake a thing so hazardous?"

"The hope to rid ther kentry of a set of murderin' thieves as is carrying terror and death inter every poor man's home in all the valley."

"And what reward do you look for?"

"Nary reward—only your word that I shall go as I come, with no one to let or hinder me."

Garfield took a long, steady look at him, and replied:

"Very well. I'll trust you. Be here early in the morning."

When the morning came, the snow was falling so thickly that objects only a few rods distant were totally invisible. At nine o'clock, the little body of cavalry was started up the road to engage the attention of the enemy and draw him from his intrenchments. Then the infantry was set in motion. In a long, bristling, serpent-like column, catching at every twig, and shrub, and fallen log that lay in their way, they clambered slowly up the icy mountain-side, the old guide leading the way and steadying his steps by the long iron-shod staff in use among mountaineers. The ridge at this point rises two thousand feet above the valley, and half-way up breaks into abrupt precipices, which seem to defy the approach of any foot but that of the deer. After a hard scramble through the tangled thickets, over the ice-coated rocks and along the steep ridge which crowns the summit of the mountain, the native, turning sharply to the left, said to Garfield:

"You are now within half a mile of the rebel position. Yonder is their outside picket, but the way is clear; press on at the double and you have them."

The picket had now descried the advancing column, and firing his gun, he set out at the top of his speed for the rebel intrenchments. A dozen bullets made shrill music about his ears, but he kept on, and the eager blue-coats followed. When within sight of the rebel camp, a line was thrown

down along the eastern slope of the mountain and pressing rapidly forward was formed along the deep gorge through which the high road passes. Up to this time the rebels had been skirmishing with the cavalry in front of their intrenchments, but now they gathered on the hill directly opposite the advanced portion of the Union infantry

To try the range, Garfield sent a volley across the gorge, and as the smoke cleared away, he saw the unformed rebel line melt like mist into the opposite forest. The enemy's position being now understood, the Fortieth and Forty-second Ohio were ordered to the already formed left wing, and then along the line rang the words, "Press forward, scale the hill and carry it with the bayonet!"

A ringing shout was the only answer, and then the long column swept down the ridge, across the ravine, through the rebel camp and up the opposite mountain. The rebels gradually fell back among the trees, but when the Union bayonets clambered up the hill they broke and ran in the wildest confusion. The Unionists followed, firing as they ran and for a few moments the mountains echoed with the quick reports of the Ohio rifles. Pursuit in the dense forest was impossible and soon the recall was sounded.

Only one was killed and seven were wounded. But this well-nigh bloodless victory rid Eastern Kentucky of rebel rule. The troops were re-as-

sembled and passed a comfortable night in the enemy's quarters, faring sumptuously upon the viands there found. The next morning the cabins, sixty in number, were burned, the breastworks destroyed and the general set out on his return to Piketon, which he reached the following night, having been absent four days and having marched in that time about one hundred miles over a rough and broken country.

Six days afterward an order was received to leave a small garrison at Piketon, and to transfer the rest of the command, as rapidly as possible, to Louisville.

This ended the campaign on the Big Sandy, a campaign that more than justified every hope of Garfield's friends, and won him a military reputation that has continued unto the end. The operations in the Sandy Valley had been conducted with such energy and skill as to receive the special commendation of the commanding-general, and of the Government. General Buell was moved to words of unwonted praise, and sent to Garfield the following congratulatory order:

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
LOUISVILLE, Ky., January 20th, 1862.

General Orders, No. 40.

The general commanding takes occasion to thank General Garfield and his troops for their successful campaign against the rebel force under General Marshall, on the Big Sandy, and their gallant conduct in battle. They have overcome

formidable difficulties in the character of country, condition of the roads and the inclemency of the season; and, without artillery, have in several engagements, terminating in the battle of Middle Creek, on the 10th inst., driven the enemy from his intrenched position and forced him back into the mountains, with a loss of a large amount of baggage and stores, and many of his men killed or captured.

These services have called into action the highest qualities of a soldier—fortitude, perseverance and courage.

By order, DON CARLOS BUELL,
Major-General Commanding.

The War Department, to show its appreciation, made Colonel Garfield a Brigadier-General, the commission bearing the date of the battle of Middle Creek, January 10th, 1862. And the country, without understanding very well the details of the campaign, fully appreciated the tangible result. The discomfiture of Humphrey Marshall was a source of special chagrin to the rebel sympathizers in Kentucky, and of amusement and admiration throughout the loyal West. Garfield at once took rank in the public estimation, as worthily among the most promising of the younger volunteer generals.

In his "Ohio in the War," Whitelaw Reid passes this judgment on the campaign: "Later criticism will confirm the general verdict then passed upon the Sandy Valley campaign. It was the first of the brilliant series of successes that made the spring of 1862 so memorable. Mill Springs, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson. Nashville, Island

No. 10 and Memphis, followed in quick succession; but it was to Garfield's honor that he had opened this season of victories. His plans, as we have seen, were based on sound military principles; the energy which he threw into their execution was thoroughly admirable, and his management of the raw volunteers, was such that they acquired the fullest confidence in their commander and endured the hardships of the campaign with fortitude not often shown in the first field-service of new troops. But the operations were on a small scale, and their chief significance lay in the capacity they developed, rather than in their intrinsic importance."

CHAPTER XIV.

OFF TO AID GRANT.

GARFIELD has now to be transferred to a wider field of operations. His conspicuous ability, developed in battle, and his great bravery could not be allowed to remain idle within the bounds of the Big Sandy district, so effectively freed by him from the control of the rebels.

When he arrived at Louisville, he found that the Army of the Ohio was already beyond Nashville, on its way to aid Grant at Pittsburg Landing. He hastened after it, and reported to General Buell about thirty miles south of Columbia, and under his orders at once assumed command of the Twentieth Brigade, then a part of the division under General Thomas J. Wood. General Wood was making all possible effort to reach the Union forces under Grant, as the approaching battle with Sidney Johnson was anticipated as very probably a battle of the greatest importance.

The battle began on the morning of April 6th. About ten that day, Grant hearing that Wood, with the second division of Buell's army, had arrived at Savannah, sent him the following order:

"You will move your command, with the utmost

PICKETS ON DUTY.

ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS.

dispatch, to the river at this point (landing), where steamers will be in readiness to convey you to Pittsburg."

Still later in the day another dispatch was sent to the commanding officer of Buell's forces, urging him to hurry up.

It is not necessary to recount here how thoroughly the Union forces were whipped on the first day, and how extremely probable it seemed that the defeat would turn into a rout. But here, as on many another field later in the bloody conflict, Ohio saved the day. When a halt was called on the evening of the 6th it was determined by Grant that the Ohio troops were to form upon the left in the morning, and the attack was to be renewed. During the night of the 6th, Buell busied himself in getting his troops up. Nelson's column and nearly all of Crittenden's and McCook's divisions were ferried across the river and put in position. All night long the gun-boats dropped shells at intervals on the rebel lines, and the woods caught fire, lighting up the battle-field for miles away. But for a merciful shower of rain thousands of helpless wounded would have been burned to death on that blazing battle-field. The orders were:

"As soon as it is light enough to see, attack with a heavy skirmish line, and when you have found the enemy, throw upon him your whole force, leaving no reserve."

With the first gray of dawn this order was put in execution. The Ohio troops were given the left of the field, Grant's army, or what of it could be gathered together, undertook to form and maintain the right. As rapidly as the Ohioans could come up they went into action. As may be inferred, they fought with splendid energy. During the early part of the day Grant met the First Ohio marching toward the northern part of the field, and immediately in front of a position which it was important should be taken. The regiment on the left was fighting hard, but about to yield; in fact, had given away, when Grant called upon the Ohio boys to change direction and charge. The soldiers, with a cheer, obeyed, and the retreating troops, seeing what was going on, took new courage, and rallying with loud shouts, drove the enemy from their strong position.

Garfield had all this time been actively engaged in every possible exertion to bring up his brigade in time to assist before either defeat or victory silenced the cannonading, that he so distinctly heard. About one P. M., he reached the front, and with a wild cheer his men dashed at the rebels, he leading through the storm of lead. The fresh onslaught, in which Garfield's brigade participated, changed the fortunes of the day, and the rebels were soon flying from where they had fought so long and well. The Union troops were too much exhausted for pursuit, and halting in the camps

from which they had been driven the day before, were content to call it a victory.

On the 9th, the War Department issued the following complimentary order to all concerned:

"The thanks of the department are hereby given to Generals Grant and Buell, and their forces, for the glorious repulse of Beauregard, at Pittsburg, in Tennessee."

The next morning (the 8th), Garfield's brigade formed a part of Sherman's advance, and participated in a sharp encounter with the enemy's rear guard, a few miles beyond the battle-field. The brigade formed a part of the Union advance upon Corinth, to which place Beauregard had retreated. This advance was slow, so slow that it took six weeks to march fifteen miles. It was not until the 21st of May that the armies were fairly in line, three miles from Corinth, and everything ready for the expected battle.

But all the preparations for a battle were of no use, and when Halleck was ready to engage Beauregard, the latter was no longer in Corinth. He had retreated. Garfield's brigade had the empty honor of being among the earliest that entered the abandoned town.

Then when General Buell, turning eastward, sought to prepare for a new aggressive campaign with his inadequate forces, General Garfield was assigned the task of rebuilding the bridges and reopening the Memphis and Charlestown railroad

eastward from Corinth to Decatur. Crossing the Tennessee here, he advanced to Huntsville, where he remained during the rest of that campaign, carrying out every instruction received, with absolute fidelity, and at all times with perfect success.

One of the constant objects of General Buell during the time General Garfield was engaged in bridge-building, a task for which his energy and familiarity with building-work peculiarly fitted him, was the enforcement of discipline and the reduction of the somewhat loose habits of the men of his command to the army standard. Court martials were frequent, and it was not always easy to find officers thoroughly fitted for such duties. Garfield's legal mind, his dispassionate, fully-reasoned judgment, singled him out from among his fellows for just such work. His first detail in this class of army experience was the case of Colonel Turchin, charged with committing gross excesses. These charges were neglect of duty, to the prejudice of good order and discipline, in permitting the wanton and disgraceful pillage of the town of Athens, Alabama; conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in failing to pay a hotel bill in the town; and insubordination in disobeying the orders against the molestation of peaceful citizens in persons and property. Some of the specifications particularized very shameful conduct. The court found him guilty (except as to the hotel bill

story) and sentenced him to dismissal from the service. Six of its members recommended him to clemency, but General Buell was determined, and the sentence was carried out. The newspapers took up the case and championed the colonel, and those of Chicago were very vehement in his defense. On his return to Chicago, he was given a public reception, and the President, as if to indorse the deeds of the disgraced colonel, appointed him a brigadier.

The old tendency to fever and ague, contracted in the days of his tow-path experience on the Ohio Canal, was now aggravated in the malarious climate of the South, and Garfield returned home on sick-leave, on the 1st of August. Hardly had he started for Ohio, when the secretary of war, who seems, at this early day, to have formed a high estimate of Garfield, which he continued to entertain through the war, issued orders to him to proceed to Cumberland Gap, and relieve General George W. Morgan of his command. But when they were received, Garfield was too ill to leave his bed. A month later, the secretary ordered him to report in person, at Washington, as soon as his health would permit.

On his arrival, soon after, it was found that the estimate placed upon his knowledge of law, his judgment and his loyalty, had led to his selection as one of the first members of the court-martial for the trial of the noted Fitz John Porter.

The intimacy that sprung up during this trial between Garfield and General Hunter, the president of the court-martial, led to an application for him for service in South Carolina, whither Hunter was about to start. Garfield's strong anti-slavery views had been greatly strengthened by his experience thus far during the war, and the South Carolina appointment under a commander so radical as Hunter was on this account particularly gratifying. But in the midst of his fears and preparations the old army in which he had served, plunged into the battle of Stone River. A part of the bitter cost of the victory that followed was the loss of Garesche, the lamented chief of staff to the commanding general. Garfield was at once selected to take his place, the appointment to South Carolina was revoked, and early in January, 1863, he was ordered out to join Major-General Willliam S. Rosecrans, then in command of the Army of the Cumberland.

When he arrived at Rosecrans's head-quarters that officer was already prejudiced against him. For the general understood that he was a preacher who had gone into politics, and a man of that cast he was naturally opposed to. Rosecrans kept him at head-quarters for a couple of days, as he desired to make his acquaintance and sound the man before assigning him to active duty. The more he saw of him the more he liked him, and finally he gave Garfield his choice, confirmation as

chief of staff or the command of a brigade. Most men would have taken the brigade, but Garfield chose to remain with the general. That Rosecrans never regretted the appointment as chief of staff, which he made immediately after the interview, is evidenced by what he has said.

"We were together until the Chattanooga affair. I found him to be a competent and efficient officer, an earnest and devoted patriot, and a man of the highest honor. His views were large and he was possessed of a thoroughly comprehensive mind."

His appointment as chief of staff gave great satisfaction throughout the army, and it was everywhere expressed. The country was equally pleased, especially Ohio. The editor of the *Zenia Torchlight*, a paper published at Garfield's home, thus commented on the appointment:

"We have known General James A. Garfield for several years, and entertain for him the highest personal regard. He is one of the most eloquent men in Ohio, as well as one of the ripest scholars. Socially and morally, he has no superior. He is popular with all, as the attachment of his scholars, as well as his soldiers, for him demonstrates.

"In respect to abilities, nature has by no means been unfriendly to him; and he has neither despised nor slighted her gifts. A severe course of mental training, combined with the mental practice obtained by presiding over one of the colleges

of Ohio. has fully developed his natural endowments.

"Above all these considerations, every one respects General Garfield for his stern, unyielding, uncompromising patriotism. The permanent good of his country, the restoration of its unity, and the perpetuation of the National power and glory through all coming time, are the objects which he keeps steadily in view."

Once installed in his new position, he rapidly grew into a favorite. Possessed of sound, natural sense, an excellent judgment, a highly-cultivated intellect, and the deserved reputation of a successful military leader, he was soon to be the mentor of the staff, and his opinions sought, and his counsels heeded by many who were older and not less distinguished than himself.

Edmund Kirke, in his picturesque war story, "Down in Tennessee," written in 1863, draws the following pen-portrait of Garfield in his new capacity:

"In a corner by the window, seated at a small pine desk—a sort of packing-box, perched on a long-legged stool, and divided into pigeon-holes, with a turn-down lid—was a tall, deep-chested, sinewy-built man, with regular, massive features, a full, clear blue eye, slightly tinged with gray, and a high, broad forehead, rising into a ridge over the eyes, as if it had been thrown up by a plow. There was something singularly engaging in his open,

expressive face, and his whole appearance indicated, as the phrase goes, 'great reserve power.' His uniform, though cleanly brushed and sitting easily upon him, had a sort of democratic air, and everything about him seemed to denote that he was 'a man of the people.' A rusty slouched hat, large enough to have fitted Daniel Webster, lay on the desk before him; but a glance at that was not needed to convince me that his head held more than the common share of brains. Though he is yet young—not thirty-three—the reader has heard of him, and if he lives he will make his name long remembered in our history."

Garfield was looked upon as the only mature member of the staff, Rosecrans having a partiality for young and gallant spirits, like Captain Charles Thompson, Major Bond, Colonel Mickler, Captain Hunter Brooke, Major Horace Porter, subsequently on Grant's staff, and Major Morton McMichael. Not that Garfield was much older than these officers, but he had a mature look always, and his mood was ever serious, as if there was in the peril of the nation something more of personal concern and personal interest to him than to most of his associates.

It was while acting in this capacity that Garfield had a conversation with Clement C. Vallandingham. Vallandingham having been banished for his treasonable sentiments, was brought to Murfeesboro, Tenn., where the army lay, to be

sent by flag of truce into the rebel lines, a few miles distant, at Tullahoma. When brought into camp, Vallandingham was taken, in the usual course of business, to Rosecrans's head-quarters, and he and Garfield being acquaintances, it was natural they should fall into conversation, and equally natural that the conversation should turn upon the policy and conduct of the war, in a political sense.

Vallandingham was to go off the next day, escorted as far as the rebel lines, in the vicinity of Tullahoma. He entered Rosecrans's tent at an early hour of the morning with an affectation of unconcern and light-heartedness which he could not have felt, threw himself into a tragic attitude, and in a mock heroic vein exclaimed, quoting from Romeo and Juliet:

> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Here he hesitated, when Garfield quickly but quietly finished the speech, by adding, in a half aside, to the aid-de-camp in charge of the flag of truce escort, waiting to convey Vallandingham to the rebel lines,

> "I must begone and live, or stay and die."

Vallandingham, however, overheard and caught the hidden meaning of the citation, and blushed scarlet, as he made its application.

CHAPTER XV.

GARFIELD AS CHIEF OF STAFF.

THE chief of staff should bear the same relation to his general that a minister of state does to his sovereign. What this relation is, that brilliant historian, Kinglake, tells us in his "Crimean War:"

"The difference between a servant and a minister of state lies in this, that the servant obeys the orders given him, without troubling himself concerning the question whether his master is right or wrong, while a minister of state declines to be the instrument for giving effect to the measures which he deems hurtful to his country. The chancellor of the Russian Empire was sagacious and politic. That the czar was wrong in these transactions against Turkey, no man knew better. But, unhappily for the czar and for his empire, the minister did not enjoy so commanding a station as to be able to put restraint upon his sovereign, nor even, perhaps, to offer him counsel in his angry mood."

We now see that in some respects our chief of staff went through a similar experience. From the day of his appointment, General Garfield became the intimate associate and confidential ad-

viser of his chief. But he did not occupy so commanding a station as to be able to put restraint upon him.

The time of General Garfield's arrival marks the beginning of that period of quarrels with the War Department, in which General Rosecrans frittered away his influence and paved the way for his removal. That great strategist and gallant soldier was always unwise in caring for his own interests, and generally was very imprudent in his intercourse with his superiors. Yet he was nearly always right in his demands, especially when he made appeals to the War Department for more cavalry and revolving arms. In these requests Garfield was heart and soul with his superior. At the same time, he did all in his power to soften the tone of asperity which his chief adopted in his dispatches to Washington. Sometimes he took the responsibility of totally suppressing an angry message. Oftener he ventured to soften the phraseology. But in all this there was a limit beyond which he could not go, and when Rosecrans had pronounced certain statements of the department, "a profound, grievous, cruel and ungenerous official and personal wrong," the good offices of the chief of staff were no longer efficacious—the breach was irreparable. Thenceforward he could only strive to make victories in the field atone for errors in council.

He regarded the organization of the army as

vitally defective. Almost the first recommendation made by General Garfield was the displacement of A. M. McCook and T. L. Crittenden. This recommendation was made in course of a discussion on the battle of Stone River, in which Rosecrans explicitly said that these officers had shown themselves incompetent in that engagement. Garfield then, with his clear-headed judgment—utterly unmoved by popular prejudice, and thoroughly well able to perceive real ability beneath concealing misfortune—recommended that McCook and Crittenden be replaced by Irvin McDowell and Don Carlos Buell. Garfield did not take the ground that Buell and McDowell had proved themselves equal to the high commands they had already held, but without discussing this, he argued at length their masterly qualifications for important subordinate positions, as well as the fact that this offer of an opportunity to come out from the cloud under which they rested would insure their gratitude and incite them to their very best efforts. With George H. Thomas already in command, with men like these as his associates, and with the energy and genius of Rosecrans to lead them, the Army of the Cumberland would have been the best officered army in the service of the nation. But "Rosecrans was unwilling to adopt the suggestion—for a reason creditable to his kindness of heart, but not to his military character—Crittenden and McCook ought to be removed,

of that he had no doubt, but—'he hated to injure two such good fellows,' and the two good fellows remained with him until Chickamauga."

From January 4th to June 24th, Rosecrans lay at Murfreesboro. Through five months of this delay Garfield was with him. The War Department demanded an advance, and, when the spring opened, with unusual vehemence. General Rosecrans delayed, waiting for cavalry, for reinforcements, for Grant's movements before Vicksburg, for the movements of the enemy, for the opinions of the generals. The chief of staff at first approved the delays till the army should be strengthened and massed, but long before the delaying officers were ready he was urging movement with all his power. In a private letter, dated June 12th, 1863, he urged an advance. He wrote:

"Bragg's army is weaker than it has been since the previous battles. If Grant succeeds at Vicksburg, it will take weeks to recover from the shock and strain. * * * The turbulent aspect of politics in the loyal States renders a decisive blow against the enemy at this time of the utmost importance. * * * The country is anxiously hoping for the army to move. * * * Our true objective is the rebel army. Our army is superior in efficiency and morale. * * * For these reasons I believe an immediate advance of all our available forces is advisable, and under the providence of God will be successful."

This information he procured through a secret-service system that he had established; then, perhaps, the most perfect in any of the Union armies. As he subsequently said, he refused to believe that this army, which defeated a superior at Stone River, could not now move upon an inferior one with reasonable prospect of success.

The Army of the Cumberland agreed with Garfield, who was a great favorite with the officers and men. His ringing letter on the atrocities of rebel prison-pens, written a few months previous to this, had added greatly to his popularity. The closing sentence of this letter is good reading even now:

"We cannot believe that the justice of God will allow such a people to prosper. Let every soldier know that death on the battle-field is preferable to a surrender followed by such outrages as their comrades have undergone."

Finally, General Rosecrans formally asked his corps, division and cavalry generals as to the propriety of a movement. With singular unanimity, though for divers reasons, they opposed it Out of seventeen generals not one was in favor of an immediate advance, and not one was even willing to put himself upon the record as in favor of an early advance.

General Garfield collated the seventeen letters sent in from the generals in reply to the questions of their commander, and fairly refuted their sub-

stance, coupled with a cogent argument against them and in favor of an immediate movement. This report, says an excellent authority, is "the ablest military document known to have been submitted by a chief of staff to his superior during the war." General Garfield stood absolutely alone, every general commanding troops having, as we have seen, either openly opposed or failed to approve an advance. But his statements were so clear, and his arguments so convincing, that he carried conviction.

Twelve days after the reception of this report the army moved, to the great dissatisfaction of its leading generals. One of the three corps commanders, Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden, approached the chief of staff at the head-quarters the morning of the advance: "It is understood, sir," he said, "by the general officers of the army that this movement is your work. I wish you to understand that it is a rash and fatal move, for which you will be held responsible."

This rash and fatal move was the Tullahoma campaign, a campaign perfect in its conception, excellent in its general execution, and only hindered from resulting in the complete destruction of the opposing army by the delays which had too long postponed its commencement. It might even yet have destroyed Bragg, but for the terrible season of rains which set in on the morning of the advance, and continued uninterruptedly for the greater part

of a month. With a week's earlier start it would have ended the career of Bragg's army in the war.

Let us turn aside from the direct story of conflict for a moment to a personal word about our hero. One of the most prolific war writers—J. R. Gilmore—who spent a month with Rosecrans, gives us some interesting gem pictures of Garfield, as he was at this time, the spring and summer of 1863. "We rode one day out to Sheridan's head-quarters," says Gilmore, "and as we entered the forest encircling the town, Garfield broke out with Hosea Bigelow's poem:

"'I du believe in Freedom's cause,'

and if the 'Down East poet' would have any appreciation of his own lines, he should hear them in such grand, old woods, the words echoed back from the great spreading trees and set to the music of an hundred horses' heels. He had scarcely ended, when Rosecrans began to tell how

"'Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeped in thru the winder:
While there sot Huldy all alone
'Ith no one nigh to hinder.'

"'What would you give to have written that?' Rosecrans said, as he finished the recitation.

"'All the castles I ever built in the clouds,' was the reply.

"'So would I. You know what Wolfe said before his great battle?'

"'That he would rather have written Gray's Elegy than take Quebec. Would *you* have said

that before Stone River?'

"He hesitated a moment, and then answered:

"'No, for now we need victories more than poems.'

"We soon arrived at Sheridan's. There we had some relaxation. Sheridan had invented a game he called Dutch Ten-Pins. On the lawn in front of his quarters, between two immense elms, he had suspended a long rope, and to the end of it attached a small cannon-ball. On the ground, midway between these trees, was a square board which held the ten-pins. The game lay in throwing the ball so that it would miss the pins in going out, and strike them in coming back. To do this a peculiar twist had to be given to the rope by bending the wrist, and it seemed impossible to avoid hitting the pins on the direct throw. Three 'throws' were a game, and only thirty 'strokes' could be made. Sheridan, by much practice, had become an expert at the play, and could make pretty regularly twenty 'strokes,' but a novice did well if he made ten. Sheridan soon challenged Rosecrans, Garfield, and the dozen officers with him to enter the lists—and the challenger opened the play. He cleared the board twice, and missed it altogether the third throw. 'Twenty,' cried the scorer, and another took his place. He did indifferently well. Others followed with more or less success, though none came up to Sheridan's score.

"'Now for the general,' shouted the major, laughing, as Rosecrans took his place. 'He'll score thirty, sure.'

"'Don't laugh until *you* win, my boy,' answered the general, with his peculiar smile.

"Calculating deliberately the motion of the ball, he let it go. Every pin fell on the direct throw, and a general laugh followed. Not at all disconcerted, he tried again and again until he had played three or four games with scarcely better success. Amid the mock congratulations of the whole assemblage he at last sat down, and Garfield entered the lists. 'It's nothing but mathematics,' said Garfield, 'you only need an eye and a hand,' and carelessly throwing the ball he cleared the board and scored twenty-three!

"'You can't do that again.'

"'I'll try,' answered the modest brigadier, and he did do it several times in succession."

Another anecdote—and one that well illustrates the instant correctness of Garfield's reasoning on subjects of the most vital and serious importance—and we will hurry on to Chickamauga. Toward the close of May, 1863, Rosecrans received a letter, in which the scheme for a general uprising and arming of the blacks, followed by attacks on the whites, in all the slave States, on the first of the following August, was outlined. The support of Rosecrans was asked for in his department, and he was told that a similar plan had been sent to a

Union commander in each department. Rosecrans deliberated over the communication and asked a bystander his opinion.

"It would end the rebellion. Co-operating with our forces, it would certainly succeed; but the South would run with blood."

"Innocent blood? Women and children?"

"Yes; women and children. If you let the blacks loose, they will rush into carnage like horses into a burning barn. St. Domingo will be multiplied by a million."

"But the letter says that no blood is to be shed except in self-defense."

"It says so, and the leaders may mean so, but they cannot restrain the rabble. Every slave has some real or fancied wrong, and he would take such a time to avenge it."

"I am puzzled. I must go and talk with Garfield. Come, go with me."

They crossed the street to Garfield's lodgings and found him bolstered up in bed, quite sick of a fever. Rosecrans sat down at the foot of the bed and handed him the letter. Garfield read it over carefully, and then laying it down, said:

"It will never do, general. *We* don't want to whip by such means. If the slaves of their own accord rise and assert their original right to themselves, that will be their own affair; but we can have no complicity with them without outraging the moral sense of the civilized world."

"I knew you would say so; but the writer speaks of other department commanders. May they not come into it?"

"Yes, they may, and that should be looked to. Send this letter to —— and let him head off the movement."

The insurrection, as every one knows, did not take place, save in some unimportant outbreaks in Georgia and Alabama in the following September.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

THERE now sprang up renewed differences between General Rosecrans and the War Department. In the general policy that controlled the movements of the army Garfield heartily sympathized; he had, in fact, given shape to that policy. But he deplored his chief's testy manner of conducting his defense to the complaints of the War Department, and did his best to soften the asperities of that correspondence.

September was now nearly come, the summer almost gone, and the coming autumn was ripe in its promise of immediate results. The air was full of rumors of approaching conflicts, and the North waited the echo from the battle-field.

On August 5th, General Halleck telegraphed Rosecrans peremptory orders to move. Rosecrans quietly waited till the dispositions along his extended lines were completed, till stores were accumulated and the corn had ripened, so that his horses could be made to live off of the country. On the 15th he was ready.

The problem now before him was to cross the Tennessee River and gain possession of Chattanooga, the key to the entire mountain ranges of

East Tennessee and Northern Georgia, in the face of an enemy of equal strength, whose business it was to oppose him. Two courses were open. Forcing a passage over the river above Chattanooga, he might have essayed a direct attack upon the town. If not repulsed in the dangerous preliminary movements, he would still have had upon his hands a siege not less formidable than that of Vicksburg, with difficulties incomparably greater in maintaining his supplies. But, if this plan was not adopted, it then behooved him to convince the enemy that he had adopted it, while crossing below he hastened southward over the ruggedest roads, to seize the mountain gaps, whence he could debouch upon the enemy's line of supplies. More briefly, he could either attempt to fight the enemy out of Chattanooga or flank him out. He chose the latter alternative.

By the 28th the singular activity of the National forces along a front of one hundred and fifty miles, had blinded and bewildered Bragg as to his antagonist's actual intentions. Four brigades suddenly began demonstrating furiously against his lines above Chattanooga, and the plan was thought to be revealed.

Rosecrans must be about attempting to force a passage there, and straightway a concentration to oppose him was ordered. Meantime, bridges, secretly prepared, were hastily thrown across thirty miles further down the river at different points,

and, before Bragg had finished preparing to resist a crossing above, Rosecrans, handling with rare skill his various corps and divisions, had securely planted his army south of the Tennessee; and, cutting completely loose from his base of supplies, was already pushing southward—his flank next the enemy being admirably protected by impassable mountains.

For Bragg but one thing was the least feasible. As he had been forced out of Shelbyville, out of Wartrace, out of Tullahoma; precisely had the same stress been placed upon him by the same hand in a still stronger position; and in all haste he evacuated Chattanoogo, leaving it to the nearest corps of Rosecrans's army to march quietly in and take possession. The very ease of this occupation proved its strongest element of danger For men, seeing the objective point in the campaign in their hands, forgot the columns toiling through the mountains away to the southward; whose presence there alone compelled the rebel evacuation. But for them, the isolated troops at Chattanooga would have been overwhelmed. Thenceforward there was need of still greater generalship to reunite the scattered corps. They could not return by the way they had gone, for the moment they began such a movement Bragg, holding the shorter line, and already re-enforced by Longstreet's veteran corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, could sweep back over the

route of his late retreat. Plainly, they must pass through the gaps, and place themselves between Bragg and Chattanooga before the stronghold —beyond a mere tentative possession—could be within their grasp. And so it came about that a battle—the bloody one of Chickamauga—was fought to enable the Federal army to concentrate in the position one of its corps had already occupied for days without firing a shot.

Unfortunately, the concentration was not speedy enough. Indeed, there are some plausible reasons for believing that Rosecrans was, perhaps for a few days, deceived by his easy success, into a belief that Bragg was still in full retreat. Certainly the general-in-chief and the War Department did all they could to encourage such an idea, and even after Rosecrans, every nerve tense with the struggle to concentrate his corps, was striving to prepare for the onset of the re-enforced rebel army, General Halleck informed him of reports that Bragg's army was re-enforcing Lee, and pleasantly added, that after he had occupied Dalton it would be decided whether he should move still further southward!

By this time, Bragg had gathered in every available re-enforcement, Longstreet from the east, Buckner from Knoxville, Walker from the army of Joseph E. Johnston, militia from Georgia and, together waiting near Lafayette, hoped to receive the isolated corps of Rosecrans's army as they

debouched through the gaps, and annihilate them in detail. For a day or two, it looked as if he would be successful. One way or another, however, he failed. Rosecrans gathered together his army, repelling whatever assaults sought to hinder the concentration, yielding part of the line of the Chickamauga, and marching one of the corps all through the night of the battle. On September 19th, Bragg made his onset with certainly not less than seventy-five thousand men. Rosecrans claimed for him ninety-two thousand. Rosecrans had fifty-five thousand. Of the battle, Whitelaw Reid gives the following account:

"Bragg's plan was to turn his antagonist's left and thus clear the way into Chattanooga, but most unfortunately for Bragg, the left was held by Geo. H. Thomas, and shortly after the attack began, Rosecrans, divining the danger, strengthened Thomas's corps with one or two divisions. Disaster overtook us at first, artillery was lost and ground yielded, but Thomas reformed and advanced his lines, regained all that had been lost, sustained every shock of the enemy, and at night held his position firmly.

"Meanwhile the contest on other parts of our line had been less severe, and had ended decidedly in our advantage. But it was seen that we were outnumbered, and as they came to think how every brigade in the whole army, two only excepted, had been drawn into the fight—the soldiers began to realize the dispiriting nature of the situation.

"Through the night, the last of Longstreet's corps came up, led by himself and Bragg, prepared for a vigorous onset on the National left. Rosecrans transferred another division (Negley's) to Thomas, and placed two more in reserve to be hurried to Thomas's aid if needed. At daybreak, he galloped along the front to find McCook's line ill-formed, and also to learn that Negley had not yet been forwarded to Thomas. The errors were corrected as well as possible; but long before Thomas's needed re-enforcements had come, the battle was raging on his front and flank. Profoundly conscious of the danger, Rosecrans sought to render still further aid, and ordered over Van Cleve's division from the right, directing the several division commanders and the corps general to close up the line on the left. In the heat of the battle, which by this time was broken out along the right also, one of these division commanders—T. J. Wood, of Kentucky—misunderstood his orders, and though he has subsequently stated that he knew the consequences of his action must be fatal, he chose to consider himself bound by the order to break the line of battle and march to the rear of another division. Longstreet perceived the gap and hurled Hood into it. The battle on the right was lost. The whole wing crumbled; the enemy poured forward and all that was left of McCook's corps, a broken rabble, streamed back to Chattanooga.

"General Rosecrans, himself, was caught in this rout and borne along, vainly striving to stem its tide. Finally conceiving that if the wing least pressed was thus destroyed, Thomas, upon whom he knew the main efforts of the enemy were concentrated, could not hold out beyond nightfall he hastened to Chattanooga to make dispositions for the retreat and defense which he already regarded as inevitable. Meanwhile, his chief of staff, General Garfield, was sent to Thomas, to convey to him information of what had happened and of the plans for the future."

As chief of staff, it was Garfield's duty to remain with General Rosecrans, and it happened that the latter established his head-quarters for the day in the rear of the right wing and centre, leaving to General George H. Thomas the duty of directing the fortunes of the left wing. McCook and Crittenden, it will be remembered, were commanders of the other two corps. Shortly after the fog, which for the most of the morning enveloped the field, and made manœuvring almost impossible, the rebels, under Longstreet, who had come from Lee's Virginia army to take part in the great contest, made a grand assault on the right and centre. They were just in time to take advantage of Wood's fatal mistake, which left a gap in the Union line. The rebels penetrated far to the rear of the Federal line at this point, and turning, drove back the right of Thomas's forces and

the left of the other two corps. The latter were eventually routed, driven across the ridge of hills to roads leading to Chattanooga, toward which they retreated in dreadful disorder and panic. In the tumult of defeat of the centre and right, McCook, Crittenden and Rosecrans, with their staff officers, were driven beyond the ridge named, and they, too, started for Chattanooga, not knowing whether Thomas had been annihilated or had escaped.

Garfield followed his commander about half way to Chattanooga. Riding up to Rosecrans, he said, "General, I ask permission to return and join General Thomas." Some slight remonstrance was made, but Garfield persevered in his desire, and obtained permission. Captain William B. Gaw, of the engineers, upon this offered to act as guide, knowing the country thoroughly, and sharing the general's wish to be where there was danger. Accompanied by Gaw and his orderly, Garfield set out on his now famous ride. Striking through the Rossville Gap, in the mountain range, he rapidly pushed southward in search of General Thomas, the firing of whose guns, indicating that the Union troops were by no means in retreat, could be plainly heard. The sounds borne on the peaceful breeze were as fire to the heels of Garfield's horse, and on he dashed, his whole energy bent upon reaching the scene of action. For his was the true soldier's spirit; his the true soldier's

creed, Napoleon's advice to his generals: "March in the direction of the heaviest firing."

At the time he made this attempt the road by which Garfield expected to reach General Thomas was under cover by sharp-shooters and the advance guards of the rebels, who were pushing forward to secure possession of the road, and thereby cut off Thomas's line of retreat. Garfield did not know of their presence there until admonished of it by the pattering of their too lively bullets. Garfield's horse and that of his guide, Captain Gaw, were shot at the first discharge, and Garfield's orderly was wounded, though not seriously. They were compelled to abandon the road, and take to the fields and the mountain-side, where Gaw's familiarity with the topography of the country came into play. Intrusting himself implicitly to Gaw, Garfield was eventually, after repeated avoidance of danger, brought in safety to General Thomas's side.

The "Rock of Chickamauga" was reached just after the repulse of the enemy in a formidable assault all along Thomas's line, which the rebels enveloped on both flanks. He found Thomas and his staff, General Gordon Granger, General J. B. Steedman, General Wood, and others, grouped in a hollow of the open field, a depression just sufficient to protect them from the direct rebel fire.

Garfield at once gave Thomas a brief account of the disaster to the right and centre. Thomas,

in return, stated his own intention and his situation. The conversation, however, was not finished, it was cut short by a fresh rebel assault. It was made in great force and with great desperation, the rebels evidently foreseeing, that if repulsed, they could not get their troops in position for yet another assault before the sun went down and darkness came to the aid of the enemy. The fire lasted furiously for half an hour, when the rebels again broke and abandoned the assault. During this desperate *melee* Garfield quietly sat on the ground behind a dead tree, and coolly indited a dispatch to General Rosecrans detailing the situation; and while he sat there, and during the heaviest of the firing, a white dove, after hovering around and above for several minutes, finally settled on the topmost perch of the tree above Garfield's head. Here it remained during the heat of the fight, and when the musketry ceased, it flew away to the north. The attention of Garfield and General Wood was called to the bird. Garfield said nothing, but went on writing. Wood remarked: "Good omen of peace." Garfield finished his dispatch, sent it by an officer, and himself remained on the field with General Thomas until the retreat was effected the same night to Chattanooga. At seven o'clock that evening a shotted salute of six Napoleon guns fired into the woods, after the last of the retreating assailants, under the personal supervison of General Gordon Gran-

ger and General Garfield, were the last shots fired in the battle of Chickamauga. What was left of the Union army was master of the field. For the time the enemy evidently regarded himself as repulsed, and Garfield said that night, and has always since maintained, that there was no necessity for an immediate retreat on Rossville.

This was Garfield's last military service of moment. He wrote every order that day but one—that one was the fatal order to General Wood, which, displacing his brigade, enabled Hood to break through and turn the Union flank. That order Rosecrans wrote himself. But after Wood had been moved, and after Davis had been shattered and beaten back, when the whole right wing, mad with panic, surged back through the gaps, Garfield came upon the field, showing clearly that communication could be established between the reserve and Thomas, who still stood as steadfast as the spur of Mission Ridge, that loomed behind him. Through him the reserves were pushed to the left of Thomas, enabling him to hold Polk and Longstreet at bay during that long, sad afternoon of shock and repulse. And it should never be forgotten, in Garfield's praise, that it was on his own earnest representations that he procured permission—by half refusing to further retreat—to go to Thomas, and so back into battle. He refused to believe that Thomas was routed or the battle lost.

General Wood, in his official report of Chicka-

mauga, said of General Garfield's action on that day of disaster:

"It affords me much pleasure to signalize the presence with my command, for a length of time during the afternoon (present during the period of hottest fighting), of another distinguished officer, Brigadier-General James A. Garfield, chief of the staff. After the disastrous rout on the right, General Garfield made his way back to the battle-field (showing clearly that the road was open to all who might choose to follow it), and came to where my command was engaged. The brigade which made so determined a resistance on the crest of the narrow ridge during all the long September afternoon, had been commanded by General Garfield when he belonged to my division. The men remarked his presence with much satisfaction, and were delighted that he was a witness of the splendid fighting they were doing.

Rosecrans, in his official report, added his measure of praise

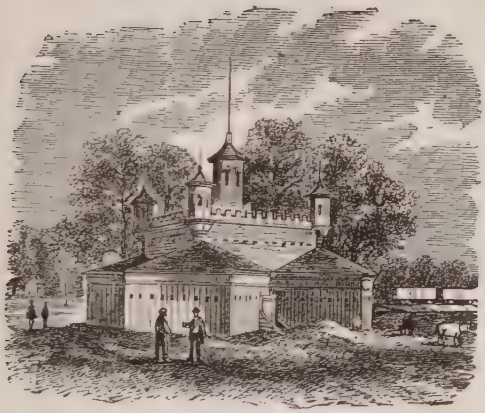
"To Brigadier-General James A. Garfield, chief of staff, I am especially indebted for the clear and ready manner in which he seized the points of action and movement, and expressed in orders the ideas of the general commanding."

On an afternoon not long afterward—the army was then at Chattanooga—Garfield approached his commander, Rosecrans, and said to him: "General, I have been asked to accept the Republican

nomination for Congress from the Ashtabula district. What ought I to do? What is your advice? Ought I to accept? Can I do so honorably?"

"I am glad, for your sake," returned Rosecrans, "that you have a new distinction, and I certainly think you can accept with honor, and, what is more, I deem it your duty to do so. The war is not over yet, nor will it be for some time to come. There will be, of necessity, many questions arising in Congress which will require not alone statesmanlike treatment, but the advice of men having an acquaintance with military affairs. For this, and other reasons, I believe you will be able to do equally good service to your country in Congress as in the field. Now, let me give you a piece of advice. When you go to Congress, be careful what you say. Don't talk too much, but when you do talk speak to the point. Be true to yourself, and you will make your mark before the country."

After a week or two further service, he was sent as bearer of dispatches to Washington. He there learned of his promotion to a major-generalship of volunteers "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga." He might have retained this position in the army, and the military capacity he had displayed, the high favor in which he was held by the Government, and the certainty of assignment to important commands seemed to augur a brilliant future. He was a poor man, too,



BLOCK-HOUSE AT CHATTANOOGA

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THOMAS.

and the major-general's salary was more than double that of the congressman. But, on mature reflection, he decided that the circumstances under which the people had elected him to Congress, bound him to an effort to obey their wishes. He was, furthermore, urged to enter Congress by the officers of the army, who looked to him for aid in procuring such military legislation as the country and the army required. Under the belief that the path of usefulness to the country lay in the direction in which his constituents pointed, he sacrificed what seemed to be his personal interests and, on the 5th of December, 1863, resigned his commission, after nearly three years of service.

He left the Army of the Cumberland, followed by the regrets and good wishes of every man in it—for each was his friend—and he laid down his unstained sword, to enter an arena where he has won a prouder fame, a soldier of few but shining laurels. A distinguished military critic thus sums up his soldierly achievements:

"He proved himself a good, independent commander in the small, but important operations in the Sandy Valley. His campaign there opened our series of successes in the West, and, though fought against superior forces, began with us the habit of victory. After that he was only a subordinate. But he always enjoyed the confidence of his immediate superiors and of the department. As chief of staff, he was unrivaled. There, as

elsewhere, he was ready to accept the gravest responsibilities in following his convictions. The bent of his mind was aggressive; his judgment in military matters was always good; his papers on the Tullahoma campaign will stand a monument of his courage and his far-reaching soldierly sagacity; and his conduct at Chickamauga will never be forgotten by a nation of brave men."

In following Garfield's career upon the field of battle, we have steadily pursued the thread of the direct story, rather than turn aside to garner here and there a flower of incident, or to gather a blossom growing beside the smoking cannon's mouth. There were many such scattered about the path he trod with such earnest feet. And we may, therefore, with entire relevance and appreciable purpose, devote a page to the humors of conflict, as Garfield found, absorbed and generated them.

No man has a keener sense of justice than General Garfield. One day, a fugitive slave came rushing into the camp, with a bloody head and apparently frightened almost to death. He had only passed my tent, says a staff officer of General Sherman, when, in a moment, a regular bully of a fellow came riding up and, with a volley of oaths, began to ask after his "nigger."

General Garfield was not present, and he passed on to the division commander, who happened to be a sympathizer with the theory that

fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made instruments for returning them. He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to General Garfield, in whose command the darkey was supposed to be hiding, telling him to hunt up and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen.

The staff officer who brought the order stated the case fully to General Garfield before handing him the order, well knowing the general's strong anti-slavery views. The general took the order and, after reading it carefully, deliberately wrote on it the following indorsement:

"I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for, or to deliver up any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open and no obstacle will be placed in the way of the search."

When the staff officer read the general's indorsement he was inclined to be frightened, and remonstrated against Garfield's determination. He said if he returned the order in that shape to the division commander he certainly would arrest and court-martial the writer. To this the Ohio general simply replied:

"The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for far other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves."

The staff officer returned to the division commander and communicated Garfield's indorsement and resolve. The division commander was highly incensed, and at once sent for Garfield, whom he attempted to bull-doze into abandoning his position. The Ohio abolitionist was, however, not the man for the operation, and in return the division commander was obliged to listen to such a lecture as made him think possibly that he was in the wrong. At all events no court-martial was convened to try the general who had so flagrantly refused to obey orders, and thereafter the division commander refrained from issuing orders on the subject of slavery.

General Garesche, Rosecrans's chief of staff before Garfield, was killed the first day of the fight at Murfreesboro. A solid shot took his head off. "Old Rosey," as he was familiarly called, who was at Garesche's side when the fatal shot struck him, glanced at the headless body of his faithful officer and exclaimed "poor fellow! poor fellow!" Then he called out, "scatter, gentlemen, scatter!" The order was obeyed by staff and orderlies with more than alacrity, as the enemy had the staff in blank range of a well-manned battery and the sho were flying thick and fast without any respect to persons. "A few days after," says Thomas Dougherty, "I do not remember how many, when we had got into quarters at Murfreesboro, General Garfield joined us to take the dead man's

place as chief of staff. The boys were delighted and thought him a perfect success. As an illustration of his kindness of heart, a virtue not practiced often by army officers in the field, they delighted to relate the following story as told by a sergeant in Rosecrans's army.

"One night, very late, the boys were rolled in their blankets on the hall floor asleep, and I was at my post, sitting on a chair at the door of the tent of the general commanding, awaiting orders to be taken to their destination by the then sleeping men. The light was but a tallow candle, stuck in a sardine-box. I, with chair tilted against the wall, had fallen asleep, when General Garfield, the new chief of staff, emerged from the head-quarter room with quick step. Not noticing my extended limbs, he tripped over them and dropped on his hands and knees on the floor. He was no light weight, and even then the fall was not easy. Affrighted, I started from my sleep, sprang to my feet and, as the general arose, saluted. I expected nothing else than to be cursed, and probably kicked and cuffed, too, from one end of the hall to the other. To my astonishment, the tall general said, kindly and quietly: 'Excuse me, sergeant, I did not see you.' I not only excused him, but with my comrades, to whom the incident was related, we all learned to revere and respect the kindly-hearted man who had come to us as chief of staff."

George Q. Gardener relates a story that is *apropos* to end our chapter:

"After the great and sanguinary battle of Chickamauga, I was bound North on a twenty days' furlough. At Louisville I met Generals Garfield and Steedman. Garfield was going to Congress, and Steedman North on business. We happened to go down to the ferryboat in the same 'bus, on top of which were Garfield's and Steedman's negro servants. It appears that, owing to the fact that the emancipation proclamation was not general, and did not at that time apply to Kentucky, that State's Legislature had taken advantage of it and passed laws regarding the kidnapping and confiscating of every stray negro the gangs of civil officers and citizens could lay their hands upon. Officers with posses were stationed at the levees, instructed and authorized to seize all negroes attempting to cross the river on the boats, no matter where they were from. When we went on the boat we were all in ignorance of this State law, and of the fact that a strong force of men were on the boat for the purpose of seizing any unlucky darkey who might be going North with the Union officers. My attention was first called to the fact by hearing General Garfield ask a pompous-looking man: 'What do you want with that boy?'

"I looked out of the 'bus window and noticed that the man, in company with others, was ordering the two boys to get down from the 'bus and go ashore with them. The man, who claimed to be the sheriff, said the boys could not go across the river; that he should take possession of them, etc., and proceeded to force them off the boat. At this, Garfield and Steedman jumped out of the 'bus. Garfield was mad; he told these insolent men that he had been fighting rebels in the field for two years, that he would now do some fighting on the water, and that if they did not leave the boat at once they would get hurt. He stood between the negroes and the officers, and shook his fist in their faces, and dared them to touch the black boys who had so faithfully stood by him in

the camp and on the battle-grounds of Stone River and Chickamauga. General Steedman was mad; he pulled off his coat and marched into the crowd, saying he could fight such a white-livered set of rascals with good relish; Chickamauga had had no terrors for him, neither had kidnappers.

"It was an exciting time for them. While Garfield and Steedman were getting the negroes away from the sheriff and his deputies, us fellows in the 'bus were getting our revolvers out of our valises, and we soon were out and forming a line of battle, one deep and far apart, in the rear of Garfield and Steedman. The sheriff finally exhibited a disposition to take the negroes at any risk. Garfield, followed by us blue-coats, moved on the enemy in force. They retreated 'right smart' to the shore. The sheriff, from his safe place on the shore, ordered the captain of the boat not to move the boat with the negroes on board. The captain then came to Garfield, and told him that he, the captain, could not take the boys across the river without incurring a heavy fine, and therefore would not move the boat. General Garfield said he would relieve him of responsibility, so he announced he would pilot the boat across if some one would volunteer to run the engine. Upon several of the soldiers agreeing to do it, the captain caved and ordered the boat untied, saying he would take the crowd across, and stop the 'tarnal fuss. The boat started and the row ended."

GARFIELD AS A STATESMAN.

Statesmanship consists rather in removing causes than in punishing or evading results.

Garfield's Speech on the Ninth Census.

CHAPTER XVII.

HE APPEARS IN CONGRESS.

GENERAL GARFIELD entered, on resigning from the army, a wider field of usefulness than that permitted him at the front. But he still remained one of the nation's defenders. His election to Congress was the result of a popular idea in the North during the summer of 1862—that the war would end in a few months, or be over at least by Christmas. Believing this, it was but rational that the people should take up, for the purpose of rewarding them with Congressional honors, those who had won distinction in arms. Garfield was one of the number.

The Congressional district in which he lived is generally called the Ashtabula district, and has been more faithful to its representatives than any of those of the North—having had but four in half a century. It now consists of the counties of Ashtabula, Lake, Granger, Trumbull and Mahoney. The County of Portage, which was a part of it when Garfield was first elected, was detached a year ago. The district is the Nineteenth, and is situated in the Western Reserve—the New Eng-

land of the North-west—in North-east Ohio. It was originally settled by New Englanders, and its population has the thrift, the keen intelligence, the habits of local self-government, the political instincts, and the morals of New England. There is no population of equal numbers on the long line reaching from New York to Chicago, that writes so many letters and receives through the mails so much reading matter. There is less illiteracy in proportion to the population, than in any other district in the United States. The district is essentially a rural one, with the exception of some iron-working portions in the southern end. It is the eastern portion of the Reserve. It early became deeply interested in the anti-slavery movement, and this greatly quickened the interest of its people in public affairs. It is this intelligent interest in national welfare that has made the district accessible to General Garfield's earnest, straight-forward exposition of solid political doctrines, to his high bearing, to the impact of his mental and moral power upon intelligent and honest minds, rather than by any managing or demagogic measures.

This district was the same that was long made famous by Joshua R. Giddings, the anti-slavery champion. Grown careless of the arts of politics toward the end of his career, he came to look upon a nomination and re-election as a matter of course. His over-confidence was taken advan-

tage of by an ambitious lawyer named Hutchins, to carry the convention of 1858 against him. The friends of Giddings never forgave Hutchins, and cast about for a means of defeating him. The old man, himself, was comfortably quartered in his consulate at Montreal, and did not care to make fight to get back to Congress. So, his supporters made use of the popularity of General Garfield, and nominated him while he was with his brigade. He had no knowledge of any such movement in his behalf, and when he accepted the nomination he did so in the belief that the war would be over before he would be called upon to take his seat. He was elected by a large majority. He continued his military service up to the day Congress met. Even then he seriously thought of resigning his position as a representative, rather than his major-general's commission, and would have done so had there been any prospect of active operations during the winter months. He has often expressed regret that he did not fight the war to the end. Had he done so he would, doubtless, have ranked at its close among the foremost of the victorious generals of the Republic.

In the great arena he entered in December, 1863, he has ever since remained—seventeen years. Only one member of that body antedates him—Judge Kelley. All this time he has been an active participant in the events that have transpired in Congress, and he has left the imprint of

his ability and patriotism as thoroughly upon the legislation of the country as any one man now in public service. He certainly realizes the meaning of the title, "a public benefactor." We will define that in his own words, from a speech made on December 10th, 1878:

"The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money and the payment of all obligations, and the man who can add anything in the direction of accomplishing any of these purposes is a public benefactor."

No man with the ideals of Garfield could fail to at once take high rank even in such an illustrious assemblage. Nor did Garfield fail to do so. At the outset he was recognized as a leader, and his influence grew with his service. He was appointed on the military committee, under the chairmanship of General Schenck, the colleagueship of Farnsworth, both fresh from the field, and was of great service—just as Rosecrans anticipated he would be—in carrying through the measures that served to recruit the armies during the closing months of the war. His activity, industry and thorough knowledge of the wants of the army, were of the first value in all legislation pertaining to military matters. He was appointed chairman of a select committee of seven, appointed to investigate the alleged frauds in the money-printing bureau of the Treasury. He soon

became known as a powerful speaker, remarkably ready and always effective in debate.

His first speech of any length, on January 28th, 1864, gave ample promise in the bud of the flowers of powerful oratory so soon to bloom. It was a reply to his Democratic colleague, Mr. Finck, and was in favor of the confiscation of rebel property. We quote from its brilliant passages:

"The war was announced by proclamation, and it must end by proclamation. We can hold the insurgent States in military subjection half a century—if need be, until they are purged of their poison and stand up clean before the country. They must come back with clean hands, if they come at all. I hope to see in all those States the men who fought and suffered for the truth, tilling the fields on which they pitched their tents. I hope to see them, like old Kasper of Blenheim, on the summer evenings, with their children upon their knees, and pointing out the spot where brave men fell and marble commemorates it.

* * * * * * *

"I deprecate these apparently partisan remarks; it hurts me to make them, but it hurts me more to know they are true. I conclude by returning once more to the resolution before me. Let no weak sentiments of misplaced sympathy deter us from inaugurating a measure which will cleanse our nation and make it the fit home of freedom and a glorious manhood. Let us not despise the severe wisdom of our Revolutionary fathers, when they served their generation in a similar way. Let the republic drive from its soil the traitors that have conspired against its life, as God and His angels drove Satan and his host from Heaven. He was not too merciful to be just, and to hurl down in chains and everlasting darkness the

'traitor angel' who 'first broke peace in Heaven,' and rebeled against Him."

Soon after he spoke in favor of the payment of prompt and liberal bounties by the Federal Government to encourage enlistments, and rapidly earned Congressional reputation.

This readiness at trenchant debating proved, in some respects, injurious to his rising fame. He spoke so readily that members were constantly asking his services in behalf of favorite measures, and in the impulsive eagerness of a young man and a young member, he often consented. He thus came to be too frequent a speaker, and the House wearied a little of his polished periods, and began to think him too fond of talking. His superior knowledge, too, used to offend some of his less learned colleagues at first. They thought him bookish and pedantic, until they found how solid and useful was his store of knowledge, and how pertinent to the business in hand were the drafts he made upon it. But this in time wore off. His genial personal ways soon made him many warm friends, and reaction set in. The men of brains in both houses, and in the departments, were not long in discovering that here was a fresh, strong, intellectual force that was destined to make its mark upon the politics of the country. They sought his acquaintance, and before he had been long in Washington, he had the advantage of the best society in the capital.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LADDER OF HONOR.

TO the steadily-growing good opinion of his district, Garfield lived out his first term. When the time came for holding the Congressional Convention of 1864, in the Nineteenth District, it was whispered around in the Western Reserve that Garfield had written the Wade-Davis manifesto against President Lincoln, or, at least, was in sympathy with it. The convention was eager to nominate him, but it was objected, and the objection seemed to have some force with the delegates, that he had not condemned the manifesto. He was called upon to explain himself, and the way he did so will never be forgotten. Entering the convention hall, he walked up to the platform, planted himself firmly on it, and began a speech that he must have thought would dig his political grave. He spoke only for half an hour, and he told his hearers he had not written the Wade-Davis letter, but he had only one regret connected with it, and that was that there was a necessity for its appearance. He approved the letter, defended the motives of the authors, asserted his right to independence of thought and action, and told the delegates that if they did not want a

free agent for their representative, they had better find another man, for he did not desire to serve them longer.

As he warmed up to his subject he captivated the convention with his plain, hard reasoning and his glowing eloquence. When he had finished speaking, he left the platform and strode out of the hall. As he reached the front of the stairs, on his way out of the building, he heard a great noise, which he imagined was the signal of his unanimous rejection. On the contrary, it was the applause that followed his nomination by acclamation. His very boldness had stunned the convention, expecting, as it did, something entirely different from the party leader. It was some seconds before anything was said, but finally an Ashtabula delegate got on his feet, and said: "By ——, the man who can face a convention like that, ought to be nominated by acclamation." It didn't take the convention long to find out that it entertained a similar admiration for his independence and pluck, and the result was as related, before his opponents in the convention had time to open their mouths.

Governor Todd closed the meeting with the remark: "A district that will allow a young fellow like Garfield to tweak its nose and cuff its ears in that manner, deserves to have him saddled on it for life."

General Garfield, speaking of this incident, said he knew it was a bold action for a youngster, but

he believed both Mr. Wade and Mr. Davis to be right, and he determined to stand by them. "This showed me, completely, the truth of the old maxim, that 'Honesty is the best policy,' and I have ever since been entirely independent in my relations with the people of my district."

The news of his action spread far and wide. A day or two afterward he met Ben Wade, who seized him by the hand, and roared out:

"Look here, do you know you did a d—— brave thing at that convention the other day?"

"It was my duty, Mr. Wade, to say what I did, as I believed you and Mr. Davis to be in the right," replied Garfield.

"Bosh," cried old Ben, "I say it was d——d brave. Why, not one fellow in a dozen but would have given Davis and I the go-by. All you had to do was to go in and teter a little before the convention, and they would have promised in advance to re-nominate you. But you didn't do it; devil the bit did you do it. You took the bull by the horns like a man, and told the convention it was wrong, and I say it was d——d brave in you to do so. Now, mind you, Garfield, you have got that district, and they won't fool with you any more. The people of Ohio like a bold and honest man, and they have found one in you, and they ain't going to give you up soon. Just you go ahead, they know you are worth a dozen limber-jacks, and they will stick by you. It's a clear case you

won't turn for anybody—you had the best chance to turn the other day before that convention you will ever have, and you didn't do it—no d—— if you did. The people hate a trimmer, and I tell you your action at that convention has given the men and women of your district a new idea of you. As for me," added old Ben, the tears starting to his eyes, "I won't say how much I am obliged to you for the way you stood by me, but I shall never forget it, never, sir, while I live on this earth." Then the old war-horse went abruptly away, and the young statesman knew he had made a friend for life of the oldest and best statesman Ohio ever had.

When the election came off he was returned by a majority of twelve thousand.

On his return to Congress on the opening of his second term, having proved himself such an invaluable worker, and having risen to such influence in the handling of financial questions, that the Secretary of the Treasury requested he be appointed on the Committee of Ways and Means,* the leading committee of the House. This was much more in the line of his tastes and studies. His work during this term was earnest, thorough and incessant, and he steadily gained in the estimation of his colleagues. He delivered a noted speech on the "Constitutional Amendment to Abolish

* The committee which matures the financial legislation of Congress and provides the means of raising the revenue.

Slavery," and from the Committee on Military Affairs, on which he had been appointed, made a report on the discharge of soldiers who enlisted to fill old regiments.

He made noted speeches also on the "Freedman's Bureau" and the "Restoration of the Rebel States," on the "Public Debt and Specie Payments," and on "the National Bureau of Education." On March 6th of this year ('66) he argued the L. P. Milligan conspiracy case against the Government, appealed to the Supreme Court from the courts of Indiana. Ben. Butler, Hon. James Speed, Hon. Henry Stanberry appeared for the United States, and with Mr. Garfield for the petitioners were the Hon. J. A. McDonald, Hon. J. S. Black and Hon. David Dudley Field. Mr. Garfield's argument was most elaborate and bristled with precedents and telling points. Its peroration was as follows:

"It is in your power, O Judges! to erect in this citadel of our liberties a monument more lasting than brass; invisible indeed to the eye of flesh, but visible to the eye of the spirit, as the awful form and figure of justice, crowning and adorning the Republic; rising above the storms of political strife, above the din of battle, above the earthquake shock of rebellion; seen from afar and hailed as protector by the oppressed of all nations; dispensing equal blessings, and covering with the protecting shield of law the weakest, the humblest, the meanest, and, until declared by solemn law unworthy of protection, the guiltiest of its citizens."

When the nominating convention met again in

the late summer of 1866, some few of his constituents, living in the Mahoning Valley, an iron producing district, opposed his re-nomination on the ground that he did not favor as high a tariff on iron as they wanted. The convention, however, was overwhelmingly on his side, not a single anti-Garfield delegate securing a seat, and in after years he succeeded in convincing these opponents that a moderate duty, affording a sufficient margin for protection, was better for their interests than a high prohibitory rate. During his third term he was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, being placed at the head of this committee in 1867. In this committee he had plenty of work to do looking after the demands of the discharged soldiers for pay and bounty, of which many had been deprived by red-tape decisions of the Government accounting officers. It was during this term that everything seemed drifting toward greenbacks and repudiation. He took a bold stand, as his views were opposed to those of many leading men of his party, and to the declarations of the Republican State Committee of Ohio, he indeed seemed to hazard his re-nomination, but he did not hesitate firmly and fully to avow his convictions. His financial doctrines were at length adopted by the entire party, and fully indorsed in the Chicago Republican platform.

These two years are marked by speeches on "Reconstruction," "the Currency," "Taxation of United

States Bonds," an address on "College Education," (June 14th, 1867,) at Hiram, Ohio, before the literary societies of the Eclectic Institute, and a Decoration Day address at Arlington, Va., May 30th, 1868.

He was opposed in the nominating convention of 1868, by Darius Cadwell, of Ashtabula County, who secured forty votes chiefly from his own county, and had the pleasure of seeing his opponent elected by one of his overwhelming majorities. When he reached Congress he was appointed chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and during this Congress, beside work on this committee, he did most of the hard work on the Ninth Census. His work is this session is noted for a most elaborate, painstaking report on remodeling the army and investigation into the causes of Black Friday. This report, which is far too long to print here, is a fascinating story for any reader, possessing little of the sawdust filling common to "Pub. Docs." April 1st, 1870, he made a speech on the tariff.

This year there was no opposition either in the convention or the field, and Garfield returned to the capital for his fifth two years. In 1871, he was promoted to the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations, as successor to Henry L. Dawes, which he held until the Democrats got control of the House, in 1875. He made speeches on the "McGarrahan Claim," the "Right to Orig-

inate Revenue Bills," "Enforcing the Fourteenth Amendment," "National Aid to Education." He delivered, on November 25th, 1871, an elaborate eulogy on General George H. Thomas, and February 9th, 1872, argued the Henderson case before the Supreme Court.

In 1872, a few blank ballots were cast in the nominating convention, and a liberal Republican was taken up by the opposition at the election, but Garfield received his old-time majority and returned again to Washington. He delivered, on July 2d, 1873, an oration to the students of Hudson College, on "The Future of the Republic." In October, the same year, he was in the Supreme Court, in the Rogers case, and contributed some papers to the Western Reserve and Northern Ohio Historical Society.

The year 1874 was the year of the Democratic tidal wave, the Credit Mobilier and the salary grab having alienated many of the Republican thousands. Nowhere did these two affairs make a deeper impression than in the sensitive and jealous constituency represented by Mr. Garfield. Mr. Whittlesey and Mr. Giddings, who had preceded Mr. Garfield, were men of unsullied reputation. The faintest semblance to anything like a wrong or improper course of conduct was enough to draw forth the honest, plain-spoken indignation of men who were not ready to justify the slightest departure from the line of right. General Gar-

field had now represented the district in five successive Congresses, and, though not so well known as he is to-day, his name had crossed the continent to the West and the ocean to the East. The district felt very proud of him. No representative held his constituency with a firmer hand. His tenure promised to be as long as that of Whittlesey or Giddings. But now all was changed. A Republican convention, that met in Warren for some local purpose, demanded his resignation. Most men denounced, all regretted, none defended what had been done. All that the staunchest friends of General Garfield presumed to do was to say: "Wait until you hear the case; hear what Garfield has to say before you determine that he is a dishonest man." Garfield wrote from Washington to a friend: "The district is lost, and as soon as I can close up my affairs here I am coming home to capture it."

And he did capture it. He issued his pamphlets, "Review of the Transactions of the Credit Mobilier Company" and "Increase of Salaries" from Washington, and then came on to Hiram. These pamphlets, with a personal speech in Warren somewhat later, constituted his direct defense. When the next campaign opened, he went, as usual, upon the stump. He rarely referred to the charges against him, and never did unless compelled to. He grappled with the questions of the day. He went from county to county, and

almost from village to village. His knowledge was so great, his argumentation so logical, his spirit so earnest, and his bearing, both public and private, so manly, that men began to ask: "Can it be true that Mr. Garfield is such a man as they tell us?" Prejudice was slowly but surely overcome, and at the polls the people's belief was thus expressed: Garfield, 12,591; Regular Democratic ticket, 6,245; Independent Republican ticket, 3,427. His antagonist this time was a Republican, named Casement, who is to-day one of the general's best friends. During all the storm of abuse that darkened this year, the sunshine of the future was predicted. A sonnet appeared in the Washington *Evening Star*, in the winter of '74:

"TO JAMES A. GARFIELD.

"Thou who didst ride on Chickamauga's day,
All solitary, down the fiery line,
And saw the ranks of battle rusty shine,
Where grand old Thomas held them from dismay,
Regret not now, while meaner factions play
Their brief campaigns against the best of men;
For those spent balls of slander have their way,
And thou shalt see the victory again.
Weary and ragged, though the broken lines
Of party reel, and thine own honor bleeds,
That mole is blind that Garfield undermines!
That shot falls short that hired slander speeds!
That man will live whose place the State assigns,
And whose high mind the mighty nation needs!"

In 1876, he was again re-elected. He served in this term as a member of the Committee on Rules, in recognition of his rare knowledge of

parliamentary law. In 1877, Mr. Blaine took his seat in the Senate, and the mantle of Republican leadership in the House, by common consent, descended to Mr. Garfield; a mantle which he has worn with honor ever since. He was, at the opening of this Congress, the Republican candidate for the speakership, but the Democrats were largely in the majority, and Mr. Randall was elected over him. In this same year, upon the appointment of Senator Sherman to the post of Secretary of the Treasury, his own inclinations and the support of his friends in Ohio led him to aspire to the vacant Senatorial chair. The representations of President Hayes are understood to have been effective in preventing him from becoming a candidate for that place, on the ground that his services were more needed as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Mr. Stanley Matthews was elected Senator. When the House was organized, however, the Speakership was carried off by the Democracy, and General Garfield was left "out in the cold." It was just as well for him, for two years later the Democracy also carried Ohio and elected "Gentleman George" Pendleton to Matthews's seat in the Senate.

In 1878, he was re-elected by a majority of 9,613. Opposition was now no more. Men who had been most denunciatory was now warmest in his praise; and it was actually left to the friends who had stood by him through all the storm to

supply such criticism as every public man needs to keep him in proper tone.

As it was in the district, so it was in the State. In a sense, in 1873, he had come to be the representative of Ohio. He passed though a State as well as a district ordeal, and came out approved. What then was more natural than that when the last election gave the Ohio Legislature to the Republicans, and the party looked around for a successor to Allen G. Thurman on the 4th of March next, Mr. Garfield should be the man. He had received the complimentary vote of the Republican members in the caucus two years before—1878—and after a protracted and bitter contest in that caucus, his name was withdrawn, and it was resolved to cast only blank votes in the two houses. This time ex-Senator Stanley Matthews, ex-Attorney-General Alphonso Taft and ex-Governor William Denison had also entered into a canvass for the place, but by the time the caucus met the general sentiment of the State was so earnest and enthusiastic in favor of Garfield, that his three competitors withdrew without waiting for a ballot, and he was nominated unanimously by a rising vote, an honor never accorded to any other man of any party in the State of Ohio. He was elected by a majority of 22 in the Assembly and a majority of 7 in the Senate.

It will be *apropos* to go back a bit here to relate a little incident. Soon after A. G. Thurman's elec-

tion and Ben Wade's retirement from the Senate, it was proposed by his friends in Ohio that the "Old War Horse" should be sent to the House. Wade lived in Garfield's district, and as soon as the general heard of the proposition to send Wade to the House, he cordially indorsed it, saying: "The nation can better afford to spare me from its councils than it can to spare Ben Wade—let him be sent to the House in my place."

When Wade heard of what was on foot, he said: "Now, put a stop to it, and at once. What a devil of an idea! sending me to the House, as if I were an essential to its existence! Why, I wouldn't go if I was unanimously nominated and elected. You have a good representative in Garfield, and I advise you to stick to him. I am old, and had better be getting ready to die than thinking of office. I have had enough of public office, and only wish to be let alone now. Garfield is young, faithful and able; send him back, and keep him there—stick to him. I tell you, there is no telling how high that fellow may go."

At Columbus, on January 14th, 1880, he acknowledged his election as United States Senator in one of his admirable speeches. He said:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I should be a great deal more than a man, or a great deal less than a man, if I were not extremely gratified by this mark of your kindness you have shown me in recent days. I did not expect any such a meeting as this. I knew there was a greeting awaiting me, but I did not expect so cordial, generous and general a greeting, without distinction of party, without distinction of interests, as I have received here to-night.

"I recognize the importance of the place to which you have elected me;

and I should be base if I did not also recognize the great man whom you have elected me to succeed. I say for him, Ohio has had few larger-minded, broader-minded men in the record of her history than that of Allen G. Thurman. Differing widely from him, as I have done in politics and do, I recognize him as a man high in character and great in intellect; and I take this occasion to refer to what I have never before referred to in public—that many years ago, in the storm of party fighting, when the air was filled with all sorts of missiles aimed at the character and reputation of public men, when it was even for his party interest to join the general clamor against me and my associates, Senator Thurman said in public, in the campaign, on the stump—when men are as likely to say unkind things as at any place in the world—a most generous and earnest word of defense and kindness for me, which I shall never forget so long as I live. I say, moreover, that the flowers that bloom over the garden-wall of party politics, are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world, and, where we can fairly pluck them and enjoy their fragrance, it is manly and delightful to do so.

"And now, gentlemen of the general assembly, without distinction of party, I recognize this tribute and compliment made to me to-night. Whatever my own course may be in the future, a large share of the inspiration of my future public life will be drawn from this occasion and these surroundings, and I shall feel anew the sense of obligation that I feel to the State of Ohio."

June 10th, 1880, he was nominated at Chicago for the presidency, and on July 6th he was elected a trustee of Williams College.

We have not in this chapter given anything more than a skeleton outline of his career, upon which to hang the fuller flesh of the succeeding pages, believing this arrangement will prove more agreeable to the reader than following General Garfield step by step; but we will include here two letters to Mr. Hinsdale, that furnish a chance glimpse at the life of this man. The first is dated Washington, December 11th, 1865:

"We have begun, as you have seen, and currents are beginning to develop their direction and strength only feebly as yet. We appear to have a very robust House, and indications thus far show it to be a very sound one. The message is much better than we expected, and I have hoped that we shall be able to work with the President. He sent for me day before yes-

terday, and we had a free conversation. I gave him the views of the earnest men North as I understand them, and we tried to look over the whole field of the difficulties before us.

"They are indeed many and formidable. Sumner and Boutwell and some more of that class are full of alarm; less, however, than when they first came. Some foolish men among us are all the while bristling up for fight, and seem to be anxious to make a rupture with Johnson. I think we should assume that he is with us, treat him kindly, without suspicion, and go on in a firm, calmly considered course, leaving him to make the breach with the party if any is made. I doubt if he would do it under such circumstances. The caucus resolution of Thad. Stevens was bad in some of its features. It was rushed through before the caucus was fully assembled, and, while it expresses the sentiment of the House in its main propositions, there are some points designed to antagonize with the President. It still lies over in the Senate, where it will be modified, if it passes at all."

The second is likewise from Washington, but written two years later:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., January 1st, 1867.

"I am less satisfied with the present aspect of public affairs than I have been for a long time. I find that many of the points and doctrines, both in general politics and finance, which I believe in and desire to see prevail, are meeting with more opposition than heretofore, and are in imminent danger of being overborne by popular clamor and political passion. In reference to reconstruction, I feel that if the Southern States should adopt the Constitutional Amendments within a reasonable time, we are literally bound to admit them to representation; if they reject it, then I am in favor of striking for impartial suffrage, though I see that such a course is beset with grave dangers. Now Congress seems determined to rush forward without waiting even for the action of the Southern States, thus giving the South the impression, and our political enemies at home a pretext for saying, that we were not in good faith when we offered the Constitutional Amendments. * * * Really, there seems to be a fear on the part of many of our friends that they may do some absurdly extravagant thing to prove their radicalism. I am trying to do two things: dare to be a radical and not be a fool, which, if I may judge by the exhibitions around me, is a matter of no small difficulty. I wish the South would adopt the Constitutional Amendments soon and in good temper. Perhaps they will. * * * Next, the Supreme Court has decided the case I argued last winter, and the papers are insanely calling for the abolition of the court. * * * In reference to finance, I believe that the great remedy for our ills is an early return to specie payments, which can only be effected by the contraction of our paper currency. There is a huge clamor against both and in favor of expansion. You know my views on the tariff. I am equally assaulted by the free-traders and by the extreme tariff men. There is passion enough in the country to run a steam-engine in every village, and a spirit of proscription which keeps pace with the passion. My own course is chosen, and it is quite probable it will throw me out of public life."

CHAPTER XIX.

AN ORNAMENT OF CONGRESS.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S career in Congress was essentially one of work. The number of his speeches, reports, resolutions, debates, etc., is high in the hundreds. What he was as an orator we shall see later. As a debater he has had few equals. Producing always an overwhelming array of facts, he has ever been a

Tower of strength,
Which stands four square to all the winds that blow!

He was thorough in committee work, assiduous in private study of pending questions and an able debater, by no means a common combination of qualities. He interested himself in many subjects of great importance to the public, in which your common congressman has small interest; in the census, in education, in the scientific surveys, in the life-saving service, and in many more. As the Republican leader in the House, he has been more conservative and less rash than Blaine, and his judicial turn of mind made him prone to look for both sides of a question, and always relieved him of the charge of partisanship. When the

issue fairly touched his convictions, however, he became thoroughly aroused and struck tremendous blows. Blaine's tactics were to continually harass the enemy by sharp-shooting, surprises and picket-firing. Garfield waited always for an opportunity to deliver a pitched battle, and his generalship was shown to best advantage when the fight was a fair one, and waged on grounds where each party thought itself the strongest. Then his solid shot of argument was exceedingly effective. He has always taken a genuine pride in the historical achievements of the Republican party, with which he has been identified from its birth. He has a traditional leaning toward all measures for the advantage of the freedmen or the curtailing the influence of the party which he holds to have been responsible for the rebellion. Nevertheless, he is by no means deficient in generous impulses toward the South, and has more than once exerted his influence to prevent the passage of rash partisan legislation against the interests of that section. The "Confederate brigadiers" in Congress have found him a determined and loyal adversary, but he has never stooped to take unfair advantage of the numerical preponderance of his party. As leader of the Republican minority in the present House of Representatives he has known how to reconcile the party fealty with a conciliatory disposition toward the party in power, and has not been unduly obstructive of any legislation which did not,

in his opinion, transcend the fair limits of party predominance. He is in all things a calm, courteous, determined leader of men—

> ———rich in saving common sense,
> And, as the wisest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime.

He is not a practical politician and knows little of the machinery of caucuses and conventions or the methods of conducting close campaigns. As a politician in the larger and better sense of shaping the policy of a great party, however, he has few equals. To no man is the Republican party more indebted for its successes in recent years than to James A. Garfield.

With the single exception of 1867, when he spent several weeks in Europe, partly in company with Senator Blaine and Senator Morrill, he did hard work on the stump for the Republican party in every campaign since he entered Congress. On the stump, he is one of the best orators in his party. He has a good voice, an air of evident sincerity, great clearness and vigor of statement, and a way of knitting his arguments together, so as to make a speech deepen its impression on the mind of the hearer, until the climax clinches the argument forever. For the past ten years, his services have been in demand in all parts of the country. He has usually reserved half his time for the Ohio canvass, and given the other half to other States. The No-

vember election finds him worn and haggard with travel and speaking in the open air, but his robust constitution always carries him through, and after a few weeks' rest on his farm he appears in Washington refreshed and ready for the duties of the session.

A mind so prone as his to look philosophically into his surroundings could not fail to have studied into the history and functions of the body of which he made such an illustrious member, and it will be fitting to follow a criticism of him as a member of that body, with his own remarks upon it. In July, 1877, he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* an article, entitled "A Century in Congress," from which we extract his views of the same:

"Congress has always been and must always be the theatre of contending opinions, the forum where the opposing forces of political philosophy meet to measure their strength; where the public good must meet the assaults of local and sectional interests, in a word, the appointed place where the nation seeks to utter its thoughts and register its will.

"In the main, the balance of power so admirably adjusted and distributed among the three great departments of the Government has been safely preserved. It was the purpose of our fathers to lodge absolute power nowhere; to leave each department independent within its own sphere; yet, in every case, responsible for the exercise of its discretion. But some dangerous innovations have been made. And first, the appointing power of the President has been seriously encroached upon by Congress, or rather by the members of Congress. Curiously enough, this encroachment originated in the act of

the chief executive himself. The fierce popular hatred of the Federal party, which resulted in the elevation of Jefferson to the presidency, led that officer to set the first example of removing men from office on account of political opinions. For political causes alone, he removed a considerable number of officers who had recently been appointed by President Adams, and thus set the pernicious example. His immediate successors made only a few removals for political reasons. But Jackson made his political opponents, who were in office, feel the full weight of his executive hand. From that time forward, the civil officers of the Government became the prizes for which political parties strove; and twenty-five years ago, the corrupting doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils' was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. * * * The present system invades the independence of the executive, and make him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator, by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involving him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself, by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and, finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal. To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship. This reform cannot be accomplished without a complete divorce between Congress and the Executive in the matter of appointments. It will be a proud day when an administrator, senator or representative, who is in good standing in his party, can say as Thomas Hughes said, during a recent visit to this country, that though he was on the ' with the members of his administration, yet it was not in his power to secure the removal of the humblest clerk in the civil service of his government."

"I have long believed that the official relations between the Executive and Congress should be more open and direct. They are now conducted by correspondence with the presiding officers of the two Houses, by consultation with committees, or by private interviews with individual members. This frequently leads to misunderstandings, and may lead to corrupt combinations. It would be far better for both departments if the members of the cabinet were permitted to sit in Congress and participate in the debates on measures relating to their several departments—but, of course, without a vote. This would tend to secure the ablest men for the chief executive offices, it would bring the policy of the administration into the fullest publicity by giving both parties ample opportunity for criticism and defense.

"The most alarming feature of our situation is the fact that so many citizens of high character and solid judgment pay but little attention to the sources of political power, to the selection of those who shall make their laws. The clergy, the faculties of colleges, and many of the leading business men of the community never attend the township caucus, the city primaries or the county conventions; but they allow the less intelligent and the more selfish and corrupt members of the community to make the slates and 'run the machine' of politics. They wait until the machine has done its work, and then, in surprise and horror at the ignorance and corruption in public, sigh for the return of that mythical period called the 'better and purer days of the Republic.' It is precisely this neglect of the first steps in our political processes that has made possible the worst evils of our system. Corrupt and incompetent presidents, judges and legislators can be removed, but when the fountains of political power are corrupted, when voters themselves become venal and elections fraudulent, there is no remedy except by awakening the public conscience and bringing to bear upon the subject the power of public opinion and the penalties of the law. The practice of buying and selling votes at our popular elections has already gained a foot-

hold, though it has not gone as far as in England. In a word, our national safety demands that the fountains of political power shall be made pure by intelligence, and kept pure by vigilance: that the best citizen shall take heed to the selection and election of the worthiest and most intelligent among them to hold seats in the national legislature; and that when the choice has been made, the continuance of their representatives shall depend upon his faithfulness, his ability and his willingness to work."

CHAPTER XX.

THE ORATOR'S POWER.

WE must now invite the reader's attention to Garfield as he appears in his speeches, and if we cannot follow him as fully as we would like—to show his rare oratorical power and splendid statesmanship, to develop in his own words what he is—it is because space forbids. His speeches alone make volumes and we can only cull here and there a flower from the thickly blossoming fields.

It was impossible for a man so large hearted, so patriotic as Garfield is not to have felt deeply the death of Abraham Lincoln. He saw that it was not the hand of one man but the spirit of secession aiming a last despairing blow at the great principles that had conquered it. Naturally then his was the tongue to give some expression to the nation's grief. And in the exciting hours that followed Booth's cowardly pistol shot, when the whole North was roused with a whirlwind of mad passion, Garfield's hand was apparent in staying the impending storm, in counseling that course that led to the wiser way, the better plan.

In the incident we are about to relate the extraordinary moral power always exerted over men by

the nominee for the Presidency, was perhaps never shown to a better advantage. The incident is contributed to this volume by a distinguished public man, who was an eye-witness of the exciting scene:

"I shall never forget the first time I saw General Garfield. It was the morning after President Lincoln's assassination. The country was excited to its utmost tension, and New York city seemed ready for the scenes of the French revolution. The intelligence of Lincoln's murder had been flashed by the wires over the whole land. The newspaper head-lines of the transaction were set up in the largest type, and the high crime was on every one's tongue. Fear took possession of men's minds as to the fate of the Government, for in a few hours the news came on that Seward's throat was cut, and that attempts had been made upon the lives of others of the Government officers. Posters were stuck up everywhere, in great black letters, calling upon the loyal citizens of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and neighboring places to meet around the Wall-Street Exchange and give expression to their sentiments. It was a dark and terrible hour. What might come next no one could tell, and men spoke with bated breath. The wrath of the workingmen was simply uncontrollable, and revolvers and knives were in the hands of thousands of Lincoln's friends, ready, at the first opportunity, to take the law into their own hands, and avenge the death of their martyred President upon any and all who dared to utter a word against him. Eleven o'clock A. M. was the hour set for the rendezvous. Fifty thousand people crowded around the Exchange Building, cramming and jamming the streets, and wedged in tight as men could stand together. With a few to whom a special favor was extended, I went over from Brooklyn at nine A. M., and, even then, with the utmost difficulty, found my way to the reception room for the speakers in the

front of the Exchange Building, and looking out on the high and massive balcony, whose front was protected by a heavy iron railing. We sat in solemnity and silence, waiting for General Butler, who, it was announced, had started from Washington, and was either already in the city or expected every moment. Nearly a hundred generals, judges, statesmen, lawyers, editors, clergymen and others were in that room waiting Butler's arrival. We stepped out to the balcony to watch the fearfully solemn and swaying mass of people. Not a hurrah was heard, but for the most part a dead silence, or a deep, ominous muttering ran like a rising wave up the street toward Broadway, and again down toward the river on the right At length the batons of the police were seen swinging in the air, far up on the left, parting the crowd and pressing it back to make way for a carriage that moved slowly, and with difficult jogs, through the compact multitude. Suddenly the silence was broken, and the cry of 'Butler!' 'Butler!' 'Butler!' rang out with tremendous and thrilling effect, and was taken up by the people. But not a hurrah! Not once! It was the cry of a great people, asking to know how their President died. The blood bounced in our veins, and the tears ran like streams down our faces. How it was done I forget, but Butler was pulled through and pulled up, and entered the room, where we had just walked back to meet him. A broad crape, a yard long, hung from his left arm—terrible contrast with the countless flags that were waving the nation's victory in the breeze. We first realized, then, the truth of the sad news that Lincoln was dead. When Butler entered the room we shook hands. Some spoke, some could not; all were in tears The only word Butler had for us all, at the first break of the silence, was, '*Gentlemen, he died in the fullness of his fame!*' and as he spoke it his lips quivered and the tears ran fast down his cheeks. Then, after a few moments, came the speaking. And you can imagine the effect, as the crape fluttered in the wind, while his arm was uplifted. Dickinson, of New York

State, was fairly wild. The old man leaped over the iron railing of the balcony and stood on the very edge, overhanging the crowd, gesticulating in the most vehement manner, and almost bidding the crowd 'burn up the rebel, seed, root and branch,' while a bystander held on to his coat-tails to keep him from falling over. By this time the wave of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets, the one dead, the other next to dying; one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said a moment before that 'Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago!' They were not allowed to say it again. Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a looped halter pendent from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while 'Vengeance' was the cry. On the right, suddenly, the shout rose, 'The World!' 'the World!' 'the office of the World!' 'World!' 'World!' and a movement of perhaps eight thousand or ten thousand turning their faces in the direction of that building began to be executed. It was a critical moment. What might come no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. Police and military would have availed little or been too late. A telegram had just been read from Washington, 'Seward is dying.' Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. 'Another telegram from Washington!' And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out, 'Fellow-citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow-citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!' The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground with awe,

gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the boiling waves subsides and settles to the sea, when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, Seward, never reached it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. I inquired what was his name. The answer came in a low whisper, 'It is General Garfield, of Ohio!'"

It was Garfield who made the speech when the House took official action on the death of the President, and it was he, again, who (February 12th, 1878), retouched with his eloquent powers the same theme on receiving F. B. Carpenter's painting of Lincoln and Emancipation, on behalf of the nation.

The reader pauses here, and recalls instinctively the terrible days with which this July (1881) opened: the dastardly assassination, the long hours of the President's tarrying at the gate of death, the suspense of the people, the silent agony of a nation! And how, as it were the mighty voice of some past-time prophet comes ringing, like the cheer of a relief party, Garfield's words, with which he held a whole city at bay: "Fellow-citizens: God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!" Was it the hand of

Providence that brought him so conspicuously to the front at Lincoln's death, to point years on to his own trial and agony from the assassin's bullet?

It was eminently natural that he should have been the chosen orator on such occasions, for every act of his life has been a testimony in defense of his country; that country which he loves so well. Speaking on its future, he said, at Hudson College:

"Our great dangers are not from without. We do not live by the consent of any other nation. We must look within to find elements of danger. The first and most obvious of these is territorial expansion, overgrowth, and the danger that we shall break to pieces by our own weight This has been the commonplace of historians and publicists for many centuries, and its truth has found many striking illustrations in the experience of mankind. But we have fair ground for believing, that new conditions and new forces have nearly if not wholly removed the ground of this danger. Distance, estrangement, isolation have been overcome by the recent amazing growth in the means of intercommunication. For political and industrial purposes California and Massachusetts are nearer neighbors to-day, than were Philadelphia and Boston in the days of the Revolution. It was distance, isolation, ignorance of separate parts, that broke the cohesive force of the great empires of antiquity. Fortunately, our greatest line of extension is from east to west, and our pathway along the parallels of latitude are not too broad for safety—for it lies within the zone of national development. The Gulf of Mexico is our special providence on the south. Perhaps it would be more fortunate for us if the northern shore of that gulf stretched westward to the Pacific. If our territory embraced the tropics, the sun would be our enemy. 'The stars in their courses'

would fight against us. Now these celestial forces are our friends, and help to make us one. Let us hope the Republic will be content to maintain this friendly alliance.

'Our northern boundary is not yet wholly surveyed. Perhaps our neighbors across the lakes will some day take a hint from nature, and save themselves and us the discomfort of an artificial boundary. Restrained within our present southern limits with a population more homogenious than that of any other great nation, and with a wonderful power to absorb and assimilate to our own type the European races that come among us, we have but little reason to fear that we shall be broken up by divided interests and internal feuds, because of our great territorial extent. Finally, our great hope for the future—our great safeguard against danger, is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people and in the virtue which accompanies such education. And all these elements depend, in a large measure, upon the intellectual and moral culture of the young men who go out from our higher institutions of learning. From the standpoint of this general culture we may trustfully encounter the perils that assail us. Secure against dangers from abroad, united at home by the stronger ties of common interest and patriotic pride, holding and unifying our vast territory by the most potent forces of civilization, relying upon the intelligent strength and responsibility of each citizen, and, most of all, upon the power of truth, without undue arrogance, we may hope that in the centuries to come our Republic will continue to live and hold its high place among the nations as

"'The heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time.'"

From our Republic and its future, we turn aside to gather in a literary scrap, an address on Burns, in which we find this, from a fine comparison of three of the world's song-writers·

"To appreciate the genius and achievements of Robert Burns, it is fitting to compare him with others who have been eminent in the same field. In the highest class of lyric poetry their names stand eminent. Their field covers eighteen centuries of time, and the three names are Horace, Beranger and Burns. It is an interesting and suggestive fact, that each of these sprang from the humble walks of life. Each may be described as one—

"'Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil,'

and each proved by his life and achievements that, however hard the lot of poverty, 'a man's a man for a' that.'

"A great writer has said that it took the age forty years to catch Burns, so far was he in advance of the thoughts of his times. But we ought not to be surprised at the power he exhibited. We are apt to be misled when we seek to find the cause of greatness in the schools and universities alone. There is no necessary conflict between nature and art. In the highest and best sense art is as natural as nature. We do not wonder at the perfect beauty of the rose, although we may not understand the mysteries by which its delicate petals are fashioned and fed out of the grosser elements of earth. We do not wonder at the perfection of the rose because God is the artist. When He fashioned the germ of the rose-tree He made possible the beauties of its flower. The earth and air and sunshine conspired to unfold and adorn it—to tint and crown it with peerless beauty. When the Divine Artist would produce a poem, He plants a germ of it in a human soul, and out of that soul the poem springs and grows as from the rose-tree the rose.

"Burns was a child of nature. He lived close to her beating heart, and all the rich and deep sympathies of life glowed and lived in his heart. The beauties of earth, air and sky filled and transfigured him.

"'He did but sing because he must,
And piped but as the linnets sing.'

"With the light of his genius he glorified 'the banks and braes' of his native land, and, speaking for the universal human heart, has set its sweetest thought to music:

"'Whose echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.'"

Here we will add a metrical version of the third ode in Horace's First Book, which General Garfield made in 1873:

TO THE SHIP WHICH CARRIED VIRGIL TO ATHENS.

I.

So may the powerful goddess of Cyprus,
So may the brothers of Helen, turn stars,
So may the father and ruler of tempest
(Restraining all others, save only Iapix).

II.

Guide thee, O ship, on thy journey, that owest
To Attica's shores Virgil trusted to thee.
I pray thee restore him, in safety restore him,
And saving him, save me the half of my soul.

III.

Stout oak and brass triple surrounded his bosom
Who first to the waves of the merciless sea
Committed his frail bark. He feared not Africus,
Fierce battling the gales of the furious North.

IV.

Nor feared he the gloom of the rain-bearing Hyads,
Nor the rage of fierce Notus a tyrant than whom
No storm-god that rules or the broad Adriatic
Is mightier, its billows to rouse or to calm.

V.

What form, or what pathway of death him affrighted,
Who faced with dry eyes monsters swimming the deep,
Who gazed without fear on the storm-swollen billows,
And the lightning-scarred rocks, grim with death on the shore?

VI.

In vain did the prudent Creator dissever
The lands from the lands by the desolate sea,
If o'er its broad bosom, to mortals forbidden,
Still leap, all profanely, our impious keels.

VII.

Recklessly bold to encounter all dangers,
Through deeds God forbidden still rushes our race;
The son of Iapelus, Heaven-defying,
By impious fraud to the nations brought fire.

VIII.

When fire was thus stolen from regions celestial,
Decay smote the earth and brought down in his train
A new summoned cohort of fevers o'erbrooding,
And Fate, till then slow and reluctant to strike,

IX.

Gave wings to his speed and swift death to his victims.
Bold Dædalus tried the void realms of the air,
Borne upward on pinions not given to mortals,
The labors of Hercules broke into Hell.

X.

Naught is too high for the daring of mortals,
Even Heaven we seek in our folly to scale:
By our own impious crimes we permit not the thunder
To sleep without flame in the right hand of Jove.

CHAPTER XXI.

QUESTIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with his entry into Congress, Garfield began a course of severe study of financial and political economy, going home every evening to his modest lodgings on Thirteenth Street, with an armful of books borrowed from the Congressional Library, into which he deeply burrowed. This study was superbly lucrative. For his financial views have always been sound and based on the firm foundation of honest money and unsullied national honor. His record in the legislation concerning these subjects is without a flaw. No man in Congress made a more consistent and unwavering fight against the paper money delusions that flourished during the decade following the war, and in favor of specie payments and the strict fulfillment of the nation's obligations to its creditors. His speeches became the financial gospel of the Republican party.

We will quote some texts from this gospel. In the course of his strenuous fight against the repeal of the resumption act, Mr. Garfield said:

"The men of 1862 knew the dangers from sad experience in our history; and, like Ulysses, lashed themselves to the

mast of public credit when they embarked upon the stormy and boisterous sea of inflated paper money, that they might not be beguiled by the siren song that would be sung to them when they were afloat on the wild waves.

"But the times have changed; new men are on deck, men who have forgotten the old pledges, and now only twelve years have passed (for as late as 1865 this House, with but six dissenting votes, resolved again to stand by the old ways and bring the country back to sound money), only twelve years have passed, and what do we find? We find a group of theorists and doctrinaires who look upon the wisdom of the fathers as foolishness. We find some who advocate what they call 'absolute money,' who declare that a piece of paper stamped a 'dollar' is a dollar; that gold and silver are a part of the barbarism of the past, which ought to be forever abandoned. We hear them declaring that resumption is a delusion and a snare. We hear them declaring that the eras of prosperity are the eras of paper money. They point us to all times of inflation as periods of blessing to the people and prosperity to business; and they ask us no more to vex their ears with any allusion to the old standard—the money of the Constitution. Let the wild swarm of financial literature that has sprung into life within the last twelve years, witness how widely and how far we have drifted. We have lost our old moorings, and have thrown overboard our old compass; we sail by alien stars, looking not for the haven, but are afloat on a harborless sea.

"Suppose you undo the work that Congress has attempted —to resume specie payment—what will result? You will depreciate the value of the greenback. Suppose it falls ten cents on the dollar? You will have destroyed ten per cent. of the value of every deposit in the savings banks, ten per cent. of every life insurance policy and fire insurance policy, of every pension to the soldier, and of every day's wages of every laborer in the nation. The trouble with our greenback dollar is this: it has two distinct functions, one a purchasing

power, and the other a debt-paying power. As a debt-paying power, it is equal to one hundred cents; that is, to pay an old debt. A greenback dollar will, by law, discharge our hundred cents of debt. But no law can give it purchasing power in the general market of the world, unless it represents a known standard of coin value. Now, what we want is, that these two qualities of our greenback dollar shall be made equal—its debt-paying power and its general purchasing power. When these are equal, the problems of our currency are solved, and not till then. Summing it all up in a word, the struggle now pending in this House is, on the one hand, to make the greenback better, and on the other, to make it worse. The resumption act is making it better every day. Repeal that act, and you make it indefinitely worse. In the name of every man who wants his own when he has earned it, I demand that we do not make the wages of the poor man to shrivel in his hands after he has earned them; but that his money shall be made better and better, until the plow-holder's money shall be as good as the bondholder's money; until our standard is one, and there is no longer one money for the rich and another for the poor."

Privately he wrote to Mr. Hinsdale:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 15th, 1867.

"I appreciate what you say in reference to the currency question. My convictions on some points of that subject are so clear that I have a very plain duty to do, from which I dare not flinch, were I coward enough to desire to.

"The Phillipses are quite mistaken in supposing that theirs is a case without precedent. On the contrary, there are an abundance of precedents, both in our own and other countries, and they all teach the same lesson. Financial subjects are nuts and clover for demagogues. Men's first opinions are almost always wrong in regard to them, as they are in regard to astronomy, and he who reads the truths that lie deepest is in imminent danger of being tabooed for a madman.

"* * * It may be that before very long that the only escape out of the Butler-Pendleton bond repudiation scheme on the one hand, and the contraction and inflation fight on the other, is by the shortest road to specie payments, when the contractionists will be willing to let the inflationists have their fill of paper money so long as they redeem it, and when the cry that the soldier or his widow is paid in poorer money than the bondholder

would be ended. The early return to specie payments would settle more difficult and dangerous questions than any one such act has done in history, so far as I know. I am glad to have the opportunity of standing up against a rabble of men who hasten to make weathercocks of themselves.

"Think of this. December 8th, 1865, the House passed the following resolution by ayes 144, noes 6: '*Resolved*, That this House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency, with a view to as early resumption to specie payments as the business interests of the country will permit, and we hereby pledge co-operation to this end as speedily as possible.'

"Ten years ago but thirty-two men were found to vote against a bill to stop contraction altogether. There are near a hundred of the same men who voted on the two measures."

He has never wavered upon this issue. He voted to sustain the credit of the Government in all stages of the finance question. Many faltered, he always stood firm. In 1870 he pressed a resolution upon Congress pledging that body and the country to an honorable performance of its contracts, and in 1876, when the "fiat" rage was upon the people, and his party friends in Ohio fell away from him in all directions, he stood firm. To all protests and appeals he had but one answer, "It is honorable; it is just; it is right. Standing here may defeat my nomination, may defeat my election; but I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong." In his speech at Missillon, O., August 24th, 1878, speaking of resumption, he said:

"It is right because the public faith demands it; it is as unpatriotic as it is dishonest to attempt to prevent it. The highest interests both of labor and capital demand it."

Referring in the same speech to the substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes, he said:

"This makes a complete divorce between the business of the country and the volume of its circulating mediums. Are we prepared, under a Government which our fathers meant should be a hard-money Government, to banish gold and silver from circulation in the country for all time to come, and do the business of the country upon nothing but irredeemable paper, depending for its volume upon the will and caprice of the moment or upon the views of members of Congress seeking re-election or aspiring to higher places?"

When Mr. Garfield entered Congress, he observed that no one devoted himself to an examination of the appropriations in detail, and in order to acquaint himself so as to vote intelligently upon them, he submitted them to a careful analysis. This analysis he yearly delivered to the House, and it was from the start well received. It came in time to be called "Garfield's budget speech." Now each year he examines the appropriations carefully—being a member of the committee—and then makes his speech, which is always accepted as the exposition of the nation's condition. By its means and his committee work, he has largely reduced the expenditures of the Government and thoroughly reformed the system of estimates and appropriations, providing for closer accountability on the part of those who spend the public money, and a clear knowledge on the part of those who vote it of what it is used for.

Illustrating this he said on one occasion:

"The necessary expenditures of the Government form the

base line from which we measure the amount of our taxation required, and on which we base our system of finance. We have frequently heard it remarked since the session began, that we should make our expenditures come within our revenues—that we should 'cut our garment according to our cloth.' This theory may be correct when applied to private affairs, but it is not applicable to the wants of nations. Our national expenditures should be measured by the real necessities and the proper needs of the Government. We should cut our garment so as to fit the person to be clothed. If he be a giant we must provide cloth sufficient for a fitting garment.

"The Committee on Appropriations are seeking earnestly to reduce the expenditures of the Government, but they reject the doctrine that they should at all hazards reduce the expenditures to the level of the revenues, however small those revenues may be. They have attempted rather to ascertain what are the real and vital necessities of the Government; to find what amount of money will suffice to meet all its honorable obligations, to carry on all its necessary and essential functions, and to keep alive those public enterprises which the country desires its Government to undertake and accomplish. When the amount of expenses necessary to meet these objects is ascertained, that amount should be appropriated, and ways and means for procuring that amount should be provided. On some accounts, it is unfortunate that our work of appropriations is not connected directly with the work of taxation. If this were so, the necessity of taxation would be a constant check upon extravagance, and the practice of economy would promise, as its immediate result, the pleasure of reducing taxation."

Referring to Garfield's tariff record, it is both just and proper that we should state the protectionists of the country who have kept watch over tariff legislation during the past twenty

years, and who have assisted to shape and maintain the present tariff, are perfectly satisfied with his tariff votes and speeches. They and all other protectionists have, indeed, abundant reason to be thankful to him for valuable assistance rendered to the cause of home industry when it was in serious peril from free-trade attacks. His votes and speeches have been uniformly and constantly in favor of the protective policy. His first tariff speech in Congress was made in 1866. In this speech he carefully defined his position on the question of protection, as follows:

"I hold that a properly adjusted competition between home and foreign products is the best gauge to regulate international trade. *Duties should be so high that our manufacturers can fairly compete with the foreign product*, but not so high as to enable them to drive out the foreign article, enjoy a monopoly of the trade, and regulate the price as they please. This is my doctrine of protection. If Congress pursues this line of policy steadily, we shall, year by year, approach more nearly to the basis of free trade, because we shall be more nearly able to compete with other nations on equal terms. I am for a protection that leads to ultimate free trade. I am for that free trade which can only be achieved through a reasonable protection."

In his next tariff speech, delivered in 1870, upon General Schenck's tariff bill, which provoked a long and bitter controversy, General Garfield advised the protectionists of the House to assent to a moderate reduction of the war duties which were then in force; for the reason that they were

higher than was then necessary for the protection of our industries, and, being so, they gave occasion for unfriendly criticism of the protective policy, from which it should be relieved. He said:

"After studying the whole subject as carefully as I am able, I am firmly of the opinion that the wisest thing that the protectionists in this House can do is to unite in a moderate reduction of duties on imported articles. He is not a faithful representative who merely votes for the highest rate proposed in order to show on the record that he voted for the highest figure, and, therefore, is a sound protectionist. He is the wisest man who sees the tides and currents of public opinion, and uses his best efforts to protect the industry of the people against sudden collapses and sudden changes. Now, if I do not misunderstand the signs of the times, unless we do this ourselves, prudently and wisely, we shall before long be compelled to submit to a violent reduction, made rudely and without discrimination, which will shock if not shatter all our protected industries.

"The great want of industry is a stable policy; and it is a significant comment on the character of our legislation that Congress has become a terror to the business men of the country. This very day, the great industries of the nation are standing still, half paralyzed at the uncertainty which hangs over our proceedings here. A distinguished citizen of my own district has lately written me this significant sentence: 'If the laws of God and nature were as vacillating and uncertain as the laws of Congress in regard to the business of its people, the universe would soon fall into chaos.'

"Examining thus the possibilities of the situation, I believe that the true course for the friends of protection to pursue is to reduce the rates on imports when we can justly and safely do so; and, accepting neither of the extreme doctrines urged on this floor, endeavor to establish a stable policy that will commend itself to all patriotic and thoughtful people."

General Schenck's bill passed the House, June 6th, 1870, General Garfield voting for it in company with all the protectionists in that body. It passed the Senate during the same month, such leading protectionists as Senators Howe, Scott, Morrill, of Vermont, Sherman and Wilson, voting for it. The bill reduced the duties on a long list of articles—pig iron, for instance, from nine dollars to seven dollars—but it was a triumph of the protective policy and a disastrous defeat of the free-traders and revenue reformers, who had favored still lower duties. It embodied provisions that are retained in the existing tariff, with which all protectionists are entirely satisfied.

In 1872, two years after the passage of General Schenck's bill, a bill to reduce duties on imports and to reduce internal taxes was reported to the House of Representatives, by Mr. Dawes, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and after discussion it passed by a large majority, such prominent protectionists as Dawes, Frye, Foster, Frank W. Palmer, Ellis H. Roberts, William A. Wheeler, and George F. Hoar voting for it. General Garfield voted for it. Judge Kelley and sixty other protectionists voted against it. It became a law, passed the Senate by a two-thirds vote, such leading protectionists as Ferry, Howe, the two Morrills, Morton, Sherman and Wilson, supporting it. Protectionists, as will be seen, were not united upon the merits of this bill, which,

among other provisions, reduced the duty on many iron and steel products ten per cent., but there was no conflict of principle involved in their differences—nothing but a question of expediency.

Says a recent writer on this subject, giving a page of its history:

"In 1875, three years after the passage of the bill just referred to, Mr. Dawes, still chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill to further protect the sinking fund and to provide for the exigencies of the Government, which provided among other things for the restoration of the ten per cent. which had been taken from the duties on iron and steel by the act of 1872. This bill passed the House by a close vote, General Garfield voting for it, as did nearly every protectionist in the House. The bill passed the Senate and became a law, the vote being very close—yeas, 30; nays, 29. The protectionists in the Senate were almost unanimously in favor of it. Mr. Sherman made a strong speech against it, and Mr. Scott and Mr. Frelinghuysen very ably supported it. Mr. Sherman voted against it. The passage of this bill gave great encouragement to our prostrated iron and steel industries.

"The next tariff measure that came before Congress was the bill of Mr. Morrison, which was presented in the House in 1876, but was so vigorously opposed that it never reached the dignity of a square vote upon its merits. Two years afterward Mr. Wood undertook the preparation of a tariff bill which greatly reduced duties on most articles of foreign manufacture, and which he confidently hoped might become a law. This bill possessed more vitality than that of Mr. Morrison's, and it was with great difficulty that the friends of protection were able to secure its defeat. On the 4th of June General Garfield delivered an elaborate speech against it in committee of the whole, in the course of which he said:

"'I would have the duty so adjusted that every great American industry can fairly live and make fair profits. The chief charge I make against this bill is that it seeks to cripple the protective features of the law.'

"He further said, in concluding his speech:

"'A bill so radical in its character, so dangerous to our business prosperity, would work infinite mischief at this time, when the country is just recovering itself from a long period of depression and getting again upon solid ground, just coming up out of the wild sea of panic and distress which has tossed us so long.

"'Let it be remembered that twenty-two per cent. of all the laboring people of this country are artisans engaged in manufactures. Their culture has been fostered by our tariff laws. It is their pursuits and the skill which they have developed that produced the glory of our Centennial Exhibition. To them the country owes the splendor of the position it holds before the world more than to any other equal number of our citizens. If this bill becomes a law, it strikes down their occupation and throws into the keenest distress the brightest and best elements of our population.

"'When the first paragraph has been read I will propose to strike out the enacting clause. If the committee will do that we can kill the bill to-day.'

"On the day following the delivery of General Garfield's speech his suggestion to strike out the enacting clause was carried into effect, upon motion of Mr. Conger, and the bill was killed; yeas, 134; nays, 121. The majority against the bill was only 13.

"During the recent session of Congress a vigorous effort was made to break down the tariff by piecemeal legislation. 'Divide and conquer' was the motto of the free-traders. They were defeated in every effort to reduce duties, and in every instance they encountered General Garfield's opposition. Iron and steel manufacturers have good cause to remember his vote in the Ways and Means Committee last March on the bill of Mr. Covert to reduce the duty on steel rails. General Garfield voted with Judge Kelley and Messrs. Conger, Frye, Felton, Gibson and Phelps against any reduction, and

that was the end of Mr. Covert's bill—the vote being seven against to six in favor of it. Had the bill prevailed the entire line of duties on iron and steel and other manufactures would have been seriously endangered."

A word on another question of political economy to close this chapter appropriately, remembering the national work this year, is found in General Garfield's speech urging the importance of the last census:

"The developments of statistics are causing history to be re-written. Till recently the historian studied nature in the aggregate, and gave us only the story of princes, dynasties, sieges and battles. Of the people themselves—the great social body, with life, growth, forces, elements, etc.—he told us nothing. Now, statistical inquiry leads him into the hovels, homes, workshops, mines, fields, prisons, hospitals, and all places where human nature displays its weakness and strength. In these explorations he discovers the seed of national growth and decay, and thus becomes the prophet of his generation.

"Statistical science is indispensable to modern statesmanship. In legislation, as in physical science, it is beginning to be understood that we can control terrestrial forces only by obeying their laws. The legislator must formulate in his statistics not only the national will, but also those great laws of social life revealed by statistics. He must study society rather than black-letter learning. He must learn the truth that 'society usually prepares the crime, and the criminal is only the instrument that completes it;' that statesmanship consists rather in removing causes than in punishing or evading results."

CHAPTER XXII.

ARRAIGNING HIS ENEMIES.

GENERAL GARFIELD has ever dealt his enemies in Congress sledge-hammer blows, and yet not with any malignity or from the sly hand of revenge. His tongue has only been moved by what he considered the necessities of the situation. The inheritance of tradition from his district would, if no other cause had prompted, have allied him with the North when the Rebellion became a question for each and every one. His vigorous, clear mind needed no words to shape its course. Whenever the Union was concerned he answered every call with electric readiness.

One of his early speeches in Congress gave him high oratorical rank. Alexander Long, of Ohio, delivered in 1864 an exceedingly ultra Peace-Democratic speech—proposing that Congress should recognize the Southern Confederacy. The speech attracted marked attention, and by common consent it was left to the young member, so fresh from the battle-fields of his country, to reply. The moment Long took his seat, Garfield rose. His opening sentence thrilled his listeners. In a moment he was surrounded by a crowd of mem-

bers from the remoter seats, and in the midst of great excitement and wild applause from his side he poured forth an invective rarely surpassed in that body for power and elegance:

"MR. CHAIRMAN: I am reminded by the ocurrences of this afternoon of two characters in the War of the Revolution, as compared with two others in the war of to-day.

"The first was Lord Fairfax, who dwelt near the Potomac, a few miles from us. When the great contest was opened between the mother country and the colonies, Lord Fairfax, after a protracted struggle with his own heart, decided that he must go with the mother country. He gathered his mantle about him and went over grandly and solemnly.

"There was another man, who cast in his lot with the struggling colonists and continued with them till the war was well-nigh ended. In an hour of darkness that just preceded the glory of morning, he hatched the treason to surrender forever all that had been gained by the enemies of his country. Benedict Arnold was that man.

"Fairfax and Arnold find their parallel in the struggle of to-day.

"When this war was begun many good men stood hesitating and doubting what they ought to do. Robert E. Lee sat in his house across the river here, doubting and delaying, and going off at last almost tearfully to join the army of his State. He reminds one in some respects, of Lord Fairfax, the stately royalist of the Revolution.

"But now, when tens of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag; when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us, when our armies have pushed the rebellion back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it into narrow limits until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the up-

lifted hand of a majestic people is about to hurl the bolts of its conquering power upon the rebellion, now in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold and proposes to surrender all up, body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever to the accursed traitors to our country. And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved State—it comes from a citizen of the time-honored and loyal commonwealth of Ohio.

"I implore you, brethren, in this House, to believe that not many births ever gave pangs to my mother State, such as she suffered when that traitor was born! I beg you not to believe that on the soil of that State such another growth has ever deformed the face of nature, and darkened the light of God's day!"

The speech continued in the same strain, polished and powerful. Its delivery upon the spur of the moment, in immediate reply to an elaborate effort, which had taken him as well as the rest of the House by surprise, won him a crowning credit.

Four years ago he handles the same question, as it reappears, in another and less objectionable form. In the course of a speech, "Can the Democratic Party be Safely Intrusted with the Administration of the Government," in answer to Mr. Lamar, the Great Republican said:

"I share all that gentleman's aspirations for peace, for good government at the South—and I believe I can safely assure him that the great majority of the nation shares the same aspirations. But he will allow me to say that he has not fully stated the elements of the great problem to be solved by the

statesmanship of to-day. The actual field is much broader than the view he has taken. And before we can agree that the remedy he proposes is an adequate one, we must take in the whole field, comprehend all the conditions of the problem, and then see if his remedy is sufficient. The change he proposes is not like the ordinary change of a ministry in England, when the Government is defeated on a tax bill or some routine measure of legislation. He proposes to turn over the custody and management of the Government to a party which has persistently, and with the greatest bitterness, resisted all the great changes of the last fifteen years—changes which were the necessary results of a vast revolution—a revolution in national policy, in social and political ideas; a revolution whose causes were not the work of a day nor a year, but of generations and centuries.

"The scope and character of that mighty revolution must form the basis of our judgment when we inquire whether such a change as he proposes is safe and wise. But that is not all of the situation. On the other hand, we see the North, after leaving its three hundred and fifty thousand dead upon the field of battle and bringing home its five hundred thousand maimed and wounded to be cared for, crippled in its industries, staggering under the tremendous burden of public and private debt, and both North and South weighted with unparalleled burdens and losses—the whole nation suffering from that loosening of the bonds of social order which always follows a great war, and from the resulting corruption both in the public and the private life of the people. These, Mr. Chairman, constitute the vast field which we must survey in order to find the path which will soonest lead our beloved country to the highway of peace, of liberty and prosperity. Peace from the shock of battle, the higher peace of our streets, of our homes, of our equal rights, we must make secure by making the conquering ideas of the war everywhere dominant and permanent. But such a result can be reached only by comprehending the whole meaning of

the revolution through which we have passed and are still passing. I say still passing; for I remember that after the battle of arms comes the battle of history. The cause that triumphs in the field does not always triumph in history. And those who carried the war for union, and equal and universal freedom to a victorious issue can never safely relax their vigilance, until the ideas for which they fought have become embodied in the enduring forms of individual and national life.

"Has this been done? Not yet. I ask the gentleman in all plainness of speech, and yet in all kindness, is he correct in his statement that the conquered party accept the results of the war? Even if they do, I remind the gentleman that *accept* is not a very strong word. I go further. I ask him if the Democratic party have adopted the results of the war? Is it not asking too much of human nature to expect such unparalleled changes to be not only accepted, but in so short a time adopted by men of strong and independent opinions. This conflict of opinion was not merely one of sentimental feeling; it involved our whole political system; it gave rise to two radically different theories of the nature of our Government: the North believing and holding that we were a nation, the South insisting that we were only a confederation of sovereign States, and insisting that each State had the right, at its own discretion, to break the Union, and constantly threatening secession where the full rights of slavery were not acknowledged. Thus the defense and aggrandizement of slavery, and the hatred of abolitionism, became, not only the central idea of the Democratic party, but its master passion, a passion intensified and inflamed by twenty-five years of fierce political contest, which had not only driven from its ranks all those who preferred freedom to slavery, but had absorbed all the extreme pro-slavery elements of the fallen Whig party. Over against this was arrayed the Republican party, asserting the broad doctrines of nationality and loyalty, insisting that no State had a right to secede,

that secession was treason, and demanding that the institution of slavery should be restricted to the limits of the States where it already existed. But here and there, many bolder and more radical thinkers declared, with Wendell Phillips, that there never could be union and peace, freedom and prosperity, until we were willing to see John Hancock under a black skin. Now, I ask the gentleman if he is quite sure, as a matter of fact, that the Democratic party, its southern as well as its northern wing, have followed his own illustrious and worthy example in the vast progress he has made since 1859? He assures us that the transformation has been so complete, that the nation can safely trust all the most precious fruits of the war in the hands of that party who stood with him in 1859. If that be true, I rejoice at it with all my heart; but the gentleman must pardon me if I ask him to assist my wavering faith by some evidence, some consoling proofs. When did the great transformation take place? Certainly not within two years after the delivery of the speech I have quoted; for, two years from that time the contest has arisen much higher; it had risen to the point of open, terrible and determined war. Did the change come during the war? Oh, no; for, in the four terrible years ending in 1865, every resource of courage and power that the Southern States could muster was employed not only to save slavery, but to destroy the Union. So the transformation had not occurred in 1865. When did it occur? Aid our anxious inquiry, for the nation ought to be sure that the great change has occurred before it can safely trust its destinies to the Democratic party. Did it occur in the first epoch of reconstruction—the two years immediately following the war? During that period the attempt was made to restore governments in the South on the basis of the white vote. Military control was held generally, but the white population of the Southern States were invited to elect their own legislatures and establish provisional governments. In the laws, covering a period of two and a half years, 1865, 1866, and a portion of 1867, enacted by those

legislatures, we ought to find proof of the transformation, if it had then occurred. What do we find? What we should naturally expect, that a people, accustomed to the domination of slavery, re-enacted in almost all of the Southern States, and notably in the States of Mississippi and Louisiana, laws limiting and restricting the liberty of the colored man; vagrant laws and peonage laws, whereby negroes were sold at auction for the payment of a paltry tax or fine, and held in a slavery as real as the slavery of other days. I believe this was true of nearly all of the Southern States; so that the experiment of allowing the white population of the South to adjust that very question proved a frightful failure; and then it was that the National Congress intervened. They proposed an act of reconstruction, an act which became a law on the 2d of March, 1867. That was the plan of reconstruction offered to those who had been in rebellion, offered by a generous and brave nation; and I challenge the world to show an act of equal generosity to a conquered people. What answer did it meet? By the advice of Andrew Johnson, a bad adviser, backed by the advice of the Northern Democracy, a still worse adviser, ten of the eleven States lately in rebellion contemptuously rejected the plan of reconstruction embraced in the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution. They would have none of it; they had been advised by their Northern allies to stand out, and were told when the Democracy came into power they should be permitted to come back to their places without guarantees or conditions. This brings us to 1868. Had the transformation occurred then? For, remember, gentlemen, I am searching for the date of the great transformation similar to that which has taken place in the gentleman from Mississippi. We do not find it in 1868. On the contrary, in that year, we find Frank P. Blair, of Missouri, writing these words, which, a few days after they were written, gave him the nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Democratic ticket:

"'There is but one way to restore government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare

these acts'—and the Constitutional Amendment with them—'to declare all these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, and disperse the carpet-bag State governments, and allow the white people to recognize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives.'

"Because he wrote that letter he was nominated for Vice-President by the Democratic party. Therefore, as late as July, 1868, the transformation had not occurred. Had it occurred in 1872? In 1871 and 1872 all the amendments of the Constitution had been adopted, against the stubborn resistance of the Northern and Southern Democracy. I call you to witness that, with the exception of three or four Democratic representatives, who voted for the abolition of slavery, the three great amendments, the thirteenth, the fourteenth and the fifteenth, met the determined and united opposition of the Democracy of this country. Each of the amendments, now so praised by the gentleman, was adopted against the whole weight of your resistance. And two years after the adoption of the last amendment, in many of your State platforms, they were declared null and void. In 1871 and 1872 occurred throughout the South those dreadful scenes, enacted by the Ku-Klux organizations, of which I will say only this: that a man *facile princeps* among the Democrats of the slave-holding States—Reverdy Johnson—who was sent down to defend those who were indicted for their crimes, held up his hands in horror at the shocking barbarities that had been perpetrated by his clients upon negro citizens. I refer to the evidence of that eminent man, as a sufficient proof of the character of that great conspiracy against the freedom of the colored race. So the transformation had not come in the days of Ku-Klux, of 1871 and 1872. Had it come in 1873 and the beginning of 1874? Had it come in the State of Mississippi? Had it come in one-quarter of the States lately in rebellion? Here is a report from an honorable committee of the House, signed by two gentlemen who are still members,

Mr. Conger and Mr. Hurlbut—a report made as late as December, 1874, in which there is disclosed, by innumerable witnesses, the proof that the white-line organization, an avowed military organization, formed within the Democratic party, had leagued themselves together to prevent the enjoyment of suffrage and equal rights by the colored men of the South.

"Mr. Chairman, after the facts I have cited, am I not warranted in raising a grave doubt whether the transformation occurred at all, except in a few patriotic and philosophic minds? The light gleams first on the mountain peaks; but shadows and darkness linger in the valley. It is in the valley masses of those lately in rebellion that the light of this beautiful philosophy, which I honor, has not penetrated. Is it safer to withhold from them the custody and supreme control of the precious treasures of the Republic until the mid-day sun of liberty, justice and equal laws shall shine upon them with unclouded ray? In view of all the facts, considering the centuries of influence that brought on the great struggle, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will require yet more time to effect the great transformation? The gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. Lamar) says there is no possibility that the South will again control national affairs, if the Democracy be placed again in power. How is this? We are told that the South will vote as a unit for Tilden and Hendricks. Suppose those gentlemen also carry New York and Indiana. Does the gentleman believe that a northern minority of the Democracy will control the administration? Impossible! But if they did, would it better the case?

"Let me put the question in another form. Suppose, gentlemen of the South, you had won the victory in the war; that you had captured Washington, and Gettysburg, and Philadelphia, and New York; and we of the North, defeated and conquered, had lain prostrate at your feet. Do you believe that by this time you would be ready and willing to intrust to us—our Garrisons, our Phillipses, and our Wades, and

the great array of those who were the leaders of our thoughts —the fruits of your victory, the enforcement of your doctrines of State sovereignty, and the work of extending the domain of slavery? Do you think so? And if not, will you not pardon us when we tell you that we are not quite ready to trust the precious results of the nation's victory in your hands? Let it be constantly borne in mind that I am not debating a question of equal rights and privileges within the Union, but whether those who so lately sought to destroy it ought to be chosen to control its destiny for the next four years.

"It is now time to inquire as to the fitness of this Democratic party to take control of our great nation and its vast and important interests for the next four years. I put the question to the gentleman from Mississippi, Mr. Lamar, what has the Democratic party done to merit that great trust? He tries to show in what respects it would be dangerous. I ask him to show in what it would be safe. I affirm, and I believe I do not misrepresent the great Democratic party, that in the last sixteen years they have not advanced one great national idea that is not to-day exploded and as dead as Julius Cæsar. And if any Democrat here will rise and name a great national doctrine his party has advanced, within that time, that is now alive and believed in, I will yield to him. [A pause.] In default of an answer I will attempt to prove my negative.

"What were the great central doctrines of the Democratic party in the Presidential struggle of 1860? The followers of Breckenridge said slavery had a right to go wherever the Constitution goes. Do you believe that to-day? And is there a man on this continent that holds that doctrine to-day? Not one. That doctrine is dead and buried. The other wing of the Democracy held that slavery might be established in the territories if the people wanted it. Does anybody hold that doctrine to-day? Dead, absolutely dead!

"Come down to 1864. Your party, under the lead of Tilden and Vallandingham, declared the experiment of war to save

the Union was a failure. Do you believe that doctrine to-day? That doctrine was shot to death by the guns of Farragut at Mobile, and driven in a tempest of fire from the valley of the Shenandoah by Sheridan less than a month after its birth at Chicago.

"Come down to 1868. You declared the Constitutional Amendments revolutionary and void. Does any man on this floor say so to-day? If so, let him rise and declare it.

"Do you believe in the doctrine of the Broadhead letter of 1868, that the so-called Constitutional Amendments should be disregarded? No; the gentleman from Mississippi accepts the results of the war! The Democratic doctrine of 1868 is dead!

"I walk across that Democratic campaign-ground as in a graveyard. Under my feet resound the hollow echoes of the dead. There lies slavery, a black marble column at the head of its grave, on which I read: Died in the flames of the civil war; loved in its life; lamented in its death; followed to its bier by its only mourner, the Democratic party, but dead! And here is a double grave: sacred to the memory of squatter sovereignty. Died in the campaign of 1860. On the reverse side: Sacred to the memory of Dred Scott and the Breckinridge doctrine. Both dead at the hands of Abraham Lincoln! And here a monument of brimstone: Sacred to the memory of the rebellion: the war against it is a failure; *Tilden et Vallandingham fecerunt*, A. D. 1864. Dead on the field of battle; shot to death by the million guns of the Republic. The doctrine of secession; of state sovereignty, dead. Expired in the flames of civil war, amid the blazing rafters of the Confederacy, except that the modern Æneas, fleeing out of the flames of that ruin, bears on his back another Anchises of State sovereignty, and brings it here in the person of the honorable gentlemen from the Appomattox district of Virginia (Mr. Tucker). All else is dead.

"Now, gentlemen, are you sad, are you sorry for these deaths? Are you not glad that secession is dead? that slavery

is dead? that squatter sovereignty is dead? that the doctrine of the failure of the war is dead? Then you are glad that you were outvoted in 1860, in 1864, in 1868 and in 1872. If you have tears to shed over these losses, shed them in the graveyard, but not in this house of living men. I know that many a Southern man rejoices that these issues are dead. The gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. Lamar) has clothed his joy with eloquence.

"Now, gentlemen, if you yourselves are glad that you have suffered defeat during the last sixteen years, will you not be equally glad when you suffer defeat next November? But pardon that remark; I regret it: I should use no bravado.

"Now, gentlemen, come with me for a moment into the camp of the Republican party and review its career. Our central doctrine in 1860 was that slavery should never extend itself over another foot of American soil. Is that doctrine dead? It is folded away like a victorious banner; its truth is alive for evermore on this continent. In 1864 we declared that we would put down the rebellion and secession. And that doctrine lives, and will live when the second centennial has arrived. Freedom—national, universal and perpetual—our great Constitutional Amendments, are they alive or dead? Alive, thank the God that shields both liberty and the Union. And our national credit! saved from the assaults of Pendleton; saved from the assaults of those who struck it later, rising higher and higher at home and abroad; and only now in doubt lest its chief, its only enemy, the Democracy, should triumph in November.

"Mr. Chairman, ought the Republican party to surrender its truncheon of command to the Democracy? The gentleman from Mississippi says if this were England the ministry would go out in twenty-four hours, with such a state of things as we have here. Ah, yes! that is an ordinary case of change of administration. But if this were England, what would she have done at the end of the war? England made one such mistake as the gentleman asks this country to make, when

she threw away the achievements of the grandest man that ever trod her highway of power. Oliver Cromwell had overthrown the throne of despotic power and had lifted his country to a place of masterful greatness among the nations of the earth; and when, after his death, his great sceptre was transferred to a weak though not unlenial hand, his country, in a moment of reactionary blindness, brought back the Stuarts. England did not recover from this folly until, in 1689, the prince of Orange drove from her island the last of that weak and wicked line. Did she afterward repeat the blunder?"

Combating Democratic measures, as Garfield always has, the opportunity offered by the extra session of the Forty-sixth Congress was not lost. Concerning it, he said:

"Mr. Speaker, we have probably never legislated on any question, the influence of which reaches further, both territorially and in time, and touches more interests, more vital interests, than are touched by this and similar bills. No man can doubt that within recent years, and notably within recent months, the leading thinkers of the civilized world have become alarmed at the attitude of the two precious metals in relation to each other; and many leading thinkers are becoming clearly of the opinion that by some wise, judicious arrangement both the precious metals must be kept in service for the currency of the world. And this opinion has been very rapidly gaining ground within the last six months, to such an extent that England, which for more than half a century has stoutly adhered to the single gold standard, is now seriously meditating how she may harness both these metals to the monetary car of the world. And yet, outside of this capital, I do not this day know of a single great and recognized advocate of bimetallic money who regards it prudent or safe for any nation largely to increase the coinage standard of silver coin at the present time beyond the limits fixed by existing laws.

France and the States of the Latin Union, that has long believed in bi-metallism, maintained it against all comers, and have done all in their power to advocate it throughout the world, dare not coin a single silver coin, and have not done so since 1874. The most strenuous advocates of bi-metallism in those countries say it would be ruinous to bi-metallism for France or the Latin Union to coin any more silver at present. The remaining stock of German silver now for sale, amounting to from forty to seventy-five millions of dollars, is a standing menace to the exchanges and silver coinage of Europe. One month ago the leading financial journal of London proposed that the Bank of England buy one-half of the German surplus and hold it five years, on condition that the German Government shall hold the other half off the market. The time is ripe for some wise and prudent arrangement among the nations to save silver from a disastrous break-down. Yet we, who during the past two years have coined far more silver dollars than we ever before coined since the foundation of the Government; ten times as many as we coined during half a century of our national life; are to-day ignoring and defying the enlightened, universal opinion of bi-metallism, and saying that the United States, single-handed and alone, can enter the field and settle the mighty issue alone. We are justifying the old proverb, that 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' It is sheer madness, Mr. Speaker. I once saw a dog on a great stack of hay, that had been floated out into the wild, overflowed stream of a river, with its stack-pen and foundations still holding together, but ready to be wrecked. For a little while the animal appeared to be perfectly happy. His hay-stack was there, and the pen around it, and he seemed to think the world bright and his happiness secure, while the sunshine fell softly on his head and hay. But by and by he began to discover that the house and the barn, and their surroundings, were not all there, as they were when he went to sleep the night before; and he began to see that he could not con-

mand all the prospect and peacefully dominate the scene as he had done before. So with this House. We assume to manage this mighty question, which has been launched on the wild current that sweeps over the whole world, and we bark from our legislative hay-stacks as though we commanded the whole world. In the name of common sense and sanity, let us take some account of the flood; let us understand that a deluge means something, and try, if we can, to get our bearings before we undertake to settle the affairs of all mankind by a vote of this House. To-day we are coining one-third of all the silver that is being coined in the round world. China is coining another third; and all other nations are using the remaining one-third for subsidiary coin. And if we want to take rank with China and part company with all of the civilized nations of the Western world, let us pass this bill, and then 'bay the moon,' as we float down the whirling channel to take our place among the silver monometallists of Asia.

"Mr. Chairman, the dogma of State Sovereignty, which has re-awakened to such vigorous life in this chamber, has borne such bitter fruits, and entailed such suffering upon our people, that it deserves more particular notice. It should be noticed that the word 'Sovereignty' cannot be fitly applied to any government in this country. It is not found in our Constitution. It is a feudal word, born of the despotism of the middle ages, and was unknown even in imperial Rome. A 'Sovereign' is a person, a prince who has subjects that owe him allegiance. There is no one paramount sovereign in the United States. There is no person here who holds any title or authority whatever, except the official authority given him by law. Americans are not subjects, but citizens. Our only sovereign is the whole people. To talk about the 'inherent sovereignty' of a corporation—an artificial person—is to talk nonsense; and we ought to reform our habit of speech on that subject. But what do gentlemen mean when they tell us that a State is sovereign? What does sovereignty mean, in its ac-

cepted use, but a political corporation having no superior? Is a State of this Union such a corporation? Let us test it by a few examples drawn from the Constitution. No State of this Union can make war or conclude a peace. Without the consent of Congress it cannot raise or support an army or a navy. It cannot make a treaty with a foreign power, nor enter into any agreement or compact with another State. It cannot levy imposts or duties on imports or exports. It cannot coin money. It cannot regulate commerce. It cannot authorize a single ship to go into commission anywhere on the high seas; if it should, that ship would be seized as a pirate or confiscated by the laws of the United States. A State cannot emit bills of credit. It can enact no law which makes anything but gold and silver a legal tender. It has no flag except the flag of the Union. And there are many other subjects on which the States are forbidden by the Constitution to legislate. How much inherent sovereignty is left in a corporation which is thus shorn of all these great attributes of sovereignty? But this is not all. The Supreme Court of the United States may declare null and void any law, or any clause of the Constitution of a State, which happens to be in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States. Again, the States appear as plaintiffs and defendants before the Supreme Court of the United States. They may sue each other; and until the Eleventh Amendment was adopted a citizen might sue a State. These 'sovereigns' may all be summoned before their common superior to be judged. And yet they are endowed with supreme inherent sovereignty? Again, the government of a State may be absolutely abolished by Congress, in case it is not republican in form.

"And finally, to cap the climax of this absurd pretension, every right possessed by one of these 'sovereign' States, every inherent sovereign right, except the single right to equal representation in the Senate, may be taken away, without its consent, by the vote of two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the States. But, in spite of all these disabilities, we hear

them paraded as independent, sovereign States, the creators of the Union and the dictators of its powers. How inherently 'sovereign' must be that State west of the Mississippi, which the nation bought and paid for with the public money, and permitted to come into the Union a half century after the Constitution was adopted! And yet we are told that States are inherently sovereign, and create the national government. Half a century ago, this heresy threatened the stability of the nation. The eloquence of Webster and his compeers, and the patriotism and high courage of Andrew Jackson, resisted and for a time destroyed its powers; but it continued to live as the evil genius, the incarnate devil, of America; and, in 1861, it was the fatal phantom that lured eleven millions of our people into rebellion against their Government. Hundreds of thousands of those who took up arms against the Union, stubbornly resisted all inducements to that fatal step until they were summoned by the authority of their States."

A single bold passage (were it possible, we would give in full,) from his speech on counting the electoral vote must find a place here:

"When you tell me that civil war is threatened by any party or State in this Republic, you have given me a supreme reason why an American Congress should refuse, with unutterable scorn, to listen to those who threaten, or do any act whatever under the coercion of threats by any power on earth. With all my soul, I despise your threat of civil war, come it from what quarter or what it may. Brave men, certainly a brave nation, will do nothing under such compulsion. We are intrusted with the work of obeying and defending the Constitution. I will not be deterred from obeying it, because somebody threatens to destroy it. I dismiss all that class of motives as unworthy of Americans.

"What, then, are the grounds on which we should con-

sider a bill like this? It would be unbecoming in me or in any member of this Congress to oppose this bill on mere technical or trifling grounds. It should be opposed, if at all, for reasons so broad, so weighty as to overcome all that has been said in its favor, and all the advantages which I have here admitted, may follow from its passage. I do not wish to diminish the stature of my antagonist; I do not wish to undervalue the points of strength in a measure, before I question its propriety. It is not enough that this bill will tide us over a present danger, however great. Let us for a moment forget Hayes and Tilden, Republicans and Democrats; let us forget our own epoch and our own generations; and, entering a broader field, inquire how this thing which we are about to do will affect the great future of our Republic; and, in what condition, if we pass this bill, we shall transmit our institutions to those who shall come after us. The present good which we shall achieve by it may be very great; yet if the evils that will flow from it in the future must be greater, it would be base in us to flinch from trouble by entailing remediless evils upon our children."

President Garfield's position on the Chinese Question, is not stated in any speech of his, and only lightly touched upon in his letter of acceptance. The *Wheeling* (West Virginia) *Intelligencer*, printed, December 5th, 1877, an account of an interview with the great Republican, which more fully elaborates his views. Alluding to the idea quite strongly held by many writers, that the Chinese intend a conquest of Europe, General Garfield said:

"The Mongolian race is capable of great personal prowess. Being fatalists, they dare everything for the end they have in view. Their food is simple, easily supplied and

easily transported. Their endurance of fatigue is proverbial. Once organized and in motion they could swarm into Russia as irresistibly as the locusts of Egypt, and upon the Pacific coast of this continent as numerous and destructive as the grasshoppers. Once started, where would they stop? Civilization would retire before them as from a plague. Look at the plague spots in San Francisco to-day. Nobody lives in them but Chinese. Nobody else can live in them. I have seen in a space no greater than the length and height in this sleeping-car berth, in a Chinese tenement quarter in San Francisco, the home of twelve Chinaman. In that space they actually lived—yes, actually lived most of their time. There they crouched (all doubled up), and there they cooked, ate, slept, and, in a word, lived. They cooked with a little lamp a mess of stuff that they import from China, which, like their rice food, is very cheap, and a mere pittance in the way of earnings on the street, will supply them food and clothes for an indefinite time. A few cents per day is more to them than a dollar to the commonest American laborer. Hence the lowest grade of poor paid labor retires before them as it would before a pestilence.

"This is not all. They have no assimilation whatever to Caucasian civilization. The negro assimilates with the Caucasian. He wants all that we want. He adopts our civilization—professes our religion—works for our wages, and is a customer for everything that civilization produces. Hence (using a figure of physiology) we can take him up in the circulation of the body politic and assimilate him—make a man and a brother of him, as the phrase goes; but not so in the least degree with the Chinaman.

"And this brings me to say that one of the great questions that now press upon Congress and the country for immediate attention and solution, is what shall we do with reference to Chinese immigration? We have always refused to citizenize them. Shall we continue the treaty under which they are immigrating to our shores?"

Before taking leave of Garfield's Congressional career, it will doubtless please the reader to peruse a few of the letters our successful statesman wrote during his long years in and about the capital. The first are to Colonel Rockwell:

"HIRAM, OHIO, August 30th, 1869.

"It seems as though each year added more to the work that falls to my share. This season I have the main weight of the Census Bill and the reports to carry, and the share of the Ohio campaign that falls to me, and in addition to all this I am running in debt and building a house in Washington. On looking over I found I had paid out over $5,000 since I first went to Congress, for rent alone, and all this is a dead loss; so, finding an old staff-officer Maj. D. G. Swaim, I negotiated enough to enable me to get a lot on the corner of Thirteenth and I Streets, north, opposite to Franklin Square, and I have got a house three-quarters done. It may be a losing business, but I hope I shall be able to sell it when I am done with it, so as to save myself and the rent."

"HIRAM, OHIO, August 6th, 1870.

"I have at last reached home in the green fields and pure air of the country, and for the first time in many months have a few days of comparative rest now before the opening of the fall campaign.

"My work during the last Congressional year has been harder than ever before. I gave eighty days' hard work last summer and fall to the census, and, though I carried my bill successfully through the House, it failed in the Senate. Then I spent forty days on the Gold Panic Investigation and Report, nearly all the work of which I did. Then I gave three or four weeks' hard work to the Tariff Bill, and more than that amount to the Currency Bill, which I had charge of and which created a long and strong combat. Add to this all the usual outside work and two cases in the Supreme Court, one of which I argued and won, and you will see that it filled my days and many of my nights with about as close grubbing as I was capable of performing. On the whole I have done as much as I had any reason to hope I should

"I was very much obliged for your discussion of the Indian Affairs. You can see how nearly impossible it is for a member of Congress, nearly a thousand miles away from the scene of Indian events, and knowing nothing but what he learns from vague and contradictory reports, to understand the real situation, and to provide wise and efficient means for managing a subject so difficult and so impossible to handle by general laws or regulations. I have from the first been in favor of the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department; but the Piegan massacre and the personal quarrel of which you speak prevented the transfer. I twice got the bill through the House. I shall take the liberty to write to Secretary Cox and quote some passages from your letter."

Then to Mr. B. A. Hinsdale:

"WASHINGTON, May 20th, 1879.

"I have read your letter carefully. It is all interesting, and some of your reflections and suggestions are very valuable. I will notice your points in the order you state them.

"FIRST.—You think my position in the first speech was greatly modified, if not abandoned, in the second, because, first, from the speech of March 29th, the ordinary reader would get the idea that revolution comes in on the rider, and not in insisting upon the rider when it could not command a two-thirds vote; second, that the latter point is not mentioned at all in my first speech, and no intimation is made that the rider is ever legitimate. It is no doubt true that the reader of my first speech, who had not paid special attention to the transactions of Congress during the preceding month, might fail to understand what was plain to my hearers who had listened to the debate, in which the Democrats had repeatedly stated that their reason for putting their independent legislation upon the appropriation bill as a rider, was because they were certain it would be vetoed if passed as an independent measure, and their only hope of success was to pass no appropriation bills without the riders.

"Several of these declarations are quoted in the President's veto of the Army Appropriation Bill. But I don't think that the ordinary reader can find anything in my first speech which implies that it is revolutionary to put a rider on an appropriation bill.

"It is singular that no member of Congress who replied to me attempted to show, by any quotation from my speech, that I had said so.

"On the contrary, I think the ordinary reader will understand that I was discussing the refusal to vote supplies if the ridered bill should be vetoed.

"Let me call your attention to the fact that, after developing, on pages 6, 7 and 8 of the first speech, the doctrine of the voluntary powers of the government, and that the free consent of the House, the Senate, and the President, or two-thirds of the House and Senate against the President's consent is the basis of all our laws, I say at the close of page 8: 'The programme announced two weeks ago was, that if the Senate refused to consent to the demands of the House, the government should stop. And the proposition was then, and the programme is now, that, although there is not a Senate to be coerced, there is still a third independent branch in the legislative power of the government whose consent is to be coerced at the peril of the destruction of this government. That is, if the President, in the discharge of his duty, shall exercise his plain constitutional right to refuse his consent to this proposed legislation, Congress will so use its voluntary powers as to destroy the government.'

"This is the proposition which we confront, and we denounce as revolutionary. That is, the Democratic party in Congress, knowing it had not a two-thirds majority, declared that if the President refused his signature to their independent legislation, they would not vote supplies, and would let the government perish of inanition. My replies to the questions of Mr. Stevens, page 11, and Mr. Davis, page 14, are to the same effect, from the beginning to the end of the speech. I was discussing their proposition, that if they could not pass their measures of independent legislation in spite of the President's veto—and they knew they could not—they would refuse to vote supplies. As Mr. Beck said: 'Whether that course is right or wrong, it will be adhered to, no matter what happens to the appropriation bill.'

"My theme was the proposed coercion of the President and the threat of stopping the government.

"I think it appears from the foregoing that I did not call riders revolutionary. I said nothing about the legitimacy of riders, because that was not my theme.

"SECOND.—You think, *first*, that I used the word revolution in a loose stump-speech sense, and not in the more serious sense in which statesmen should employ it; *second*, and you see nothing in the state of the public mind outside of Congress to indicate any general concurrence in my opinion that revolution was threatened. I know the word is sometimes loosely used in reference to changes of a quiet sort. We say, for example, there has been a revolution in the common-school system. I do not think I am open to the charge of using it either in the stump-speech or in the milder sense just referred to. Certainly we had a revolution in 1861; but before we came to blows the revolution was prepared by the attempt of the South to put in force the doctrine that a State was sovereign and had a right to secede from the Union. To put that doctrine in practice was to destroy the government, and dissolution was revolution.

"Now, the Democratic programme, as announced by Thurman, Beck, and the rest, is that, whatever may be the consequence, they will not vote supplies unless certain laws are repealed; and, not having the constitutional power to repeal those laws, they have thus far refused to vote supplies. Continued persistence in that refusal destroys the government. I denounce their policy and purpose as threatened revolution. If that which inevitably destroys the government be not revolution, in the largest and most dangerous sense of that word, I am wholly mistaken.

"You say you do not see signs of revolution in the country: nor do I. I saw it only in Congress. The title of my speech was 'Revolution in Congress,' and I resisted it there in order that it might not spread and become revolution throughout the whole Union. I do not now believe it will ripen into completed revolution, because the purposes of the Democracy having been disclosed, public opinion will break them down. I think my speech has done something toward breaking them down by disclosing their purposes. The responses of the country before I made my second speech greatly relieved my apprehensions, and I felt less for the result April 4th than I did March 29th, though the Democracy had not abandoned their scheme, nor have they done so yet.

"THIRD.—Your analysis of the elements that make up the spirit of the Republican party is certainly just in the main. It would not be possible for any party to be the chief actor in the events of the past twenty-five years without being influenced by the spirit of the events themselves. Our recent history has developed a war-horse type of Republican which I agree with you in despising as a permanent element; but I do not agree with you that the present agitation is an outcome on the part of Republicans to get up a new cry. We do not get up the cry, we do not bring in this new issue. My analysis of the situation is this: Two Democratic leaders, Tilden and Thurman, are engaged in a desperate struggle for the next Presidency. Tilden hopes to be elected on the reminiscences of 1876. The Potter Committee was appointed to infuse the belief that Tilden had been counted out by fraud. Tilden had been gaining ground as a candidate, and if Thurman merely joined in this cry of fraud, he carried coals to Tilden's cellar and did not help himself. He therefore raised a new issue to rally the party

around him. His cry was: 'No military interference with elections! 'Down with the bayonet at the polls!' 'Down with national interference with elections!' The only way that he and his associates could elevate this issue into prominence was by threatening to stop the government if his aggravations are not redressed. Not to have resisted this scheme would have been criminal on our part. It is true that in resisting it the war-horse type of Republican has found new employment, and many of the undesirable elements of our party are delighted that this issue has been raised. This could not be otherwise; but it is not just to say that Republicans have raised the issue to feed their taste for gore.

"I note, with great interest, what you say about the recent history of my mind and the effect of stump-speaking upon my modes of thinking. I have no doubt that it induces a looseness and superficiality of thought and an extravagance of expression; but, on the other hand, it has some compensations. A man addressing a great and mixed audience, composed of friends and enemies, is certainly impelled to be more careful in his statements of facts than one who has his audience all to himself. He is much less liable to become epigrammatical and self-confident in his own views than those who have a friendly audience, where nobody opposes or puts questions. I should be grieved indeed if I felt that political speaking was weakening my love of study and reflection in other directions. I thank you for the suggestions, and shall keep watch of myself all the more in consequence of them. But it occurs to me I have made more speeches of the kind you approve within the last six months than of the kind you disapprove. For example, the Henry speech, the speech on the Relation of the Government to Science, the Sugar Tariff speech, the speech on Mr. Schleicher, the Chicago speech, and the two articles in the *North American Review*."

"WASHINGTON, July 7th, 1879.

"The session has been a most uncomfortable one; but, on the whole, it has been valuable in the new class of topics it has brought into discussion. The Democrats completely abandoned the main ground which they at first took, and the most sensible among them do not hesitate to admit privately that it was wholly untenable. Instead of withholding $45,000,000 of appropriations to compel the redress of grievances, they withheld only $600,000, and they did not carry as many points of legislation as were tendered them at the close of the last Congress. The course of justice can only be kept by the marshals advancing the necessary money, and run the risk of Congress paying them hereafter; but their powers and official authority are not impaired. * * *

"Partywise, the extra session has united the Republicans more than anything since 1868, and it bids fair to give us 1880."

GEN. GARFIELD'S HOME, MENTOR, OHIO.

his title, in the estimation of many men, but the behavior of a great nation in the administration of its laws at a critical moment is more important that the fate of any one man or party. We have reached the place where the road is marked by no footprint, and we must make a direct line to be fit to follow after we are dead. It is only at such times that the domain of law is enlarged and the safeguard of liberty is increased. I confess to you that I do not feel adequate to the task; but I shall do my best to point out a worthy way to the light and the right."

"WASHINGTON, March 10th, 1877.

"It is due to Hayes that we stand by him and give his policy a fair trial. I understand he wants me to stay in the House. I shall see him this evening, and if he is decided in his wishes on that point, I shall probably decline to be a candidate for the Senate. On many accounts I would like to take that place, but it seems to fall to my lot to make the sacrifice. It is probable, though not certain, that I could be elected if I ran."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISIT TO LAWNFIELD.

IT is essential that the reader should take a quick glance at President Garfield's home—for the White House is but his visiting place—and to do that I must beg him to come with me to Lawnfield on a visit that the author paid to General Garfield during the summer of 1880. In this way the reader can obtain an essentially necessary knowledge of the President as a man; on that side of his life, the domestic, which reveals him one of the noblest of the people.

The station at which I got out was Mentor, twenty-six miles from Cleveland, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. The drive to the house was over a flat country, which had evidently once been overflowed, and a part of the botttom of the lake—distant about two miles. It was Mentor all along, not a regular town but a thickly settled neighborhood. There were houses every hundred rods or so, and little farms, orchards and gardens around them. The General, as Garfield was called, was the big man of the place, and owned one hundred and sixty acres of land. While driving along the Mentor road one day in 1877, he observed the quiet country

beauty of the place, and thought he would like to live there. He bought one hundred and twenty acres, and afterward added forty. There was a cottage on the ground, and it made a very comfortable home for the family until the general went to Washington, when he ordered it removed and a better building put in its place.

Such a home at best is but a slight affair when viewed from the palatial magnificence of a Fifth Avenue, and probably many a politician would consider General Garfield's house no house at all. But it was and is all sufficient for the needs of the first Republican of his time, who, I venture to say, is far more at home at Mentor than ever he will be in the White House.

We soon arrived at Lawnfield, and I went to a little office just behind the house, though in view, and inquired for the general.

"He's out on the farm," replied one of the two secretaries busy at work writing, "I will go and find him."

During the minute the secretary was absent I examined the house with my eyes. It was two and a half stories high and in an unfinished state. The walls were painted white and relieved by a roof of a dark Turkish red. The lawn about was liberally dotted with fruit trees, in the spreading branches of one of which—a cherry—a boy was busy plucking the luscious fruit. Several girls clustered beneath sharing the work and the re-

freshment. A double row of noble elms was in front of the house Not far off I noticed gooseberry and currant bushes, betokening a garden, and just back of the house beyond the office a commodious-looking barn.

Subsequently I learned other particulars.

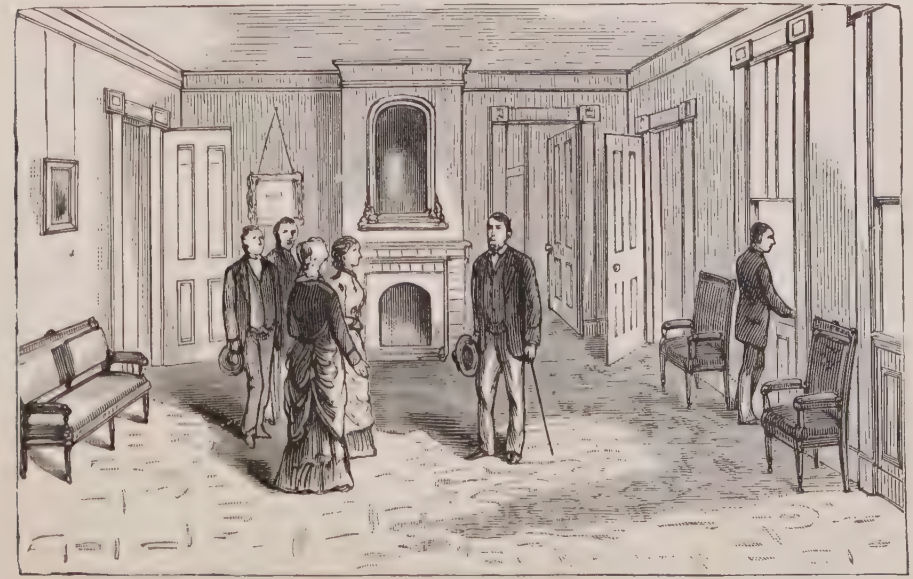
The cottage that stood upon the place when the general purchased it proved altogether too small and too barren of conveniences. A Cleveland architect was employed for the metamorphosis. He decided that the walls could be raised and the building enlarged without pulling it down. It was then rebuilt from plans prepared by Mrs. Garfield, that is, in this way: A sketch was first drawn by the architect; this Mrs. Garfield filled out and then the general marked in various directions with a bold pen. When the ideas of Mrs. Garfield had been put upon paper the general indorsed them in the following gentle hint to the builders:

"These plans must stand as above, unless otherwise ordered hereafter. If any part of them is impracticable, inform me soon and suggest change.

"J. A. GARFIELD.

"Washington, March 6th, 1880."

The house stands upon a crest or ridge and cannot be called grand in any sense of the word, but certainly deserves the name of a very pleasant, comfortable-looking country home. The ar-



PARLOR—GENERAL GARFIELD'S HOME.

chitecture is composite, the Gothic sentiment prevailing. There are two dormer windows—one in front and one in the rear—and a broad veranda extends across the front and part of the side toward Cleveland, affording opportunities to enjoy the breezes, out of the heat of the sun. Lattice work has been arranged for trailing vines. The dimensions are sixty feet front by fifty deep. The apartments are all roomy for a country house and the hallway is so wide that it attracts attention the moment you enter. The first floor contains a hall, with a large writing-table, a sitting-room, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, wash-room and pantry. This last on the plan bears the generous indorsement "plenty of shelves and drawers." Up-stairs in the rear part of the second floor is a room that on the plan is entitled "snuggery for general." It is rather small, measuring only thirteen and a half by fourteen feet. It is filled up with book shelves, but it is not intended to usurp the place of the library, a separate building outside and to the north-east of the house. Two of the best apartments in the eastern and front part on this floor are especially filled up for occupancy of the general's mother. The front room has a large old-fashioned fire-place and the greatest pains have evidently been taken to make this room a Mecca of comfort.

The rooms are finished in hard woods, and everything about the place, while plain and un-

pretentious, gives it an appearance of quiet comfort. There are very few of the timbers of the old house, over which the new has been constructed, visible at this time, and there will be none in sight when the carpets are laid down. The cost of the structure when finished will be between three thousand five hundred and four thousand dollars. The barn, at the rear, furnishes accommodations for the two carriage-horses, the single carriage-horse and the heavy working-team. Of the one hundred and sixty acres comprising the farm, the yard, garden and orchard take up about twelve. Some seventy acres are under tillage, and the rest are in pasture and woodland.

About ten minutes slipped away, and then the tall, broad-shouldered, full-chested, strongly-knit, six-foot-two-inch form of Garfield came out from between the buildings. Two telegraph men were with him, and they were arranging for putting a private wire into his office. With that charming, unpretentious politeness for which he is distinguished, he asked me to go to the front of the house and sit on the broad veranda, where he said we would find it much cooler and pleasanter than within doors. While he sat on the porch, I had a good opportunity to read and study the man. His head is massive as well as his frame, and his brain is gigantic. He has light brown hair, reddish-brown beard, large blue eyes and a

full, round, fair face. His weight is, perhaps, two hundred and forty pounds. He dresses plainly and prefers to wear a soft, slouch hat, with a broad brim.

Visitors who come unannounced, often find him working in the hay-field with his boys, with his genial face sheltered from the sun under a big, chip hat, and his trousers tucked in a pair of cow-hide boots. He is a thorough countryman, by instinct. The smell of the good, brown earth, the lowing of cattle, the perfume of the new cut hay and all the sights and sounds of farm-life are dear to him from early associations.

He excused himself for a moment: the telegraph men needed some advice. As I sat there, I recalled some of the many things concerning the man that had been told me during the last day or two.

I could easily appreciate, seated on his veranda, all I had heard about his fondness for the country; being, as I saw him to be, essentially a home man, and, perhaps, he has never quite appreciated the possession of a home so much as he does now, in his days of rest, after the bustle and excitement of the past few weeks. His habits, I am told, are regular and methodical. Rising early, he frequently mounts his horse and goes over the farm, directing the workmen and studying out what suggests itself as a needed improvement. Quite as often, instead of mounting his horse, he

walks about the place and, if the fever seizes him, jerks off his coat to hold the plow in the furrow, or to rake hay. It reminds him of old times, and is, of itself, invigorating exercise. He has a great taste for improvements, and has made something of a study of farming since his early experience as a practical yeoman. He farms, therefore, scientifically. He interests himself in the affairs of the village, and attends the Disciples' Church, where he sometimes speaks. The liberal people of Mentor on one occasion invited him to say something about the formation of a Murphy Temperance Society. They were much pleased when, in his earnest, impressive way, he told them he was not a believer in total abstinence, while cautioning the young against the evil of immoderate drinking, and earnestly urging them to check and control their appetite.

Garfield was fond of showing visitors over the place, and especially fond of taking them down the lane back of the house to the top of the ridge, and explaining that the flat space below was once a portion of Lake Erie before the blue waters receded and left the sand and wave-washed pebbles on the top of the ridge.

He is a hard worker, and punctual in performance of promises and duty. One infallible rule of his public life has been that every civil letter, on whatever subject or from whatever source, demands an answer. His correspondence has, there-

fore, always been large and exacting. The very morning of my arrival ninety letters and over two hundred papers were brought to the house, and before night there were as many more. He handles them, however, with ease, for he is possessed with what William Wirt entitled the "genius of labor." There are few men living, or who ever lived, that can or could endure more mental work than he, and do good work. As a collegian, twenty hours without sleep was common with him, and not one of the twenty but had its stated task of work or recreation. This, mind you, is all done thoroughly. His work on the Fitz John Porter case involved immense labor, and the references and documents relative to that case, piled apart in his library, at Washington, are appalling to a mind of ordinary grasp. It takes all of one large closet to contain the letters received and answers sent about this case, which, with the multitude of documents, were personally examined by the general.

Most of the letters received on the morning of my visit, to which I have referred, were letters of congratulation, but there were also requests for offices in the event of an election, requests for everything, from the delicately-hinted desire of a seat in the new cabinet to an openly-demanded place as a country postmaster. Others were recommendations for some of those who asked, who appeared, indeed, to be fit for anything ever heard of beneath the broad panoply of heaven,

and still others were full of political advice and suggestions.

His work on the Fitz John Porter case recalled again his giant-like capacity for mental labor. But few, in comparison to the number delivered, of his congressional speeches, have obtained wide circulation in print. And yet, just look at the titles of those that have so appeared and been circulated:

"Free Commerce between the States;" "National Bureau of Education;" "The Public Debt and Specie Payments;" "Taxation of United States Bonds;" "Ninth Census;" "Public Expenditures and Civil Service;" "The Tariff;" "Currency and the Banks;" "Debate on the Currency Bill;" "On the McGarrahan Claim;" "The Right to Originate Revenue Bills;" Public Expenditures;" "National Aid to Education;" "The Currency;" "Revenues and Expenditures;" "Currency and the Public Faith;" "Appropriations;" "Counting the Electoral Vote;" "Repeal of the Resumption Law;" "The New Scheme of American Finance;" "The Tariff;" "Suspension and Resumption of Specie Payments;" "Relation of the National Government to Science," "Sugar Tariff."

What a record this is, even if it stood alone! What American statesman can show a better list of titles? Does it not read like a table of contents to the speeches of Daniel Webster? And these speeches could not have been prepared with-

out ability, knowledge and the intent of a statesman who works for his country's good to animate their purpose.

They were the results of his deliberate and accurate foresight. For he saw, when the war was over and reconstruction a fact, that American politics were entering upon a new era. No man could then serve the nation by rehearsing the old anti-slavery debates, by fighting over the battles of the war on the floors of Congress, by unduly prolonging controversies that were forever settled. He saw that what the country needed was wise discussion and legislation on the civil service, the revenue, currency, banking, resumption and the hundred other questions that are by no means sentimental, that do not appear to the imagination, but are dry, statistical, unpoetic and distasteful to any speaker who has the God-given gift of eloquence. In a noble speech on the currency, delivered in 1868, Garfield said:

"I am aware that financial subjects are dull and uninviting in comparison with those heroic themes which have absorbed the attention of Congress for the last five years. To turn from the consideration of armies and navies, victories and defeats, to the array of figures which exhibits the debt, expenditure, taxation and industry of the nation, requires no little courage and self-denial; but to these questions we must come, and to their solution Congress, political parties and all thoughtful citizens must give their best efforts for many years to come."

One would not suppose that, in the midst of the busy life incidental to such public duties as are lightly suggested above, and, later, the political leadership of the House, General Garfield found much time to devote to society and literature, yet he has for a long period been an active and honored member of the Washington Literary Society; an organization embracing the most prominent men and women in music, art and literature of the national capital. He is usually present at their meetings, and takes an earnest yet modest part in their discussions. During the last season he was president of the society, and entertained the members at his house. He was usually accompanied by his wife, who has always been his companion, counselor and friend.

His love of literature was early manifested, received a great impulse while at Williams' College, and grew steadily while professor of languages and president of Hiram College. Even now his most congenial recreation is the study of classical literature, and it is related of him that during the busy session he was found behind a big barricade of books, which proved upon examination to be different editions of Horace, and works relating to that poet. "I find I'am overworked, and need recreation," he said. "Now, my theory is that the best way to rest the mind is not to let it lie idle, but to put it at something quite outside the ordinary line of employment. So, I am resting by

learning all the Congressional Library can show about Horace, and the various editions and translations of his poems." And an application of this theory to his every-day life has made him a student, and ripened a scholarship rare among public men. The record of the Congressional Library shows that he uses more books than any member of Congress. The number of volumes taken from the library last year and read and examined by him, has never been exceeded by any man who ever used the library except Charles Sumner. He reads everything—histories, novels, newspapers, etc., and a wide range of miscellaneous matter. Outside of the early classics, Shakespeare is his favorite poet, and Tennyson is oftener in his hand than any other song-writer of modern times. His novel reading is a peculiarly happy illustration of his character, as it is, so to speak, confined to Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, Kingsley, Jane Austen and Honorè de Balzac. His books all bear his library motto: "Inter Folia Fructus," "Fruit between leaves."

Here he has read and worked much the same as at Washington, indeed everywhere. What a reader these desultory letters from Mr. Hinsdale's correspondence show him to be!

"WASHINGTON, D. C., February 14th, 1875.

"I don't remember whether I have ever called your attention to a book which has given me a great deal of pleasure, and which I think is an admirable help to young people in laying the foundation of a knowledge of Shakespeare. You may be familiar with it, but I never saw it until this winter. It is Shakespeare written in a condensed and attractive form, by

Charles and Mary Lamb, and published in Bohn's Library. It gives but eighteen pages to each play, and puts the story in so plain a way that a very young child can understand it. The volume contains sketches of about half of the plays. About twice a week I read one of these stories to the children, and even Mollie gets a pretty fair understanding of the story. Not only this, but they give older and much clearer notions of the plot of the play than the reading of the whole play ordinarily gives.

"So far as individual work is concerned, I have done something to keep alive my tastes and habits. For example, since I left you I have made a somewhat thorough study of Goethe and his epoch, and have sought to build up in my mind a picture of the state of literature and art in Europe, at the period when Goethe began to work, and the state when he died. I have grouped the various facts into order, have written them out, so as to preserve a memoir of the impression made upon my mind by the whole. The sketch covers nearly sixty pages of manuscript. I think some work of this kind outside the track of one's every-day work is necessary to keep up real growth."

"WASHINGTON, July 8th, 1875.

"I am taking advantage of this enforced leisure to do a good deal of reading. Since I was taken sick I have read the following: Sherman's two volumes; Leland's 'English Gipsies;' George Borrow's 'Gipsies of Spain;' Borrow's 'Rommany Rye;' Tennyson's 'Mary;' seven volumes of Froude's England; several plays of Shakespeare, and have made some progress in a new book, which I think you will be glad to see, 'The History of the English People,' by Prof. Green, of Oxford, in one volume."

"WASHINGTON, October 22d, 1877.

"Since receiving your postal card I have read Goldwin Smith's essay on the Decline of Party Government. To me it is altogether a disappointing paper. Many of his facts and suggestions are interesting, but his suggestions of substitution for party government are too vague to be of any value, while there are grave differences of opinion among men on questions of vital importance, whether in church or state, in social life or in science. There will be parties based upon those conditions, and the thing most desired is not how to avoid the existence of parties, but how to keep them within proper bounds."

"MENTOR, OHIO, November 16th, 1878.

"I have read with great interest and satisfaction your little volume on the Christian Jewish Church. I know of no work which contains within such small compass so complete and thorough a discussion of the subject. Your analysis of the early struggle between the Jewish and Greek Christians, and the peculiar influences of the Jewish and Greek mind upon the historical development or Christianity throws a strong and clear light upon many portions of the New Testament, and affords valuable assistance to the study of church history. The whole book is pervaded with the spirit of thorough and reverent scholarship, and you deserve, and doubtless will receive, the gratitude of a wide circle of readers."

MRS. GARFIELD—THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

MY recollections were here interrupted by the general, who came to excuse himself, saying that the telegraph men would be done with him in a few minutes, when he would be at my service.

Just as he had arranged where and how the wire was to be put in, an old friend of his arrived and wished to talk with him. I told him to go on, as my business could wait. About an hour was so taken up, during which I collated something—I had learned about his Washington residence.

This, a modest, unpretentious brick mansion, plain and square built, stands, as I have said, on the corner of I and Thirteenth Streets. The house is square, with a wing on the east side, comprising dining-room and library. The parlor side-windows look out upon the pleasing prospect of the park, while the front commands a corner view of I and Thirteenth Streets.

On entering on the south side, the parlor is on the left. It is small, comfortably, but by no means lavishly furnished. An upright piano, a slate mantel, a solemn-looking pair of Chinese vases, three feet high; a tall, narrow mirror, reaching

almost to the ceiling, are the objects your eye first rests upon. Then you note that the ceiling, as well as the walls, is frescoed, the latter in indistinct panels, the ceiling light, with gilt borders. Just over the grand piano hangs a picture of General Garfield's mother, to whom he is most devoted. The face is small, and beams benevolently from a snowy cap. Opposite hangs a portrait of the general's first daughter, a face of surpassing sweetness. Two landscapes—a farm and a mountain subject—count two more on the walls, and under one of them hangs a photograph of the general in camp, taken surrounded by his officers, who, like himself, are in undress uniform. A few choice engravings complete the wall decorations.

To the right you are tantalizingly invited to enter and rest by the comfortable, cozy look of a small sitting-room, furnished in tasteful modesty. A small walnut mirror-mounted desk, table and whatnot, monopolizes one corner, and this is strewn with books that make, to their owner, life worth living.

In the rear of this, and occupying a portion of the wing is a somewhat luxurious dining-room, that is, it is luxurious in color and decoration. The paper is a rich drab and brown, set off by a dado of Japanese pattern. Over the mantel there hangs a relic of an idea, a half portrayed inspiration. The general one evening, in the company of some literary and artistic men, in the course of

a discussion on Shakespeare, remarked that none of the illustrations by Falstaff satisfied his conception. An artist present begged him to describe his ideal, and from the description then given attempted the picture now hanging over the mantel. The artist dying before it was completed, the half-finished sketch was framed by the general and placed where it now is. The finished portion embraces the figure of the rollicking knight leaning his right arm on the inn table, and balancing in his left hand an empty glass. In the background the "drawer" is bringing in a fresh cup of sack. The conception is quite effective even in its present state. On the opposite wall is a large painting of a hunting scene, with horses and slain deer in the foreground. Here is a trout very cleverly painted, there a walnut sideboard, and yonder another book-case filled to bursting. Over it is a copy of "Love or Duty." Much of the furniture of this room is of Austrian bent wood.

The particular shrine in the Garfield home to which you will willingly hasten your steps is the library, situated just over the dining-room. This is the man of energy's workshop. It is here the student and the scholar lives. It is here the politician rests. The room is about twenty-five feet by fourteen feet, three of its windows open on I Street and one on the eastern side. The carpet does not entirely cover the floor, a three-foot margin of stained wood is visible all round. Occupy-

ing the centre is a double walnut office desk, with the addition of pigeon-holes, and boxes, and drawers on one end, while just above hangs a heavy chandelier. It is very evident from the orderly disorder of the room that the owner cares far more for immediate convenience than general symmetry. Half a dozen book-cases occupy the available space around the walls, and three thousand volumes fill their shelves. No two of these cases are of the same height, width or make. It suggests to the visitor, that from time to time, as the books overflowed their limits, another case was hastily procured in which to accommodate the surplus, and then when that was full another was added, and so on. And, undoubtedly, the overflow has been regular, as you can go nowhere in the general's home without coming face to face with books. They confront you in the hall when you enter, in the parlor and the sitting-room, in the dining-room and even in the bath-room, where documents and speeches are corded up like firewood. And what is a wonderful point in their owner's favor, there is not one trashy volume among them. They are law, history, biography, poetry, politics, philosophy, government and standard works of all sorts, the accumulation of years of study and the patient research of the scholar.

A few pictures catch the eye for a moment: a portrait of Bismark, a gift from the Iron Count—

der eiserne Graf—himself; one of General Thomas, whom Garfield always loved; one of General Sherman, and also Professor Agassiz and President Hopkins, personal friends.

It is in this home that he has carried on his correspondence with his friends, and here he has received many of his acquaintances. The leading officers of the army are his more particular friends, General Sherman notably so. He still keeps up a tender friendship for his old commander, Rosecrans. The late S. P. Chase was a firm friend of his and was often his guest. Among his correspondents the late Dr. Francis Leiber was one of the favored, as he received during his lifetime one hundred and seven letters from the general. Among those who have corresponded with him regularly are William D Howells, Professor Winchell, of Ann Harbor, and Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University, and at present American Minister to Berlin. Professor Hinsdale, of Hiram, is also one of the regular correspondents, and to him we are indebted for many of the letters scattered through this volume. To him Garfield has confided much of his private life. A letter illustrating this is before me:

"WASHINGTON, October 14th, 1865.

"I have read the history and philosophy of the Tariff question very thoroughly, though I have not yet finished it. When I see you I want to give you the salient points in the history of British commercial policy; it is very curious and interesting. * * *

"In the literary way I have fallen upon one of the finest things I have ever met. It is Walter Savage Landor's 'Pericles and Aspasia,' which gives

in the most vivid and beautiful style the best summary I have ever seen of the spirit and character of Greek history, politics, philosophy and literature. It has been a very rich treat to us all. We are yet in the midst of it."

I asked him concerning his earlier sermons or religious lectures, about which I had often heard scraps of rumors, but nothing authentic, nothing that told me how he preached.

"I have no copies," he replied. "I did not write my discourses in full, but merely made headings or memoranda, trusting to memory and the inspiration of the occasion to fill them out properly. I have over a thousand of these briefs, but it would be quite as difficult to fill one out as to write a new discourse."

He then brought in a number of scrap-books, in which he had preserved in the order in which they had been delivered, all of his public speeches. He also had a most elaborate index to everything he had ever read, which must be invaluable to a man hunting particular passages. Let me illustrate this. Suppose you are keeping an index on General Garfield's principle. You have been reading that brilliant invective against treason in Congress, and the paragraph on coercion strikes you as being both sound and well worth remembering:

"No statute was ever enforced without coercion. It is the basis of every law in the universe—human or divine. A law is no law without coercion behind it. You levy taxes—

coercion secures their collection. It follows the shadow of the thief and brings him to justice. It lays its iron hand on the murderer, tries him and hangs him. It accompanies your diplomacy to foreign courts and backs the declaration of the nation's rights, by a pledge of the nation's strength. But when the life of the nation is imperiled, we are told that it has no coercive power against the paracides in its own bosom ! !"

This, then, you enter in your index thus: "Coercion—under the Constitution. Opinion of James A. Garfield—Speech upon Treason in Congress, House of Representatives, April 8th, 1864. Vol. ——, page ——."

This the general has done for all the books he has read, and the reader can imagine what a mine of information he can prove on any subject at a moment's notice. This system also permits him to hoard to advantage fugitive scraps from newspapers, and in its maturity, is the product of his thought. He ascribes to it much of his success in extempore speaking, the like of which, for wealth and information, and glowing illustration, are not heard in either branch of Congress to-day, and have not been for many years. There is a common-place saying in the reporters' gallery, that when Garfield chooses to cram on a subject, there is no man in Washington who can stand before the deluge of facts with which he will overwhelm all opposition.

In these books there were many hundreds of pages filled with scraps, annotations, picked sen-

tences, incidents and witticisms, from a collection of authors and newspapers representing the best thought in literature, ancient and modern, of almost the entire world. Besides these there were innumerable thoughts of his own upon the innumerable things he had read in the course of his prolonged studies, and which he had embalmed in black and white while yet the "idea divine" was warm and living in his brain.

"It is perfectly astounding," said the general, "how much we are indebted to other people for our opinions. Comparatively few men or women take the trouble to think for themselves. Most persons frame their opinions from what they read or hear others say. I noticed this early in life, but never saw the evil of it until I went to Congress. Committees appointed to investigate particular subjects would meet together, and no one would say much at first. After a while some one would get up and state his opinion positively, give his reasons for thinking so, and in nine cases out of ten that man's opinion would be adopted as the opinion of the committee. The other members either had not or did not care to investigate the matter, and rather than take the trouble to look up the facts, would accept this member's opinion as their own."

It was this that had made him such a close student, and caused him to read so much on matters that affected Congressional legislation. He warned

every one against the pernicious practice of taking other people's opinions as correct, and holding that every man and woman should try and find out the fact and think for themselves.

His scrap-book offered abundant evidence that he himself followed this sound advice. All were arranged in the nicest order, and through the entire series I could follow the trail of the great debater's readings from their beginning almost to the present time. Thus, for the year 1859, I found the first annotation on financial subjects. These are at first somewhat straggling, mixed in with more or less of the classic poets. Then they become more frequent, until finally they outnumber all other topics, and are full of "Tooke's History of Prices," and "Sir Archibald Allison," that were so useful when Garfield followed Pig-Iron Kelley into the history of France and England in 1879–80, to the discomfiture of the old man and his soft-money friends. Re-enforcing his scrap-book, the general has a large case of pigeon-holes, holding, perhaps, fifty boxes, labeled "The Press," "French Spoilation," "Tariff," "Geneva Award," "General Politics," "State Politics," "Public Men," "Parliamentary Decisions," Anecdotes," "Electoral Laws and Commission," etc., etc. These are filled with the choicest references and bits of current literature on the various special topics, and are continually replenished from every product of the printing press.

One of the children came and interrupted us at this point. The general took the child, answered all its questions and then tenderly sent it away with "there, my darling, go now and play." Just then Mrs. Garfield came to the head of the stairs and the general called her in. After introducing her, he put his arm about her and went out with her, Mrs. Garfield saying she wished to speak to him about some household affairs.

Mrs. Garfield is not what would be called a pretty woman, but she is tall, fine-looking, has a kind, good face, and the gentlest of manners. She has a slight but well-knit form; small features with a somewhat prominent forehead, and her black hair, crimped in front and done up in a modest coil, is slightly tinged with gray. A pair of black eyes and a mouth about which there plays a sweetly bewitching smile are the most attractive features of a thoroughly expressive face. She is a quick observer, an intelligent listener, but undemonstrative in the extreme. When the general was at Chickamauga, and everybody at Hiram was painfully anxious to get the latest news from the field of battle, she sat quiet and patient in what is now Professor Hinsdale's library, and was able to control the inmost emotions that swayed her breast.

She impressed me as a thoroughly domestic

woman, who loves her home, her children and her husband. Mary Clemner pays her the following tribute:

"She has 'the philosophic mind' that Wordsworth sings of, and she has a self poise, a strength of unswerving absolute rectitude. * * * Much of the time that other women give to distributing visiting-cards, in the frantic effort to make themselves 'leaders of society,' Mrs. Garfield spends in the alcoves of the Congressional Library, searching out books to carry home to study while she nurses the children. You may be sure of one thing—the woman who reads and studies while she rocks her babies will not be left far behind by her husband in the march of actual growth. I have seen many women come to the surface of capitolian life out of obscurity and go back into obscurity again; have seen hundreds of so-called 'leaders of society' shrivel and go out in the scorching flame of fashion; while I have followed with a tender heart this woman, the wife of a famous man—a woman whom nobody called a 'leader.' She, meanwhile, has not been lifted off her feet, as many women are, by her husband's rising fortunes; no 'spreading' forth in style of dress or living, no 'airs.' And in Washington, in official life, that means everything—indicative of character. She has moved on in the tranquil tenor of her unobtrusive way, in a life of absolute devotion to her duty; never forgetting the demands of her position or neglecting her friends, yet making it her first charge to bless her home, to teach her children, to fit her boys for college, to be the equal friend, as well as the honored wife, of her husband. Gentle, patient, unobtrusive almost to timidity, keenly intelligent, liberally educated, conscientiously devoted to everything good—this is the woman who will perpetuate the loving, consecrated life that to-day abides in the White House, if as its mistress she enters it."

Of Mrs. Garfield the general said on his return, and his voice had a touch of tenderness:

"I have been wonderfully blessed in the discretion of my wife. She is one of the coolest and best-balanced women I ever saw. She is unstampedable. There has not been one solitary instance of my public career where I suffered in the smallest degree for any remark she ever made. It would have been perfectly natural for a woman often to say something that could be misinterpreted; but without any design, and with the intelligence and coolness of her character, she has never made the slightest mistake that I ever heard of. With the competition that has been against me, many times such discretion has been a real blessing."

She has borne the general six children. The first, a daughter, who died in infancy. Two boys, Harry Augustus and James R., aged eighteen and sixteen respectively, are students at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Coit. They entered the school in September, 1879, and quickly proved themselves sturdy, manly boys, and good, faithful students. At the close of the school year (June 24th, 1880), Harry won the prize for the best English declamation, the qualities for which he has no doubt inherited from his father—the Webster of the West. The boys were both in the fifth form this year, and will be prepared to enter college in the coming September. The third child is Mary, a rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed girl of thirteen, who is called "Mollie" by everybody. The next is Irvin McDowell—so named as a sort of protest against the unwarranted abuse that General McDowell, Garfield's close friend, received during

and after the war. The boy is nine years old. The youngest is aged six, and named Abram—after his grandfather. This is the boy I noticed up in the cherry tree, as I waited for the general on my arrival.

"Have you met mother?" asked my host.

"No," I replied.

"Oh, I want to introduce you then; you must know mother." He spoke of her so often, and so tenderly, I could not but see that she was constantly in his thoughts.

I went down-stairs to see her. She is a very small woman, and looked almost diminutive beside her stalwart son. She is eighty, quick in her movements, and in full possession of her mental faculties. She is thin, white-haired, rosy-cheeked, and has a prominent nose—like many another who has adorned the pages of history.

On being introduced I found her rather reticent. She seemed to be most concerned about the children and the work around the house, that it should go on uninterruptedly and in the proper manner. She was evidently a matter-of-fact, common-sense old lady, and I could not but admire her, remembering her sacrifices for her children, and how she had cared for her boy James, laying for him the foundation of his present eminence when she counseled him to "remember his God and study books."

She called him "my son," and remarked on the

weather, their new place, and asked if I was married and how many children I had. I could not get her to talk about politics in Washington, and I do not believe she is over-well pleased with her son's nomination for President. Of course she is proud of him, and desires his success, but he was already a senator, and I think the old lady would have preferred to have had him go no higher. She knew he would be away from their rural home most of the time, and, pressed by public care and duty, she could have him less to herself. Nor can you wonder at this, for Garfield makes his home so much of a home, as he reveals himself in his life and letters. Here are two to Mr. Hinsdale:

"MENTOR, OHIO, May 13th, 1877.

"You can hardly imagine how completely I have turned my mind out of its usual channels during the last four weeks. You know I have never been able to do anything moderately, and, to-day, I feel myself lame in every muscle with too much lifting and digging. I shall try to do a little less the coming week."

"WASHINGTON, November 2d, 1878.

"Last evening I called on Judge Black at the Ebbett House, and found him with a Bible in his hand. He said: 'I don't know any one who has properly appreciated the parables of Jesus. I don't believe that the man ever lived who could have written any one of them, even the least of them. They are unlike anything in literature or philosophy in their spirit, purpose and character. If they were all that Jesus had left us, they would be conclusive proofs of His divinity.' What do you think of this? The Judge then went on to say that he had that morning asked a lady friend to lend him some books for Sunday reading, and, among others, she had sent him a volume entitled 'Alone with Jesus.' 'And,' said he, 'the title repelled me for two reasons: first, it is a piece of spontaneous egoism for any man to assume that he is of so much consequence in the universe that Christ would shut out all the rest of the world and attend to him; and, second, I

DINING-ROOM—GENERAL GARFIELD'S HOME

knew a bank cashier who stole everything he could lay his hands on, and then ran away in the night. He left behind him a diary full of the most pious ejaculations, and the last entry he made in it was this: "Spent an hour of sweet communion alone with Jesus." This remembrance spoiled the book for me, and so I have not read it.'

"I spent several hours with him, and found him more than usually brilliant. He said he was inclined to believe that a man rarely, after he was forty years old, fell in love with a new poet. For his own part, no one later than Byron had taken much hold on him. Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth he had read but little, probably because Byron had so savagely denounced them as the lakers. He has no admiration for Tennyson, and says he never had the patience to wade through 'In Memoriam.' He was greatly pleased with my plan of going into the law, and proposed to form a sort of special partnership in the cases that he and I might have in the Supreme Court here. This may be of much service to me."

While I was talking with Mother Garfield, the general's wife, clad in a plain, calico dress, came in with a work-basket, and sat down to darn the children's stockings. Presently, it began to rain, and, to my surprise, the old lady went out bare-headed, and brought in a chair off the lawn. I remonstrated, and desired to assist her, but she only laughed and said: "Never mind, it won't hurt me."

At dinner, everybody was hunted up, and one of the general's secretaries said: "It is the general's orders everybody shall come; he would not like it if any one went away hungry."

I sat next to Mrs. Garfield, and I found her a ready and charming conversationalist, and withal so easy, modest, gentle and attentive in her manner, it was a pleasure to be beside her.

The children had a separate table near Mrs. Garfield, and they kept constantly speaking to

mamma, and breaking in on her conversation One of these wild, romping boys, came and putting his arm around her neck, whispered in her ear. She tried to quiet them, but they were so full of life and spirits they would not be still. Turning to me, she said:

"What would you do with such a lot?"

"Let them alone, and bless God for them."

"Ah, you have children," she continued, and on my answering in the affirmative, she asked about them, how many were boys, how many girls, and then their respective ages, until she had learnt all. And with such mutually interesting chat, the dinner hour sped rapidly away.

After it was over, I went with the general to his office, where, producing a handful of cigars, and lighting one, he talked freely of many things. I asked him about his early life, and he spoke modestly and earnestly of his struggles with poverty. The sea he mentioned enthusiastically, as the memory of his first fancies came over him.

"But even now, at times, the old feeling (the longing for the sea) comes back," and, walking across the room, he turned, with a flashing eye: "I tell you I would rather now command a fleet in a great naval battle than do anything else on this earth. The sight of a ship often fills me with a strong fascination, and when upon the water, and my fellow-landsmen are in the agonies of sea-

sickness, I am as tranquil as when walking the land in the serenest weather."

I saw from his conversation he thought I had been raised in a city or town, and knew nothing of farm-life. I did not then undeceive him, for I wished to hear his story, but after he had finished, I remarked:

"I know all about that, and how hard it is; for I have been through it all."

"Ah," he exclaimed, "then you were raised on a farm."

"Yes, and a poor one at that, at the foot of the Alleghany Mountains, where we all had to scratch to get a living."

Laughing heartily, he said, musingly:

"Tell me, now, do you think we can raise men for high positions? There are my boys, I am educating them carefully, but I can't tell if they will ever be heard of, and I question it. No doubt you will do the same with your boys—but will they rise in the world? Won't it happen that some poor and obscure little fellow, who has to scratch for every inch, will run ahead of them and come to the front, while they will pass away unknown to fame?"

"That is nearly always the case."

"So it is; and it makes me wonder if tender rearing of boys, and giving them an elaborate education, is so much of a benefit to them, after all."

One of the lads about whom we had been talking came in at the moment, to say the workmen who were building a fence about the yard wished to see the general. He put on his hat and went out, first giving me his scrap-books, and asking me to amuse myself by looking them over until his return. He stayed so long, I lit a cigar and went down into the hall to smoke. While I was waiting, the same boy came back and told his mother, papa wanted to see her about the fence. She put on a hat and went out, and on going to the door, I saw the general was himself helping the workmen with the palings and posts. Seeing me, he seemed to remember he had left me waiting, and at once came up to excuse himself: "You see we have a new place here, and I am trying to get it fixed up. I came here expecting to spend a quiet vacation, and when the nomination at Chicago dropped on me, it found us all up-side down. So many people are coming constantly, I want to get it in order, and am pushing it all I can by superintending the work personally."

He then offered to go up to the office again and give me all the time wanted of him, but I excused him, saying I thought I had taken up quite enough of his day already.

He expressed great willingness to attend to me, but said if I did not want him he would go up-stairs and do some writing. I went up with him to get my hat, and he pointed to a

sheet of paper lying on his desk which I saw, from the different headings and divisions, was the outline of his letter of acceptance, and that he was hunting up authorities which he wished to consult in preparing it.

"A tough job," I ventured.

"Yes," he replied, laughing, "rather a tough job," and with that I left him to his work, the general seeing me to the door and bowing me out.

I cannot better close this chapter than with four of Garfield's letters—letters that at once bring us together with their author; that seem indeed the happiest of introductions to our hero. They were all written to Mr. Hinsdale:

"HIRAM, October 26th, 1865.

"I do not remember to have claimed that St. Cyril was tinctured with Neoplatonism; but I did say that the Church at Alexandria was considerably influenced by the doctrines of that sect. I have looked into it a little and find a considerable variety of opinions among different authors. Gibbon speaks of it as an attempt to reconcile the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, and says that as a philosophy it is unworthy of notice. It is only important as connected with Christianity. The bigotry and folly of the Church persecuted it. Gibbon's commentator says the Neoplatonists were not at war with Christianity, but desired to apply their philosophy to the religion of Christ. Gibbon speaks of it also as an attempt to revive Paganism. See also his interesting account of Julian the Apostate, who was a Neaplatonist for a while."

"WASHINGTON, January 1st, 1872.

"In regard to the authenticity and purity of the Shakespeare text I have made some considerable study, and with what I have already done, I hope to be able to get something for you at the library, either in the way of a loan or of reference, and I will attend to it soon. * * *

"Have you seen the new book on Physical Geography by the French writer, Reclus? A translation has just been published in New York. I have looked over it, and think it a remarkably valuable book. The *Evening Post* has said of it within the past two or three days that it is the completest work extant on that subject."

"WASHINGTON, February 22d, 1872.

"Yours of the 16th instant is received. I am glad to know that somebody has related the subject of the Holy Roman Empire in an intelligent way. It has always been to me one of the dark points in European history. I shall get the book without delay, and read it as soon as I can steal time enough from work and sleep.

"Since I wrote you last, I found a book which interests me very much. You may have seen it; if not, I hope you will get it. It is entitled, 'Ten Great Religions,' by James Freeman Clarke. I have read the chapter on Buddhism with great interest. It is admirably written, in a liberal and philosophical spirit, and I am sure will interest you. What I have read of it leads me to believe that we have taken too narrow a view of the subject of religion."

"WASHINGTON, April 30th, 1874.

"There is much in life to make one sad and disheartened; but whether we maintain a cheerful spirit or not, depends largely on the way in which we view the events and outcomes of life. I think the main point of safety is to look upon life with a view of doing as much good to others as possible, and, as far as possible, to strip ourselves of what the French call egoism.

"The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others. Your life is so much devoted in this direction that I think you will find in it the greatest safety from the danger of gloom."

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO PEN PORTRAITS.

HIS home is about half-way between Mentor and Willoughby, so that we had but two miles to drive to the station. About a mile and a half west of his home is a curiosity in the shape of Joe Smith's first Mormon temple. It is a plain, but queer-looking structure, that served its purpose for a while, now only a curiosity almost useless. This, however, did not detain me. It was but a speck in the landscape of a country that was quite attractive and enabled me to realize why the general wished to reside away from the city's bustling walls. His hard student life and the incessant cares of public duty in Washington could all be left behind, and he always hastens to his home when Congress adjourns. The house is sufficiently lonely to be out of the way of idlers or mere curiosity callers, and few would break in upon the rest of the great statesman, unless they were called thither by imperative business. He needs rest and leisure to prepare himself for the winter sessions of Congress at Washington, and from the midst of this beautiful scenery he returns each year to the capital thoroughly invigorated.

My youthful companion spoke eloquently of the general and seemed most anxious to convince me that Garfield was really a great man. I asked him if the general was very popular with the people of that section, and he replied: "Well, I should say so, why they are all going to vote for him." From others I learned about the same thing, and came to the conclusion, that if a man is best judged by the opinions of those among whom he has lived, General Garfield is peculiarly fortunate. From one end of his district to another, among Republicans and Democrats alike, no one speaks of him but in the language of praise, respect, love and admiration. The same statement applies in a large degree to the State. But in his own district, among his old friends and neighbors, he stands as a synonym for all that is manly, good and honest. The reader has mentally photographed him from what I have related above. He is equally interesting as others see him. George Alfred Townsend drew this picture of him in the *Cincinnati Enquirer:*

"The writer has known General Garfield pretty well for thirteen years. He is a large, well-fed, hale, ruddy, brown-bearded man, weighing about two hundred and twenty pounds, with Ohio German colors, blue eyes, military face, erect figure and shoulders, large back and thighs, and broad chest, and evidently bred in the country on a farm. His large mouth is full of strong teeth; his nose, chin and brows are strongly pronounced. A large brain, with room for play of thought and long application, rises high above his

clear, discerning, enjoying eyes. He sometimes suggests a country Samson—strong beyond his knowledge, but unguarded as a school-boy. He pays little attention to the affectation by which some men manage public opinion, and has one kind of behavior for all callers, which is the most natural behavior at hand. Strangers would think him a little cold and mentally shy. On acquaintance he is seen to be hearty above everything, loving the wife around him, his family, his friends, his State and country. Loving, sympathetic and achieving people, and with a large, unprofessing sense of the brotherhood of workers in the fields of progress, it was the feeling of sympathy and the desire to impart which took him for chief, while as to the pulpit, or on the verge of it, full of all that he saw and acquired, he panted to give it forth after it had passed through the alembic of his mind. Endowed with a warm temperament, copious expression, large, wide-seeing faculties and superabundant health, he could study all night or lecture all day, and it was a providence that his neighbors discovered that he was too much of a man to conceal in the pulpit, where his docility and reverence had almost taken him. They sent him to the State Legislature, where he was when the war broke out, and he immediately went to the field, where his courage and painstaking parts and love of open-air occupation, and perfect freedom from self-assertion made him the delight of Rosecrans and George H. Thomas successively. He would go about any work they asked of him; was unselfish and enthusiastic, and had steady, temperate habits, and his large brain and reverence made everything novel to him.

"There is an entire absence of nonchalance or worldliness in his nature. He is never indifferent, never vindictive. A base action or ingratitude or cruelty may make him sad, but does not provoke retaliation or alter that faith in men or Providence which is a part of his sound stomach and athletic head. Garfield is as simple as a child; to the serpent's wisdom he is a stranger. Having no use nor aptitude with the

weapons of coarser natures, he often avoids mere disputes, does not go to the public resorts where men are familiar or vulgar, and the walk from his home in Washington to the Capitol, and an occasional dinner out, comprise his life. The word public servant especially applies to him. He has been the drudge of his State constituents, the public, the public societies and the moral societies of his party and country, since 1863. Aptitude for public debate and public affairs are associated with a military nature in him. He is on a broad scale a school-master of the range of Gladstone, of Agassiz, of Gallatin.

"With as honest a heart as ever beat, above the competitors of sordid ambition, General Garfield has yet so little of the worldly wise in him that he is poor, and yet has been accused of dishonesty. He has no capacity for investment, nor the rapid solution of wealth, nor profound respect for the penny in and out of pound, and still, is neither careless, improvident nor dependent The great consuming passions to equal richer people and live finely and extend his social power is as foreign to him as scheming or cheating. But he is not a suspicious nor a high-mettled man, and so he is taken in sometimes, partly from his obliging, unrefusing disposition. Men who were scheming imposed upon him as upon Grant and other crude-eyed men of affairs. The people of his district, who are quick to punish public venality or defection, heard him in his defense, in 1873, and kept him in Congress and held up his hand, and hence he is, by their unwavering support for twenty-five years, candidate for president and a national character. Since John Quincy Adams, no president has had Garfield's scholarship, which is equal up to this age of wider facts. The average American, pursuing money all day long, is now presented to a man who had invariably put the business of others above his own, and worked for that alleged nondescript—the public gratitude—all his life. But he has not labored without reward. The great nomination came to-day to as pure and loving a man as ever wished well of

anybody and put his shoulder to his neighbor's wheel. Garfield's big, boyish heart is pained to-night with the weight of his obligation, affection and responsibility. To-day, as hundreds of telegrams come from everywhere, saying kind, strong things to him—such messages as only Americans, in their rapid, good impulses, pour upon a lucky friend—he was with two volunteer clerks in a room, opening and reading, and suddenly his two boys sent him one—little fellows at school—and as he read it he broke down, and tried to talk, but his voice choked and he could not see for tears. The clerks began to cry, too, and people to whom they afterward told it. This sense of real great heart will be new to the country, and will grow if he gets the presidency.

"He is the ablest public speaker in the country, and the most serious and instructive man on the stump; his instincts, liberal and right; his courtesy, noticeable in our politics; his aims, ingenuous, and his piety comes by nature. He leads a farmer's life, all the recess of Congress, working like a field hand, and restoring his mind by resting it. If elected, he will give a tone of culture and intelligence to the executive office it has never yet had, while he has no pedantry in his composition, and no conceit whatever."

A more elaborate analysis of the man was made by Professor B. A. Hinsdale, President of Hiram College:

"His power of logical analysis and classification is very great; of rhetorical exposition hardly surpassed. He excels in the patient accumulation of facts, and in striking generalizations. As a student, he loves to roam in every field of activity. He delights in poetry and other works of the imagination; loves the abstruse things of philosophy; takes keen interest in scientific research; gathers into his store-house the facts of history and politics, and throws over it all the life and

warmth of his own originality. Of course, he is not a Scaliger, a Des Cartes, a Newton; no man in public life—not even Gladstone—can be these. But his general culture is broad, deep, and generous. He has the best instincts and habits of the student and the scholar. Probably no man in Congress these twelve years past has more won upon our scientists, our scholars, and our men of literature. He was the friend of Henry and of Agassiz: he is the friend of Howells, of Lowell, and of Parkman. Withal, he is an orator. He has not the massive grandeur of Webster, the brilliant declamation of Clay, or the fervid passion of Henry. But his speeches are strong in fact, ribbed with principle, lucid in argument, polished in diction, rich in illustration, and warm with the vital power of a noble heart.

"His moral character is the fit crown to his physical and intellectual nature. No man has a kinder heart or a purer mind. His generosity of nature is unstinted; all his life, public and private, is marked by great unselfishness. For the most part, he has neglected material acquisition; but his means, as well as his time and talents, are at the call of those who need them. I fearlessly say that the nearer men have come to General Garfield the greater has been their confidence. I may say that he has inspired unusual respect and faith in all large-minded and generous men without regard to politics. He has commanded success. His ability, knowledge, mastery of questions, generosity of nature, devotion to the public good, and honesty of purpose have done the work. He has never had a political 'machine.' He has never forgotten the day of small things.

"I am far from indorsing all of General Garfield's public acts. Those who know me will hardly charge me with being a fulsome eulogist. He has said and done some things that I have been sorry to have him say and do. He has failed to say and do some others that I have had much at heart. But this I see: He has served the public with conspicuous ability and a single eye. He has moved all the time in the right di-

rection. He has striven to make the public service clean and honorable; to make the government one of statesmen and patriots, not of demagogues and place-men; and in every way to dignify and ennoble the republic.

"A newspaper man from a distant city asked me the other day: 'How do you explain the common lack of confidence in Mr. Garfield's courage?' I said: 'Who doubts his courage?' He answered that he had heard in Washington and in other places that he lacked backbone. A few questions revealed that those who held this opinion thought that he did not denounce 'the Solid South' with sufficient severity, and was not properly active in stirring up the brigadiers. If I may parody Madame Roland, 'O courage, what folly is committed in thy name!' I have known a minister of the Gospel to be called a coward because he could recognize the worth of those who did not worship in his conventicle. Similarly, eager partisans charge with cowardice the man who, loyal to his own convictions of truth and duty, dares to think and act for himself. In both cases what is called cowardice is the genuine moral courage. To go with the stream—to bless with your sect or to hurrah with your party—is slight proof of courage; but to stand out by yourself in moral isolation, to bear the jibes of those whom you call your brethren, is a very high proof of character. Such a man is General Garfield. He has uttered many noble words; but none nobler than these, spoken in the Ohio Senate Chamber just after his late election:

"'Let me venture to point a single instance in regard to that work. During the twenty years that I have been in public (almost eighteen of it in the Congress of the United States), I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise it has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions, at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in Congress whose approbation I greatly desired, but though it may seem perhaps a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the appro-

bation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with, and if I could not have his approbation, I should have bad companionship.'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

THE National Convention of the Republican Party that nominated James A. Garfield for the Presidency, was one of the most important political conventions ever held in this country. Aside from the ever-interesting issue of a national convention—a nominee—this convention was the battle-ground on which several questions of the utmost importance to political life in this country were settled only at the conclusion of a hard-fought struggle. The unit rule, the third-term issue, district representation, and the still more vital issue of party managers trampling on popular wishes and opposing the will of those who placed them in power, made up a total of interest never before equaled in the history of the party. The struggle surpassed in fierceness the bitterest fights on record. A brief history of this convention is, therefore, valuable for present reading, as it furnishes many a lesson for the campaign, and most happily illustrates the peculiar fortunes of General Garfield, who, while ever in patient waiting, has had his long succession of honors seek him openly. It is a curious story of cause and effect.

The convention assembled in the Exposition Building, at Chicago, on June 2d. The great men of the party were all there, and the list of those who held seats is as follows:

ALABAMA.—George Turner, J. H. Thomaston, B. S. Turner, G. H. Brayton, James Gillette, Allen Alexander, Paul Strobach, G. W. Washington, J. Heyman, William Youngblood, W. J. Stevens, J. T. Rapier, L. E. Parsons, H. C. Bryant, W. S. Byrd, N. W. Tremble, R. A. Mosley, A. Bingham, A. McCulloch, J. M. Hines.

ARKANSAS.—S. W. Dorsey, M. W. Gibbs, H. P. Robinson, S. H. Holland, J. H. Johnson, O. A. Hadley, Powell Clayton, O. P. Snyder, Jacob Tireber, James K. Barnes, J. A. Barnes, Ferdinand Havis.

CALIFORNIA.—J. C. Wilmerding, Samuel Mosgrove, J K. Doak, Creed Haymond, E. A. Davis, Joseph Russ, Alexander D. Sharon, Socrates Huff, H. T. Fairbanks, John Mansfield, D. S. Paine, F. M. Pixley.

COLORADO.—Ex-Governor Rosett, Amos Sleek, J. A. Ellett, L. Head, George T. Black, M. M. Megure.

CONNECTICUT.—Henry C. Robinson, John M. Douglass, Augustus Brandagee, Samuel Fessenden, Andrew S. Upson, William M. Corbin, Hobart B. Bigelow, William C. Hough, Daniel Chadwick, Jeremiah Olney, Edgar S. Tweedy, N. T. Baldwin.

DELAWARE.—Christian Febiger, Levi R. Clarke, N. B. Smithers, James R. Lofland, Benjamin Burton, Albert Curry.

FLORIDA.—W. W. Hicks, F. C. Humphreys, E. J. Alexander, R. E. Smith, Joseph E. Lee, V. J. Shipman, Sherman Conant, James Dean.

GEORGIA.—E. C. Wade, J. F. Long, W. A. Pledger, Edwin Belcher, L. B. Toomer, Floyd Snelson, B. F. Brimberry, John Fow, Jack Brown, Elbert Head, R. D. Lock, J. C. Beall, A. E. Buck, H. A. Rucker, W. W. Brown, J. B. De-

veaux, A. M. Middlebrook, H. B. Hickenbotom, C. H. Prince, J. W. Lyons, S. A. Darnell, Madison Davis.

ILLINOIS—John A. Logan, E. A. Storrs, G. B. Raum, D. T. Little, John Wentworth, S. A. Douglas, A. M. Wright, R. S. Tuthill, John L. Beveridge, L. J. Kadisch, N. C. Thompson, N. N. Ravlin, J. B. Brown, Miles White, Henry T. Noble, W. H. Shepard, E. F. Bull, E. W. Willard, J. B. Wilson, R. J. Hanna, Joab Mershen, R. H. Whitney, Hosea Davis, F. B. Burgett, O. B. Hamilton, T. G. Black, G. M. Brinkerhoff, C. M. Eames, John McNulta, Major V. Warner, J. V. Harris, —— Hayworth, W. H. Barlow, A. P. Green, J. M. Truitt, Lewis Krueghoff, A. W. Metcalf, Richard Rowett, C. O. Patrel. J. M. Davis, C. W. Pavey, W. H. Williams.

INDIANA—Benjamin Harrison, George W. Friedley, Daniel B. Kumler, James S. Collins, Alexander Gilchrist, W. M. Hoggatt, John B. Glover, S. E. Kerchival, W. B. Slemmens, J. H. Friedley, John H. Crozier, F. Adkinson, David A. Beem, Joseph B. Homan, Milton Peden, T. M. Little, R. O. Hawkins, J. B. McFadden, William R. McKeen, E. H. Nebecker, B. K. Higginbottom, G. F. Crittenden, F. S. Bedell, John W. Wimer, J. J. Todd, J. F. Vail, W. M. Clapp, C. K. Baxter, Clement Studebaker, B. F. Davenport.

IOWA—J. S. Clarkson, S. M. Clark, D. B. Henderson, George D. Perkins, J. S. Hurley, H. A. Burrell, H. C. Carr, J. W. Thompson, George W. Bassett, P. F. Sturgis, H. L. Huff, L. F. Butler, F. J. Upton, R. M. Haines, J. F. Greenlee, George D. Wooden, J. S. Runnells, J. R. McKee, C. W. Llewellen, W. P. Sharpe, B. F. Harkness, W. D. Lucas.

KANSAS—John A. Martin, George H. Case, S. S. Benedict, B. W. Perkins, H. P. Walcott, Perry Hutchinson, Simeon Motz, B. F. Simpson, P. B. Plumb, William Thompson.

KENTUCKY—Walter Evans, W. O. Bradley, John D. White, John H. Jackson, J. R. Puryear, J. R. Happy, A. H. Clark, E. C. Hubbard, W. G. Hunter, George F. Blakey, E.

H. Hobson, John W. Lewis, Silas F. Miller, James F. Buckner, J. E. Hamilton, John E. Barbour, R. P. Stoll, William Brown, J. K. Faulkner, Logan McKee, A. E. Adams, A. T. Wood, W. W. Culbertson, Morris Hutchings.

LOUISIANA—H. C. Warmoth, John T. Ludeling, William P. Kellogg, A. S. Badger, A. H. Leonard, J. S. Matthews, David Young, J. Wharton, James Lewis, A. J. Dumont, Richard Simms, Samuel Wakefield, William Harper, W. L. McMillen; J. H. Burch, Don A. Pardee.

MAINE—Eugene Hale, E. T. Gile, Joseph R. Bodwell, Almon A. Strout, William W. Thomas, Jr., Jos. R. Libby, William P. Frye, J. W. Wakefield, Joseph H. Manly, S. S. Marble, Lewis Baker, Llewellyn Powers, L. G. Downs, John S. Case.

MARYLAND—James A. Gary, Jacob Tome, Lloyd Lowndes, J. Morrison Harris, Charles T. Wescott, Samuel Mallalieu, J. A. J. Cresswell, J. J. Weaver, D. R. West, W. W. Johnson, Dr. H. J. Drown, W. J. Hooper, Colonel J. Rowan Crone, John W. Bell, Upton W. Boorman, B. H. Miller.

MASSACHUSETTS—George F. Hoar, Charles R. Codman, John E. Sanford, J. M. Barker, C. W. Clifford, A. Eldridge, W. C. Lowring, F. A. Hobart, Phineas Pierce, C. Burnham, Eustace C. Fitz, J. O. Wetherbee, Henry C. Lodge, Daniel Russell, Dudley Porter, N. A. Morton, G. S. Boutwell, G. A. Marden, R. M. Morse, Jr., G. W. Johnson, W. S. B. Hopkins, William Knowlton, A. Harding, T. Merrick, W. Smith, M. B. Whitney.

MICHIGAN—James F. Joy, Perry Hannah, Omar D. Conger, E. C. Watkins, W. G. Thompson, D. O. Farrand, J. D. Rowan, L. L. Penfield, C. D. Randall, Morgan Bates, A. H. Morrison, J. W. French, George A. Farr, A. B. Watson, Charles Kipp, E. M. Adams, B. W. Huston, William Jenny, E. O. Avery, Thomas N. Stevens, J. H. Chandler, D. A. Blodgett.

MINNESOTA—D. Sinclair, D. M. Sabin, A. O. Whipple, Dorilus Morrison, A. C. Wedge, J. V. Daniels, Marcus Johnson, George Bryant, E. F. Drake, C. F. Kindred.

MISSISSIPPI—B. K. Bruce, James Hill, George M. Buchanan, Haribee C. Carter, W. H. Kennon, George C. McKee, Henry C. Niles, Joshua R. Smith, George W. Gales, F. M. Libby, Samuel P. Hurst, W. W. Bell, Green C. Chandler, Charles W. Clarke, Richard F. Beck, R. H. Montgomery.

MISSOURI—C. I. Filley, H. E. Havens, David Wagner, R. T. Van Horn, John A. Weber, Nicholas Berg, T. B. Rogers, J. A. Wheeler, John H. Pullman, Thomas Gallen, William Ballentine, James Lindley, J. G. Baker, T. A. Lowe, R. C. McBeth, W. E. Maynard, A. D. Jaynes, A. G. Hollenbeck, W. J. Terrell, L. C. Slavens, N. F. Essex, S. C. Closky, Thomas D. Neal, George Hall, G. J. Whiteman, H. N. Cook, H. N. Hiller, J. E. Adams, R. A. Bucker, Stuart Cartaner.

NEBRASKA—J. W. Dawes, L. C. Crounse, William Gastin, J. L. Mitchell, N. Perringer, D. A. Lewis.

NEVADA—E. Strother, C. C. Stevenson, M. D. Foley, W. W. Bishop, J. J. Meigs, T. D. Edwards.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—William E. Chandler, Ruel Durkee, David H. Buffum, Benjamin F. Prescott, Charles H. Murphy, Joel Eastman, Charles Holman, James G. Sturgis, Anson L. Brown, S. W. Hale.

NEW JERSEY—Judson Kilpatrick, George A. Halsey, William J. Sewell, William Walter Phelps, C. H. Sinnickson, Samuel Hopkins, John S. Irick, John S. Schultz, John F. Babcock, Chilion Robbins, N. W. Voorhies, W. A. Stiles, H. L. Butler, A. A. Vance, E. L. Joy, A. P. Condit, James M. Gopsill, B. W. Throckmorton.

NEW YORK—Roscoe Conklin, Chester A. Arthur, Alonzo B. Cornell, James D. Warren, John Birdsall, S. L. Hawkins, James Jourdan, Amos F. Learned, F. A. Schroeder, Alber Daggett, Jacob Worth, Benjamin F. Tracey, Edwards Pierrepont, E. W. Stoughton, Charles E. Cornell, DeWitt C. Wheeler, J. M. Patterson, Jr., J. J. O'Brien, J. D. Lawson, Charles Blaikie, Solon B. Smith, Bernard Biglin, Joel W. Mason, S. B. French, Thomas Murphy, Jacob Hess, W. H.

Robertson, J. W. Husted, L. F. Payne, S. B. Dutcher, M. D. Stivers, B. G. Wales, George H. Sharpe, Rufus H. King, Henry R. Pierson, C. P. Eaton, John M. Francis, Isaac V. Baker, Jr., W. W. Rockwell, O. Abell, Jr., W. S. Dickinson, H. R. James, Webster. Wagner, George West, David Wilber, Ferris Jacobs, J. P. Douglass, S. Sylvester, E. H. Shelley, W. H. Comstock, George L. Case, C. L. Kendedy, D. McCarthy, James G. Belden, W. B. Woodin, J. B. Murray, F. O. Mason, G. N. Hicks, T. C. Platt, O. W. Chapman, Justin S. Cole, C. J. Langdon, E. A. Frost, H. A. Brunner, G. G. Hoskins, J. E. Pound R. V. Pierce, John Nice, N. H. Allen, L. B. Sessions.

North Carolina—W. P. Canady, D. H. Starbuck, J. H. Harris, Rufus Barringer, Poleman John, Samuel T. Carrow, Israel B. Abbott, C. Faison, O. H. Blocker, George W. Price, Isaac J. Young, Stuart Ellison, Thomas B. Keogh, J. H. Hardin, O. J. Spears, W. R. Myers, W. W. Rollins, D. C. Pearson.

Ohio—William Dennison, Warner M. Bateman, James A. Garfield, Charles Foster, Benjamin Butterworth, Albert Schwill, Henry Kessler, C. Fleischmann, D. W. McClung, A. R. Creamer, W. D. Bickham, F. G. Thompson, Joseph Lawrence, J. W. Conklin, J. H. Ritchie, M. M. Fourelle, Marcus Boggs, Alphonso Hart, C. B. Wright, J. F. Gowery, William C. Cooper, James Glover, I. F. Mack, D. M. Harkness, William Nash, David Willetts, F. C. Sessions, John Groce, A. W. Train, J. Buckingham, H. C. Hedges, S. H. Hunt, R. M. Stevenson, J. L. Dougherty, J. S. Pierce, J. D. Taylor, J. H. Tripp, A. W. Jones, W. H. Williams, L. A. Sheldon, Evan Morris, J. C. Beatty, S. T. Everett, James Burnett.

Oregon—J. H. Mitchell, D. K. Hanna, J. M. McCall, N W. Scott, D. N. Ireland, O. P. Tompkinson.

Pennsylvania—Matthew S. Quay, Linn Bartholomew, James McManes, Christopher L. Magee, William Elliott, W. S. Douglass, W. R. Leeds, David H. Lane, William L. Smith,

David Mouat, W. Ellwood Rowan, H. Disston, Thomas J. Powers, Adam Albright, Amos Gartside, W. B. Waddell, C. N. Taylor, D. O. Hitner, Chester N. Farr, Samuel R. Deppin, A. J. Kaufmann, William K. Seltzer, H. J. Reeder, Harrison Bortz, S. V. Thompson, W. A. W. Grier, J. J. Albright, Alexander Farnham, Samuel A. Losch, William S. Morehead, J. D. Cameron, John K. Clement, O. D. Kinney, C. C. Jadwin, W. H. Armstrong, Thomas L. Kane, John Cessna, David Over, J. G. Isenberg, B. F. Wagenseller, James Hurst, John Hays, James A. Beaver, M. L. Brosius, George Huff, George S. M. Baile, W. C. Moreland, James D. McDevitt, William B. Rogers, James H. Lindsay, J. H. Harrah, John McKinley, Joseph Buffington, James E. Long, Thomas Robinson, John L. Gordon, C. M. Reed, Harrison Allen.

RHODE ISLAND—John P. Sanborn, Thomas W. Chase, Isaac M. Potter, Almon K. Goodwin, Charles H. Handy, David L. Aldrich, William A. Price, Horace A. Jenckes.

SOUTH CAROLINA—E. W. M. Mackey, Samuel Lee, E. M. Brayton, R. B. Elliott, D. D. McCall, W. A. Hayne, C. C. Bowen, W. N. Taft, W. M. Fine, C. M. Wilder, Samuel T. Poinier, Wilson Cook, W. F. Myers, W. J. Whipper.

TENNESSEE—L. C. Houck, H. H. Harrison, J. M. Thornburg, David Nunn, R. R. Butler, Jesse T. Rogers, E. T. Sanford, J. N. Cordell, W. S. Tipton, W. T. Cate, H. L. W. Cheatham, J. S. Smith, W. H. Wisener, W. Y. Elliott, S. O. W. Brandon, W. H. Young, A. M. Hughes, Jr., B. A. J. Nixon, T. E. Muse, E. G. Rigely, W. M. Hall, H. Summerville, Larkin Williams, Fred H. Hunt.

TEXAS.—E. J. Davis, Webster Flanagan, A. B. Norton, W. H. Holland, G. M. Dilley, William Chambers, A. G. Malloy, W. H. Hakes, C. C. Binckley, D. A. Robertson, J. G. Tracey, W. R. Chase, N. W. Cuney, R. A. Harber, A. Scimering, E. H. Terrell.

VERMONT.—John Gregory Smith, John W. Stewart, Frederick Billings, George W. Hooker, J. G. McCullough, L. Bart Cross, John B. Mead, Henry C. Belden, G. G. Benedict, C. S. Page.

VIRGINIA—Sheffey Lewis, Peter J. Carter, Joseph Jorgensen, J. W. Poindexter, L. A. Stewart, John W. Woltz, Robert Norton, George E. Bowden, Otis H. Russell, Josiah Crump, W. L. Fernald, James D. Brady, H. C. Harris, W. H. Pleasants, J. F. Wilson, W. R. Watkins, F. T. Ware, John Donovan, William Brown, L. L. Lewis, H. O. Austin, C. C. Thompkins.

WEST VIRGINIA—A. W. Campbell, S. P. McCormick, W. J. Burley, John H. Riley, C. D. Hubbard, A. C. Moore, J. T. Hope, J. M. Hagans, Z. D. Ramshell, L. A. Martin.

WISCONSIN—J. B. Cassidy, Thomas B. Scott, Edward Sanderson, M. Van Steenwyk, J. V. Quarles, Charles Palmerter, A. J. Turner, George E. Bryant, W. E. Carter, N. L. James, F. C. Winkler, E. M. Rogers, W. H. Hempschemeyer, J. C. Wedge, Levi Howland, Philetus Sawyer, J. M. Rush, F. L. Gilson, Isaac Stevenson, S. W. Hunt.

When the convention opened its doors, the three great political leaders who were expected to change every result, rather by opposition than advocacy, were Senator Conkling, of New York, Senator Logan, of Illinois, and Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania. These gentlemen were leaders of an alliance of the most formidable and aggressive character. Senator Cameron was absolute master of the Republican organization in Pennsylvania, Senator Conkling had almost as firm a hold upon that of New York, and Senator Logan, though not quite so thoroughly monarch of Illinois, sat far more securely upon his self-established throne than any one imagined. No one of these men could give himself the nomination, nor hand it over to anybody who would recognize the

giver as the only power behind the throne. Working together for a common end, to serve their common ambition for political power, a victory seemed easily possible. If they could not, like Cæsar, Cassius and Pompey, divide "this great empire" between them, they might jointly govern it through a man of their own selection, and each be secured in the absolute patronage of a State, so great as to be an empire in itself.

Ulysses S. Grant, already twice president, was the fast friend of these three who were determined to nominate him for the presidency, whether it was the wish of the people or not. He was their choice, and they recognized no other law. The higher law of the nation's will was nothing to them. The State conventions had been adroitly managed, packed with Grant delegates, and with these the great leaders went to Chicago, to force Grant's candidacy. Arrayed against them were the friends of James G. Blaine, John Sherman, Elihu B. Washburne, Senator Windom, Senator Edmunds, and a number of other gentlemen, who were esteemed fit to fill the office of President of the United States.

There was no waiting to begin the battle; as fast as delegates and delegation body-guards arrived, they engaged at once. By Monday preceding the Wednesday the convention assembled, Chicago was in a boil. The battle had opened in earnest. The city seemed transformed,

it bubbled with an unknown excitement. Those who had witnessed every convention of the Republican party, since it was a party, say that they never had seen such a seething mass of political wranglers as gathered in and around the palatial Chicago hotels. Immense and numerous as these hotels are, they were crowded to the utmost. The more prominent of them were made dazzling as the noonday sun with the un-sunlike glare of electric lights. Statesmen, professional politicians, carpet-baggers, all sorts, sizes and colors of men, thronged the halls, dining-rooms, parlors, corridors and the stairs of acceptable rooms occupied as head-quarters of regular delegations, committees, clubs, and every possible form of organization that gave any promise of hindering or promoting particular candidates. Indeed, the whole battle seemed to be one of mean ambition, or meaner cupidity, and candidates were favored or opposed, as a rule, by the ruck—not the great men—by those who hoped to profit by their efforts.

The first effort of the anti-Grant men was to break down the unit rule, by which the delegates from New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois were bound to the wish of Conkling, Cameron and Logan. A meeting of the National Committee was called, and all interest at once centred in the proceedings. The corridors of the Palmer House, leading to the committee-room, were choked by

earnest, eager, anxious people. The meeting of the committee was secret. Senator Cameron presided, and hardly had he called the committee to order before the following resolutions were offered by William E. Chandler of New Hampshire:

Resolved, That this committee approves and ratifies the call for the approaching Republican National Convention, which was issued by its chairman and secretary, and which invites two delegates from each Congressional District, four delegates-at-large from each State, two from each Territory and two from the District of Columbia, to compose the convention.

Resolved, That this committee recognizes the right of each delegate in a Republican National Convention freely to cast and to have counted his individual vote therein, according to his own sentiments; and, if he so decides, against any unit rule or other instructions passed by a State Convention, which right was conceded without dissent and was exercised in the conventions of 1860 and 1868, and was, after full debate, affirmed by the convention of 1876, and has thus become a part of the law of Republican Conventions, and until reversed by a convention itself, must remain a governing principle.

The first resolution was adopted unanimously. Senator Cameron then showed his hand, and ruled the second resolution out of order. An appeal from his decision he refused to entertain. At this there was much consternation among the anti-Grant people, who for a moment seemed bewildered. Representative Frye, of Maine, inquired of the chair where he had learned parliamentary law, and William E. Chandler announced

that if the chairman would not pay any respect to the committee, the same power that made him chairman would remove him. Mr. Filley, of Missouri, came to the chairman's assistance in a short speech, that availed him nothing. The issue was clear, Senator Cameron was determined on forcing the unit rule, and refusing to recognize any motion that would interfere with the enforcement of that rule. But, unfortunately for him, the majority of the committee were opposed to him. A committee of six was appointed to nominate a temporary chairman, and the committee adjourned for a recess.

During this the determined purpose of the anti-Grant men to depose Senator Cameron was made abundantly apparent. They considered the crisis reached, and when the committee again assembled they had determined to deprive Cameron of his power, or exact from him a promise. This plan was, however, abandoned, Senator Cameron remaining obstinate in his position and refusing to give any promise that he would not enforce the rule, as the committee had it in their power to appoint an acceptable chairman. At midnight the committee adjourned, the Hon. George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, was chosen temporary chairman, he being acceptable to the Grant men. For further protection, a resolution was adopted before adjournment, that should Mr. Cameron be unable, through sickness or any other cause, to present

the name of Mr. Hoar to the convention, Mr. Chandler, as chairman of the committee reporting his name, should do so.

The excitement over these proceedings was intense, and all night long the heated partisans discussed Mr. Cameron's extraordinary ruling and arbitrary action as chairman of the National Committee.

Eighteen of Mr. Cameron's own delegation from Pennsylvania protested, and twenty-two of the New York delegates made haste to write out and sign the following paper:

The undersigned, delegates to the Republican National Convention, representing our several Congressional districts in the State of New York, desiring, above all, the success of the Republican party at the approaching election, and realizing the hazard attending an injudicious nomination, declare our purpose to resist the nomination of General U. S. Grant by all honorable means. We are sincere in the conviction, that in New York at least his nomination would ensure defeat. We have a great battle to fight, and victory is within our reach, but we earnestly protest against entering the contest with a nomination which we regard as unwise and perilous.

12. W. H. Robertson,
26. W. B. Woodin,
33. Lorin B. Sessions,
14. W. D. Stivers,
20. Webster Wagner,
George West,
3. Albert Dagget,
14. B. G. Wales,
1. Simeon Shawkins,
John Birdsall,
22. John P. Douglas,
Sidney Sylvester,
13. John B. Dutcher,
19. Henry R. James,
Wells S. Dickson,
12. James W. Husted,
21. Ferris Jacobs, Jr.,
18. Oliver Abel,
33. N. M. Allen.

The interest in the situation grew deeper every hour, the lines were sharper drawn, the leaders bent more stenuously to their wheels, upon which so many of them were destined to be broken. The long night of war and words faded into a morning that promised relief to none, and victory to some leader yet in the shadow of obscurity. The early morning was signalized by an open revolt—hitherto asserted by the anti-Grant men, and denied by their opponents—in the Pennsylvania delegation, headed by Mr. James McManes. Their protest was similar to that of the New York delegation, and was signed by the following:

Delegate-at-large—James McManes.

1. W. S. Douglass,
2. W. R. Leeds,
4. W. E. Rowan,
5. Hamilton Disston,
25. J. E. Long,
19. John Hays,
12. Alexander Farnham,
15. O. D. Kenney,
C. C. Jadwin,
6. W. B. Waddell,
A. Gartside,
10. Harrison Bortz,
20. M. L. Brosius,
24. J. McKinley,
18. B. F. Wagenseller,
J. G. Isenberg,
8. S. R. Deppin,
7. C. N. Taylor,
11. W. A. W. Grier,
S. Y. Thompson,
7. P. Wanger (sub).

Conkling, Cameron and Logan, and their adherents, had now reached a deadlock with the opposition. The situation was bitter in its intensity, and prodigal in stubbornness. An attempt at relief was made by General Chester A. Arthur and ex-Secretary Gorham, of California, who, in

behalf of the Grant men, submitted the following proposition:

"That Senator Hoar should be accepted as temporary chairman of the convention, and that no attempt should be made to enforce the unit rule, or have a test vote in the convention, until the committee on credentials had reported, when the unit-rule question should be decided by the convention in its own way."

A long conference ensued among the anti-Grant men to debate this proposition, and late in the afternoon this peace proposition was accepted by all parties, and it was further agreed that the regular delegates from Illinois and Louisiana should be admitted to participate in the temporary organization, and then take their chances with the committee on credentials.

Amid the excitement and turmoil of these preliminary struggles, the spectator will have noticed one incident of significance—the bringing forward as a candidate for the second honor on the Republican ticket a colored man—Senator B. K. Bruce, of Mississippi. He was serenaded by his friends from the Southern States, enthusiastic speeches were made in his favor, and his "boom" assumed quite respectable proportions. The attempt, however, met with but little encouragement—the time for a parti-colored ticket has apparently not yet arrived.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE BEGUN.

WEDNESDAY, June 2d, dawned in Chicago, amid an animation, a stir, a mighty something in the air, only felt upon great occasions. That morning the convention met, and the hours before noon were devoted to a grand struggle for tickets—a struggle that, in its brief intensity, quite overshadowed the greater issue that hung upon the burdened air. When Chicago bells chimed high noon, there were not a thousand people in Exposition Hall, and they resembled scattered pilgrims at a deserted shrine. Not for long, however. The crowds poured into the building like the whirl of autumn leaves before the wind, and scattered to their places. An hour later more than ten thousand were within the building, and massed in every inch of room.

By this time the delegates were due, and the eager spectators craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the early birds. One who was there thus describes the assembling of the convention:

"The Alabama delegation was first to file in as a body, and its two rows of President-makers

nestled down in front of the stage, displaying every shade of complexion, from the pure white to the genuine African. Arkansas fell in greatly behind Alabama, with the familiar face of ex-Senator Dorsey at the head. Meantime the places allotted to the various States were being rapidly filled up by the rank and file of the delegations. But the leaders were slow in getting to their respective commands. The dignitaries who had been assigned to the seats for distinguished guests began to swarm in, and Frye, of Maine, and Chandler, of New Hampshire, buzzed them as they gathered in little knots to discuss the situation. General Beaver, chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation, swung himself along the side aisle on his crutches and sat down at the post of honor for his State, with Quay close by his side, and Cessna flitted hither and thither as if uncertain that anything would be well done unless he gave it a helping hand. McManes dropped in late, a little paled by illness, but with all his Scotch-Irish doggedness written in his face. Jewell and Creswell, both of the Grant Cabinet, came in about the same time, the first hoping to look down on the defeat of his old chief from the gallery of distinguished guests, and the other marshaling his delegation to give him back his Old Commander.

"Both look fresh and rosy as they did when they hugged their portfolios and enjoyed the hollow homage that is paid to honor at the capital

The tall, sturdy form of 'Long John' Wentworth towered over all as he joined his delegation. He is stouter, redder, grayer and balder than eight years ago, when he rebelled against Grant. He had returned to his first love, and now wilts down his collars early in the morning working and cheering for the Silent Man.

"Just when the building had pretty nearly filled up there was a simultaneous huzza throughout the hall and galleries, and it speedily broke out in a hearty applause. The tall and now silvered plume of Conkling was visible in the aisle, and he strode down to his place at the head of his delegation with the majesty of an emperor. He recognized the compliment by a modest bow, without lifting his eyes to the audience, and took his seat as serenely as if on a picnic and holiday. He has aged rapidly during the last year, and his once golden locks are thinned and whitened, while hard lines dispel the brightness of his finely-chiseled face. The Grant men seemed to be more comfortable when they found him by their side and evidently ready for the conflict. The sable Grant men from the South, who believe Grant to be their political savior, look upon Conkling as his prophet, and they worship him as a demigod. Logan's swarthy features, flowing mustache and Indian hair were next visible on the eastern aisle, but he stepped to the head of his delegation so quietly that he escaped a special welcome. He sat as if

in sober reflection for a few moments, and then hastened over to Conkling to perfect their counsel on the eve of battle. The two senatorial leaders held close conference until the bustle about the chair gave notice that the opposing lines were about to begin to feel each other and test their position.

"Cameron had just stepped upon the platform with the elasticity of a boy, and his youthful but strongly-marked face was recognized at once. There was no applause. They all knew that he never plays for the galleries, and that cheers are wasted upon him. The man who can bring him votes when he is in want of them, can make his cold gray eyes kindle and his usually stolid features toy with a smile, but no man in the land more justly estimates the crowd that ever cheers the coming guest than does Cameron. He quietly sat down for ten minutes, although the time for calling the convention to order had passed by an hour, and he looked out upon the body so big with destiny for himself and his Grant associates. As he passed by he was asked: 'What of the battle?' To which he answered: 'We have three hundred to start with, and we will stick until we win.'

"It was said with all the determination that his positive manner and expression could add to language, and it summed up his whole strategy. While he waited the vacant places were fast

filling up. Generals Sewell and Kilpatrick took their posts at the head of the New Jersey men, and just behind them the rosy faces of Garfield and Foster, and the tall, spare form of Dennison were holding a hasty last council of the Sherman wing of the opposition. The youthful, olive-shaded features of Bruce, of Mississippi, were visible in the centre of his delegation, and the dream of the Vice-Presidency made him restless and anxious.

"At five minutes after one Cameron quickly rose from his chair, advanced to the front, and brought his gavel down gently upon the speaker's desk. At once the confused hum of voices began to still and the nearly ten thousand people present settled into perfect order. Cameron stood for half a minute after silence had been obtained, apparently free from all embarrassment, and finally said, in a clear voice:

"'The convention will come to order, and will be opened with prayer.'"

After the last words had fallen from the lips of the clergyman and a moment more had been spent in silence, Senator Cameron rose and said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: Before the convention enters upon the important duties that have called it together, I ask your attention for a single moment. During the canvass just ended there has been manifested in many sections of the country considerable bitterness, which, I trust

will entirely disappear before entering upon the grave duties devolving upon us. Let there be but one motive governing our action and let that be a determination to place in nomination the strongest possible candidates—men strong in themselves, strong in the confidence and affections of the people, and men who will command the respect of the civilized world. Our country, of which we are justly proud, has grown so rapidly in population, wealth and influence during the existence of the Republican party that we have attained a position as one of the leading powers of the world. We cannot longer be satisfied with our isolation. Recognizing the changed condition, we must place in position men whose familiarity with other nations will enable them to direct our affairs so that we will take the lead in commerce as we have in agriculture and manufactures. Do not for a moment doubt the strength of our institutions. They have been tried in blood and came from the contest better, stronger and purer than the most ardent patriot dared to hope. No combination of circumstances, no coterie of individuals, no personal ambition can ever prevail against the intelligence and inborn love of liberty which are implanted in the hearts of Americans. When the nominations are made and the convention has completed its work, let there be but one sentiment animating all earnest, sincere and unselfish Republicans, and let that be

that each shall vie with the other in carrying our grand old party through the coming contest to victory."

Senator Cameron then presented the name of Senator George F. Hoar as temporary chairman. Applause greeted the announcement, which was a distinct defeat of the senator who announced it. No objection was raised, and Senator Hoar came upon the platform, escorted by ex-Governor Davis, of Texas, Congressman Frye, of Maine, and Revenue Commissioner Raum, of Illinois.

The chairman immediately delivered the customary speech, in which he grandly arraigned the Democratic party for its sins of omission and commission. It confronted the Republican party today, unchanged in purpose, in temper, or in character, and united in nothing else, proposing no other measure of policy than war upon the safeguards which the nation had thrown around the purity of elections. Then he continued:

"The Democratic party sees nothing of evil, except that a free man shall cast a free vote under the protection of the nation. In Louisiana and Mississippi the Democratic party is the accomplice of the White League and the Ku-Klux. In South Carolina it took the honest ballots from the box and stuffed tissue ballots in their places. In New York it issued fraudulent naturalization papers, sixty thousand in number. In Maine its ambitious larceny tried to pilfer a whole State, and in Dela-

ware it stood accomplice by the whipping-post. The Republican party has no such miserable history. It speaks of rebellion subdued, slaves freed, of great public works constructed, of debt diminished, of sound currency restored, of a flag floating long and everywhere honored and respected. The key-note of every Republican platform, the principle of every Republican union, is found in respect for the dignity of the individual man. Until that becomes the pervading principle of the Republic, from Canada to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Republican mission is not ended; the Republican party lives by faith that every man within the borders of the Republic may dwell secure in a happy home, may cast his equal vote and have it counted, and may send his children at the puplic charge to a free school. Until these things come to pass, the mission of the Republican party is not ended, nor its conflict with its ancient adversary ended."

Applause followed. When it had ceased, Messrs. J. H. Roberts, of Illinois, and Christopher Magee, of Pittsburg, were elected secretaries.

Eugene Hale then got up from the midst of the Maine delegation and moved for a call of the States and the naming of the several members of the committees on permanent organization, resolutions, rules and credentials. This completed, Congressman Frye, of Maine, from the platform, desired that Utah should be represented upon the

credentials committee, and so moved, as it had been left off.

Upon this Senator Conkling took the floor, and in the midst of applause indicated with a flourish that if the fight had opened he was ready for it. He objected to Utah, as he understood it was a part of the agreement for the preliminary organization that it should not be called. He made a point of order against it, and when that was overruled he asked if it would be in order to put in Louisiana.

Mr. Frye here interrupted, explaining that he had the authority of the secretary of the National Committee for saying that Utah had been left off by mistake; and he did not suppose a Republican convention would refuse to correct a mistake. Utah thereupon secured its representation.

The roll of States was called for notices of contests, of which there were a good many, and an adjournment until Thursday morning at eleven was carried on motion of Senator Conkling.

The adjournment was necessary in order to give the various committees an opportunity to get to work and complete their reports. The committees—now historical—were composed as follows:

States.	Permanent Organization.	Rules and Business.
Alabama	Benjamin T. Turner	J. H. Thomasson.
Arkansas	O. P. Snyder	J. H. Johnson.
California	John Mansfield	E. A. Davis.
Colorado	John A. Ellet	M. N. Negroeve.

States.	Permanent Organization.	Rules and Business.
Connecticut	John M. Douglas	Daniel Chadwick.
Delaware	Christian Febiger	Benjamin Burton.
Florida	B. J. Shipman	James Dean.
Georgia	Madison Davis	R. D. Lock.
Illinois	Richard Whiting	Andrew W. Metcalf.
Indiana	J. J. Todd	Bryo W. Langdon.
Iowa	John W. Sharp	S. M. Clark.
Kansas	S. S. Benedict	George H. Case.
Kentucky	Morris C. Hutchins	W. G. Hunton.
Louisiana	Contest	Contest.
Maine	L. G. Dawnes	Llewellyn Powers.
Maryland	Charles T. Westcott	Jacob J. Weaver, Jr.
Massachusetts	William B. Hopkins	Robert M. Morse, Jr.
Michigan	E. C. Watkins	J. H. Chandler.
Minnesota	J. V. Daniels	E. F. Drake.
Mississippi	James Hill	H. C. Carter.
Missouri	Luther C. Slavens	Thomas B Rodgers.
Nebraska	V. L. Bierbower	J. L. Mitchell.
Nevada	E. Strother	W. W. Bishop.
New Hampshire	S. W. Hale	James G. Sturgis.
New Jersey	James Gopsill	C. H. Sinnickson.
New York	Henry R. Pierson	George H. Sharpe.
North Carolina	Rufus Barringer	O. H. Blocker.
Ohio	Alphonso Hart	James A. Garfield.
Oregon	O. P. Tompkins	D. C. Ireland.
Pennsylvania	Howard J. Reeder	Wm. H. Armstrong.
Rhode Island	Almon R. Goodwin	Thomas W. Chase.
South Carolina	W. J. Whipper	Charles M. Wilder.
Tennessee	W. E. Cate	J. M. Cordell.
Texas	W. H. Hokes	William Chambers.
Vermont	Henry C. Belden	John B. Mead.
Virginia	H. Clay Harris	W. R. Watkins.
West Virginia	J. H. Riley	A. C. Moore.
Wisconsin	Wm. E. Carter	A. J. Turner.
Arizona	None	J. S. Vosburg.
Dakota	None	C. T. McCoy.
District of Columbia	None	John F. Cook.
Idaho	George L. Shoup	George L. Shoup.
Montana	Robert E. Fisk	Henry M. Blake.
New Mexico	William Breeden	Wm. L. Ryneson.
Utah	V. L. C. Silvos	None.

States.	Permanent Organization.	Rules and Business.
Washington	Thomas L. Minor	Thomas H. Brents.
Wyoming	W. A. Carter	None.

States.	Credentials.	Resolutions.
Alabama	Isaac Heyman	Wm. Youngblood.
Arkansas	Powell Clayton	H. S. Holland.
California	Creed Haymond	D. S. Payne.
Colorado	George T. Clark	Amos Steck.
Connecticut	Samuel C. Fessendon	H. C. Robinson.
Delaware	James R. Lofland	Levi G. Clark.
Florida	Joseph E. Lee	F. C. Humphries.
Georgia	Edward Belcher	A. E. Buck.
Illinois	Green B. Raum	E. A. Storrs.
Indiana	B. K. Higginbottom	George W. Fridley.
Iowa	J. S. Clarkson	George G. Perkins.
Kansas	B. F. Simpson	R. R. W. Perkins.
Kentucky	Richard B. Stoll	A. T. Wood.
Louisiana	Contest	Contest.
Maine	A. A. Stroul	Lewis Barker.
Maryland	William J. Hooper	J. Morrison Harris.
Massachusetts	Charles R. Codman	James M. Barker.
Michigan	Homer D. Conger	George A. Farr.
Minnesota	E. M. Sabin	D. Sinclair.
Mississippi	F. M. Libbey	Charles W. Clark.
Missouri	Harrison E. Haven	R. T. Van Horne.
Nebraska	N. W. Passenger	J. W. Dawes.
Nevada	M. D. Foley	T. D. Edwards.
New Hampshire	Wm. E. Chandler	Charles Holman.
New Jersey	Chellian Robbins	William W. Phelps.
New York	Benjamin F. Tracey	Edwards Pierrepont.
North Carolina	George W. Price, Jr	James A. Harris.
Ohio	Warren M. Bateman	Rodney M. Stimson.
Oregon	John H. Mitchell	H. W. Scott.
Pennsylvania	John Cessna	W. B. Rogers.
Rhode Island	John P. Sanborn	Charles H. Handley.
South Carolina	William N. Taft	D. D. McCall.
Tennessee	J. M. Thornburg	Horace H. Harrison.
Texas	Webster Flannagan	J. G. Tracy.
Vermont	John W. Stewart	George G. Benedict.
Virginia	C. C. Tompkins	James D. Brady.
West Virginia	J. M. Hagan	C. D. Hubbard.

States.	Credentials.	Resolutions.
Wisconsin	Ed. Sanderson	Joseph V. Quarles.
Arizona	R. C. McCormick	J. S. Vosburg.
Dakota	Porter Warner	C. T. McCoy.
District of Columbia	Sayles J. Bowen	John F. Cook.
Idaho	George L. Shoup	Jones W. Brown.
Montana	Henry M. Blake	Robert E. Fisk.
New Mexico	William Breeden	William L. Ryneson.
Utah	None	Presley Denney.
Washington	T. L. Minor	Thomas H. Brents.
Wyoming	W. A. Carter	W. A. Carter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHTING.

EXPOSITION HALL, as the convention began assembling on Thursday morning, presented much the same appearance that it did the day before. The attendance was, however, much larger, and the anti-third-term people had made arrangements during the previous evening to secure a greater representation in the spectators' seats, and a better location for their sympathizers.

The delegates, as the hour of eleven approached, straggled slowly in. Many of them came fatigued from committee work, and other matters not official but incidental to a gathering of the kind. By the hour for assembling, every seat was occupied in the galleries, and the floor was unusually animated. There was a great deal of running round among the delegates and their friends, but the only outburst before the call to order was on the first day, when Conkling came down the aisle at a a quarter to twelve. He was euthusiastically cheered, and moved slowly to his seat, his tall figure rising above those who stood aside to let him pass. He was the lion of the hour and the

chief curiosity of the multitude was always to see the silver-bearded senator from New York.

It was within a few minutes of high noon, when Senator Hoar brought down his gavel upon his bouquet-embellished desk. A momentary confusion was caused in the removal of outsiders, who crowded into every possible place. All knew that the Committee on Credentials, which had in hand the important preliminary work of the convention, would not be ready to report for several hours. Consequently, as soon as the prayer was concluded, Senator Conkling moved that a recess be taken until six o'clock. This motion was regarded as an indication that he was not altogether prepared for any test vote, but the fact was it was impossible to reach a test vote until it came to the report of the Committee on Credentials. Eugene Hale, however, backed by the cheers of the gallery, antagonized the motion for a recess, and supported his wish with the precedent that four years before the convention had effected the permanent organization while waiting the report on contested seats.

Senator Conkling dropped into the sarcastic in his reply, congratulated the convention that it had heard a speech from the gentleman from Maine, and managed to sneer at New England as a section chiefly peopled by orators.

Mr. Hale returned to the charge, and made great point, that in Congress business did not wai-

for the settlement of contests. For this Mr. Hale was rewarded by a wild burst of applause. The crowds were ready and delighted to cheer, and when Hale went on to say that if he appeared in better humor that morning than the gentleman from New York, the great audience understood the reason why. The applause passed beyond all bounds. It became a gale of hurrahs.

Mr. Conkling did not attempt a reply to this and a vote being secured on his motion for a recess, it was lost. For several minutes after this it was not quite certain what would be the next step. Then Joy, of Michigan, sent up a resolution, to the effect that the contestants from Illinois should be allowed to be heard before the convention by such counsel as they should select. This raised quite a storm, and a motion to lay it on the table was made. This was submitted to a *viva voce* vote, and declared lost. A roll-call was ordered to satisfy the demands of some rash delegates, but this was not acceptable to either side. Joy's motion was then withdrawn at the request of Eugene Hale.

Later, General Sewell, of New Jersey, introduced a motion that the Committee on Permanent Organization be instructed to bring in its report. This was adopted. The report continued Senator Hoar as permanent president, and provided a vice-president and secretary from each State.

After the report was read and corrected, Senator Hoar said:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: You have manifested in the choice you have made for permanent presiding officer a disposition to a wise economy in the matter of opening speeches. [Laughter.] One good reason occurs to me for the selection which you have made, and that is, that having heard one speech from me, you have, for reasons entirely satisfactory to each delegate, no inclination to hear another opening speech." [Laughter and applause.]

The men from Maine were still anxious to go on with business, and Frye put a motion that the Committee on Rules be requested to report. This brought General Sharpe to his feet—the New York member of the committee—who said he had been instructed to prepare a minority report, and as the committee was in session until within a few minutes of the assembling of the convention, he had no time to do so. He also announced it was understood that a report would not be made until the Committee on Credentials had presented their report. The chairman of the Committee on Rules was then called upon by Mr. Frye.

The chairman was General Garfield. As he mounted a chair to have a better opportunity, he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause yet heard in the convention. It was a magnificent,

spontaneous tribute to his worth and universally-recognized public services. General Garfield said the statement of the gentleman from New York was true. This satisfied everybody. Frye withdrew his motion to propose a recess until five P. M.

Senator Conkling was immediately on his feet to congratulate his friends from Maine that so much had been accomplished. It was a matter to stir the heart of every patriot to find the convention, in its organized state, rising in its might, on being able to accomplish the momentous, the critical, the portentous business that had been accomplished since his (Conkling's) motion to adjourn had been made. Mr. Frye returned the challenge, and drew wild cheering from the galleries by expressing his thanks to the distinguished gentleman from New York, who, he hoped, would be as willing and as ready to congratulate Maine at the conclusion of the convention.

There was no reply to make to this clever sally of the man from Maine, and the motion for a recess was adopted without dissent. The convention stood adjourned until five P. M.

It was half-past that hour, however, before the convention came to order again. The galleries were packed as before with interested spectators. As soon as the convention was ready for business, Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, announced that the Committee on Credentials would not be ready to report at that session, and moved that the Committee

on Rules be requested to report, so that the convention could proceed to business. This again precipitated a clash between the opposing factions. Senator Logan said the committee had agreed to defer their report on rules and order of business until after the action on contested seats. (This, as it will be remembered by the reader, was for the purpose of delaying everything decisive until such time as all the delegates were in the hall, the Grant men hoping to gain by the action of the credentials committee). If the convention desired victory for its work, it ought not to raise too hastily the axe to the heads of their brethren. The rules ought not to be adopted before they knew who were entitled to seats as representatives in the body, especially as one of the rules to be reported would limit the speakers to five minutes each. Let the compact be kept that was agreed to by members of the committee, and let the consideration of the rules be deferred until the report of the Committee on Credentials was made. He urged the withdrawal of the motion. [Cries of "No."] Some gentlemen, he said, cried "no." Was it because they were determined not to stand by the agreement of the committee? Did they desire to ride rough-shod over members?

The Associated Press report of this debate, which led to the first test vote between the Grant and anti-Grant men, continues it from this point, as follows:

"Mr. Henderson replied that he was glad to learn the sentiments of the distinguished gentleman from Illinois. They would gratify the whole country. From no gentleman was he more glad to hear than from him that there must be no rough riding over this convention. [Tumultuous applause.] He was glad to see the contending columns here coming together in the field of fair play. [Applause.] The gentleman asked why this haste? He, on the contrary, asked, why this delay? [Applause.] The chairman of the Committee on Rules indicated here this morning that there was no compact made in said committee, such as Mr. Logan had asserted. On the contrary, he said he was ready to report, but the convention, by general concurrence, took a recess to give a minority of the committee the time he asked to prepare a minority report. But now the convention was organized and ready for work, and he must insist on his motion to proceed to business. In conclusion he stated, on authority of a Kentucky member of the committee, who signed the minority report, that it was in fact ready for being reported this morning.

"Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, inquired of the chairman of the Committee on Rules whether it was true that they would recommend the adoption of the five-minute rule in the debate on contested seats.

"The Kentucky member of the committee arose, and announced as a misrepresentation Mr. Hen-

derson's statement that the minority report was ready this morning.

"Another committeeman, rising, shouted excitedly that Mr. Henderson's statement was accurate and true. [Applause and excitement.]

"Mr. Boutwell, resuming, said that he would vote against the pending motion if the five-minute rule was to be applied to arguments on the question of contested seats.

"Mr. Harrison said, though he differed with Mr. Logan on most of the questions, here he was with him in opposition to the five-minute rule in the discussion of the title of representatives to their seats [applause], but he was not in favor of indefinite and unreasonable and endless debate to tire everybody out. Even in that issue there ought to be some agreement on this point which would be fair and just to all parties.

"Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, said the arguments presented against the five-minute rule would be all right and proper and fair for consideration after the report was made. It would then be subject to discussion and amendment. He and his associates had no desire to take unfair advantage of any one, but he wanted the business to proceed, and the way to do these things was to receive the report and act upon it.

"Mr. Clarke, of Iowa, said at the proper time he would himself move to except the credentials discussion from the five-minute limitation, and

pledging the entire Iowa delegation to support it. [Applause.]

"Mr. Sharpe, of New York, said his minority report was now ready, and it was signed by representatives of nine States, whose vote was necessary to the success of the Republican party if in the coming contest it was to succeed. The committee had agreed to postpone the enforcement of the five-minute rule until the composition of the convention was decided. If that agreement was not unanimous, it had been at all events reached without a dissenting voice. He now moved to amend the motion by ordering the Committee on Credentials to make its report.

"Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, who was received with a storm of applause, said that there was no ground for any charge of bad faith by anybody in the Committee on Rules. He did not understand that any such charge was made. The fact was that the committee agreed that they would not, of their own motion, present their report until after the Committee on Contested Seats had reported; but whenever the convention chose to order the report from his committee, the latter had no other duty but to obey. He said, also, that the proposed rules were so drawn as to leave to the convention the power to extend any speaker's time beyond five minutes whenever it should so choose, even though the general limitation of each of the speakers should be fixed at five minutes.

"Mr. Conkling said that some hours ago the convention had adjourned until five o'clock, for the purpose of giving the Committee on Credentials time to report. The meaning of the recess was, that when the convention came together again the Committee on Credentials would make its report. He had been told by members of that committee that they were ready to report—not on one or two or three cases, but nearly every case referred to it. Why should not that committee make such report as it was ready to make, and let the convention pass upon it? He submitted that the good faith and good understanding of all concerned would be promoted and observed by proceeding now to consider that report of the Committee on Contested Seats.

"Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, replied that a good reason why the amendment should not prevail was the fact, that while the Committee on Rules had finished its work and was ready to report, the Committee on Credentials had not completed their work, and would probably not do so before to-morrow morning, and until then could not be here themselves to explain and sustain their own action.

"The chair stated that the question was first upon Mr. Sharpe's motion to amend so as to instruct the Committee on Contested Seats to report.

"Mr. Sharpe asked that the question be taken by yeas and nays, and the chair, exercising his

own discretion in the absence of any adopted rules, so ordered."

The roll was then called and Alabama led off with 19 yeas. When this vote was announced a delegate from that State rose and said he wished to vote in the negative.

Senator Hoar: "If the gentleman wishes to vote 'no' his vote will be received and recorded."

At this announcement, which was an out-spoken, manly declaration against the obnoxious unit rule and one of the best principles of political faith that the Republican party ever affirmed—the absolute inviolability of every man's share in the government of the governed—the convention sent up a great shout led by the galleries. This was applause worth listening to, the echo of which went through every State with the rapidity of great and good news.

Alabama was therefore recorded "Yeas 18, Noes 1," and the vote was continued thus:

Arkansas—Yeas, 12; California—Noes, 12; Colorado—Yeas, 6; Connecticut—Noes 12; Delaware—Noes, 6; Florida—Yeas, 6; Georgia—Yeas, 6; Noes, 16; Illinois—Yeas, 42; Indiana—Yeas, 6; Noes, 23; Iowa—Noes, 22; Kansas—Noes, 10. Kentucky announced 24 yeas.

A Kentucky delegate arose and said there were delegates from that State who desired to vote no. There were four stalwarts who desired their votes recorded "no." [Applause and hisses.]

Because of the delegates' excited and boisterous manner the chair ruled that all debate on anything else than correction of the vote be out of order.

The chairman of the Kentucky delegation here rose and said he would then give the names of the four, but just then Senator Conkling went up to him and said a word, which led him to forego his purpose and take his seat. Then the four Kentucky dissenters stood upon their chairs in the presence of the convention amid great applause. The vote of Kentucky was then recorded as 20 ayes and 4 noes. Maine, 14 noes; Maryland 7 ayes, 8 noes; Massachusetts, 7 ayes, 17 noes; Michigan, 1 aye, 20 noes; Minnesota, 3 ayes, 6 noes; Mississippi, 8 ayes, 7 noes; Missouri, 29 ayes, 1 no; Nebraska, 6 noes; Nevada, 6 noes; New Hampshire, 10 noes; New Jersey, 18 noes; New York—Mr. Conkling, by instructions of his delegation, cast 47 ayes, 23 noes; North Carolina, 5 ayes, 15 noes; Ohio, 3 ayes, 41 noes; Oregon, 6 noes; Pennsylvania, 29 ayes, 23 noes, Rhode Island, 8 noes; South Carolina, 7 ayes, 5 noes; Tennessee, 15 ayes, 7 noes; Texas, 9 ayes, 7 noes; Vermont, 10 ayes; Virginia, 11 ayes, 8 noes; West Virginia, 10 noes; Wisconsin, 2 ayes, 18 noes; Arizona, 2 noes; Dakota, 1 aye, 1 no; District of Columbia, 2 ayes; Idaho, 2 noes; Montana, 2 noes; New Mexico, 2 noes; Utah, 2 noes; Washington, 2 noes; Wyoming, 2 noes. Total—Ayes, 316; noes, 407.

Pennsylvania asked to cast two additional votes aye of delegates who had just arrived. This gave Pennsylvania 31 ayes to 23 noes. Michigan corrected its votes to 1 aye, and 21 noes.

Thus corrected, the chair announced the result —yeas, 316; nays, 406. Mr. Sharpe's amendment was rejected.

The result, an unquestioned and overwhelming defeat for the Grant forces, was received with tumultuous applause in the galleries and not a little pleasure among the 406 victors on the floor. For it showed just exactly how much Grant could get on any one ballot and demonstrated beyond peradventure that if the opponents of the third term stood together they could at any time defeat their enemies.

The question now recurring upon the original motion, Mr. Brandagee, of Connecticut, got up and said he did so in the interest of order, harmony and peace. He had voted against the amendment just rejected, but he thought there was a fair understanding in the Committee on Rules, that their report should not be made until after that of the Committee on Credentials. He moved to lay on the table the pending motion instructing the latter committee to report, with a view to adjourning. This was agreed to, and on motion of Mr. Metcalf, of Illinois, the convention adjourned until the next day—June 4th—at ten o'clock, A. M.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WAR TO THE KNIFE, AND KNIFE TO THE HILT.

IT was readily seen by this time that the fight was to be a long-continued one, inaugurated and conducted on the basis of war to the knife, and knife to the hilt. The country was aroused to a deep and untiring attention to every detail of the Chicago proceedings, and the newspapers were devoured by their thousands of readers with an avidity that spoke well for the political fortunes of our country. For no people can come to great disaster who show an intelligent, jealous interest in the proceedings of those who govern them.

To return to the convention. The Committee on Credentials had a hard time of it. At midnight on Thursday it had been in continuous session for six hours. It had settled the Illinois district contestants at the expense of eighteen votes for Grant (this was a question of whether delegates elected by a gag-law convention or by the districts should be seated), had agreed to the admission of a divided delegation from Louisiana, and had reached the Pennsylvania cases (the question here was somewhat similar to that of Illinois—a packed convention instructing delegates the opposite way

from the will of the people, and the people electing those who fairly represented them). The contestants were finally admitted. Other cases occupied the committee all night, the session coming to a close in the gray dawn of Friday morning.

The convention assembled a little later, and by forty-five minutes after ten was ready for the business of the third day. Senator Conkling began the trouble by offering the following:

Resolved, As the sense of this convention, that every member of it is bound in honor to support its nominee, whoever that nominee might be, and that no man shall hold his seat here who is not ready so to agree.

This furnished the key-note for a debate that not only illustrated fairly the direction in which the leaders were driving, but declared in no tones of doubt, some principles of political wisdom, that are admirable reading in these days of political ferment. The Associated Press report of the debate was as follows:

Mr. Hale, mounting his chair, said he supposed that a Republican convention did not need to be instructed that its first duty after naming its candidate was to proceed to elect him over the Democratic candidate. [Applause.] They all had their preferences, but when the deliverance was had from all the labor of the convention he had no doubt that they should all be found hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, marching on to the election of their candidate.

Mr. Brandagee called for a vote by a call of States to emphasize its purpose and to ascertain who are for it, who are against it and who will try to escape it. [Applause.]

The chair put the question first *viva voce*, and there were apparently half a dozen nays. Mr. Conkling asked for a call of the States, saying it was desirable to know who it was in a Republican convention voted no on such a resolution. [Applause.] The chair put the question to the convention as to whether there should be a call of States, and it was ordered by an overwhelming vote.

The clerk then proceeded to call the roll. Maine voted unanimously yea. [Applause.] New York voted 70 yeas. Pennsylvania voted 58 yeas. Only one delegate being present from South Carolina, he cast his single vote yea. West Virginia cast 5 yeas and 3 nays. [Hisses.] Two delegates were absent. The total vote was: Yeas, 716; nays, 3. So the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Conkling said he wanted to offer another resolution, which he would reduce to writing in a moment, as follows:

Resolved, That the delegates who have voted that they will not abide the action of the convention do not deserve to have seats, and have forfeited their votes in the convention. [Subdued applause and some hisses.]

Mr. Campbell, of West Virginia, who had cast

the vote of that State, defended his position. He had suffered contumely and violence for his Republican principles, and if he was now to be denied the free expression of his opinion in a Republican convention, he was willing to withdraw from that convention. He had imbibed his Republican principles from the great New York statesman, William H. Seward. He had been a newspaper editor since the John Brown raid at Harper's Ferry, and had always consistently supported the national Republican nominee. But he felt that there was a principle in this question. He would never go to any convention and agree beforehand that whatever might be done by it should have his indorsement. He always intended to guard his own sovereignty. [Applause.] He never intended that any body of men should take that sovereignty from him. As he had not been afraid to stand up for Republican principles in West Virginia, he was not afraid to go home and face his constituents.

Mr. Hale, of West Virginia, who voted aye, defended the right of his colleague to vote as he saw fit, [applause], to utter his own sentiments as an individual delegate.

Mr. Brandagee, of Connecticut, said the question was not one of free speech. No man here will seek to hinder any delegate's free speech. It was only a question as to what any man would do for the support of Republican principles. He con-

tinued at considerable length until greeted with hisses.

Mr. McCormick, of West Virginia, avowed himself one of the three dissenters, not because he did not expect to support the nominee of this convention, for he did intend to do that, no matter who he should be. He was as good a Republican as the gentleman from New York, and whereas the latter made only one speech for the nominee of the last National Republican Convention, he (Mr. McCormick) made one hundred. [Great applause and cheers.] He opposed the resolution only because it declares that men are not fit to sit in the convention if they differ from other members of it.

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, who was received with a most flattering ovation, expressed his fear that the convention was about to commit a grave error. He would state the case. Every delegate save three had voted for a resolution, and the three who had voted against it had risen in their places and stated they expected and intended to support the nominee of the convention. But it was not, in their judgment, a wise thing at this time to pass the resolution which all the rest of the delegates had voted for. Were they to be disfranchised because they thought so? [Cries of "No! No!"] That was the question. Was every delegate to have his Republicanism inquired into before he was allowed to vote? Delegates were responsi-

ble for their votes, not to the convention, but to their constituents. [Cheers.] He himself would never, in any convention, vote against his judgment. He regretted that the gentlemen from West Virginia had thought it best to break the harmony of the convention by their dissent. He did not know those gentlemen, nor their affiliations, nor their relations to the candidates. If this convention expelled these men, then the convention would have to purge itself at the end of every vote and inquire how many delegates who had voted "no" should go out. [Cheers.] He trusted that the gentleman from New York would withdraw his resolution and let the convention proceed with its business. [Loud cheering.]

When this had subsided, Mr. Pixley, of California, moved to lay the resolution on the table. [Applause.]

Mr. Conkling demanded the call of the roll. [Hisses long and furious.]

A call of the roll was ordered. Mr. Conkling inquired of the chair whether the three gentlemen from West Virginia did say that they would vote for the nominee of the convention. The chair said it was not his province to answer the question. Mr. Conkling said he would not press his resolution if his question was answered in the affirmative, and finally he withdrew the resolution, as he said there seemed to be some doubt. [Applause and hisses.]

General Sewell, of New Jersey, moved that the Committee on Rules be ordered to report, with the understanding that no action should be taken upon the report until after the report of the Committee on Credentials had been presented. During the reading of this report, Senator Bruce, of Mississippi, temporarily occupied the chair, and was received with applause on taking it. The rules were then read by the secretary; the one forbidding the employment of any unit rule was received with great applause. This was Rule 8, and provided as follows: "In the record of the vote by States, the vote of each State, Territory and District of Columbia shall be announced by the chairman, and in announcing the vote of any State, Territory and District of Columbia, the chairman shall announce the number of votes cast for any candidate, or for or against any proposition, but if exception is taken by any delegate to the correctness of such announcement by the chairman of a delegation, the president of the convention shall direct the roll of such delegation to be called and the result shall be recorded in accordance with the vote individually given."

The five-minute rule was enforced by Rule 9.

Mr. Sharpe, of New York, presented a minority report recommending the adoption for Rule 8 of Rule 6 of the convention of 1876, as follows:

"In the record of votes by States the vote of each State, Territory and the District of Columbia

shall be announced by the chairman, and in case the vote of any State, Territory or the District of Columbia shall be divided, the chairman shall announce the number of votes cast for any candidate, or for or against any proposition."

After this was buried in the adoption of the majority report, the convention did nothing in particular while waiting the long-delayed report of the Committee on Credentials. At last it was presented by Mr. Conger, of Michigan.

In Louisiana the committee recommended the admission of the Warmouth delegation, excluding the Beattie delegation, because the Beattie bolt was without adequate cause. In Alabama they recommended the admission of Mr. Rapier, believing that the State Convention had no right to override or ignore his selection by his district because of his failure to approve the condition that he should obey the instructions that the State delegation should vote as a unit for Grant. In the case of Smith and Warner, in Alabama, the facts were substantially the same as in the case of Rapier. They were duly chosen by their respective districts, and the State Convention undertook to revoke their appointment because they failed to accept the unit rule. The committee recommended their admission. In Illinois the committee recommended the admission of the contestants to the seats of the sitting members from the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Ninth,

Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Congressional Districts. The committee also reported against the contestant in the Second Illinois District, and did not sustain the objections of the delegates-at-large in the same State. They further reported in favor of the sitting members from the Ninth and Nineteenth Districts of Pennsylvania and Third District of West Virginia. They also reported in favor of the contestants from the Second and Third Districts of Kansas, and that the ten delegates should be allowed to retain their seats, but only six votes be cast. They recommended that the delegates from Utah should keep their seats. The committee suggested that the final decision of many of these contests depended upon the adoption by the convention of the principle of Congressional District representation. This the committee believed to be sound. The report cited J. D. Cameron's support of the right of individual district representations at the convention of 1876, under precisely similar circumstances and a similar call for a National Convention. The report did not believe that the right of Congressional District representation should be invaded for the first time by the action of a National Convention. If the State Convention could, by a bare majority, override the will of the people, fairly expressed in the selection of district delegates, it might as well appoint at once all the delegates. Nominations made through such misrepresentations were not

likely to be ratified by the people. It was the duty of the convention to disapprove emphatically all attempts to override the high moral customs of the party.

The report was received with applause, and Mr. Clayton, of Arkansas, presented the report of the minority, which differed upon the vital question of district representation. The recommendation of the majority, if adopted, would, the minority considered, work as an *ex post facto* rule, reversing the long-established usage of the party in many States. They urged that there was a vacancy in the district claimed by Rapier, and that the sitting members were entitled to the seats which the majority report awarded to Smith and Warner. The minority said that as Rapier refused to accept the pledge exacted by the State Convention, he was there without credentials; also, that he was not elected by his district, but only nominated, and that, except through the action of the State convention ratifying his nomination, he had no authority whatever. It did not appear that there had been any district conventions in Alabama at which the Alabama contestants had been chosen. Their authority there could rest only on action in the State Convention. If the principle of district representation was a sound one, then more than half of the delegates sitting in the convention were there without right, and if the rule was rigidly applied the body would find itself without

a quorum. In the case of Illinois, the minority report made an elaborate statement of facts, and denied a charge made against the State Convention that it entered into a gigantic conspiracy to defraud the electors. The State Convention declared its preference for Grant, and instructed the delegates to vote as a unit for him. Was the convention to say that the majority of the convention of the State of Illinois possessed no such power? Would the convention undertake to say, and would the country justify it in saying, that the majority of the people in so great a State should not be permitted to express their preferences on questions of this character, and that if they had clear and distinct preferences they should be utterly helpless in the selection of the methods by which that preference was to be made effectual? It was absurd upon the face of it, to say that Illinois, or any other State, had a right to instruct its delegates to vote for a particular candidate, and yet had not the power to make such instructions effectual and binding. The report took the ground that local squabbles, as in the case of Cook County, should be left to the State, and not transferred to the National Convention. The report ended with a recommendation that the sitting delegates should be allowed to keep their seats.

Mr. Conger handed in the corrected list of delegates as reported by his committee, and moved the convention proceed to consider the

Louisiana cases. This was the signal for a running fight in debate, and the delegates soon got at it.

Mr. Cessna, of Pennsylvania, moved to adopt all the report on which the committee had agreed, and then proceed to the separate consideration of the disputed issues involving the contests in Alabama, Illinois, West Virginia and Utah.

Mr. Conkling called for the consideration of the questions which fell within the list of undisputed cases.

Mr. Conger said this list embraced the cases of Louisiana, the Second District of Illinois, the Illinois delegates-at-large, the Second and Fourth Districts of Kansas, and the Ninth and Nineteenth Districts of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Logan inquired how it happened that there was any report as to the four delegates-at-large from the State of Illinois. It was the first time that he had heard of the right to their seats being questioned.

Mr. Conger replied that petitions against the right of the four delegates-at-large had been presented to the convention and referred to the committee, and hence it was necessary for the committee to notice the subject in its report. Mr. Logan indignantly protested against his right to a seat being called into question, and intimated that he perfectly well understood the object of it. He submitted that he was entitled to fair play, and he

complained of the treatment to which he and the man who had led the armies of the nation to victory had been treated. [Cheers for Grant.] Had the Republicans of Illinois ever failed to do their duty in the hour of peril, when the dark cloud lowered over the peace and prosperity of the country? Had they not given their muscle and nerve and soldierly qualities for the preservation of the Republic? [Applause.]

A Kansas delegate objected to the inclusion of Kansas in the list of undisputed questions.

Mr. Cessna modified his motion so as to give separate action on the Kansas case.

Mr. Sharpe, of New York, moved to amend the pending motion so as to strike from the majority report so much of it as related to the Illinois delegates-at-large. [Applause.]

Mr. Conger replied to Mr. Logan, expressing profound regret that a gentleman whom he so much loved and honored should have imagined that the Committee on Credentials intended the slightest reflection upon him. He reminded him that the credentials of all delegates had been submitted to the committee—those of the high and lifted up as well as those of the humblest delegate from the wilds of the South. [Laughter and applause.] It would have been unworthy of the splendid Committee on Credentials not to have told the convention in distinct words that the lofty and distinguished citizen of the State of Illinois was

entitled to a seat in the convention. He made no apology to that gentleman, or to the State of Illinois, or to this great body of people, for the moral courage of the committee which enabled it to say to the world that the gentleman (Mr. Logan) was entitled to his seat.

Mr. Cessna's amendment was then adopted without dissent. The question was then stated on Mr. Sharpe's motion to amend, and Mr. Haywood, of California, pointed out that if Mr. Sharpe's motion should prevail, the seats of the Illinois delegates would be contested, while the committee proposed to put their title beyond question or dispute in history.

After some personal sparring between Mr. Haywood and Mr. Logan in regard to the latter's action at Springfield, Mr. Sharpe's motion, modified so as to strike from the majority report as much of it as implied that there was any contest regarding the Illinois delegation at large, was adopted. So much of the committee's report as was undisputed, was then adopted, and on motion of Mr. Bruce, of Mississippi, the convention adjourned until seven P. M.

The convention re-assembled at half-past seven, and continued in session for several hours, during which the debates were confined exclusively to the question of contested cases, as reported by the Committee on Credentials, and the interruptions in the shape of applause were remarkable in their

singular spontaneity and prolongation when James G. Blaine and U. S. Grant were mentioned by the speakers. The brilliancy of the scene during this session was remarkable, the unusual presence of ladies in bright colors, the thousands of gas-jets, the flowers, flags, banners and portraits, surrounded by the National bunting, framed in a picture never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

In the contested cases, that of Alabama was first taken up, and debate was limited to twenty minutes on each side. The case of Mr. Rapier was shown to be whether the State Convention had a right to deprive him of his vote merely because he refused to vote for General Grant. The same point was the issue in all the Alabama cases. The sparring continued to the time of limit of the debate, and the question having been stated to be the motion to substitute the minority report for the majority's, Mr. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, moved the following:

Resolved, That all the cases of contested seats be decided by adopting the usage of each State, and that in every State where the uniform usage has been to elect delegates to the National Republican Convention by the State Convention, that usage shall be deemed binding, and the same shall be true in respect of delegates sent by District Conventions where that has been the usage.

Mr. Conger rose to a point of order, that the resolution was not germaine to the pending ques-

tion, and the chair sustained the point. The question was put and decided *viva voce* overwhelmingly in the negative. A division was demanded, and the result was, yeas 306, nays 449. The announcement which settled the question of a State Convention's power to compel a delegate to vote as it directs, was received with tumultuous applause. The majority report was then adopted.

The case of Illinois was then taken up, and Mr. Quarles, of Wisconsin, moved that the debate be limited to one hour, to be equally divided between both sides. This brought the irrepressible Hotspur of Illinois, John A. Logan, to his feet, who urged greater allowances of time, and made another reference to "the old soldier," that drew applause. "If," he said, "you can beat the old soldier, all right; you beat the man who has been recognized by every civilized nation of the world. But do not by tactics drive Illinois down to prevent the old soldier from having his share of the States." Mr. Logan said he was informed that the California delegates were not awarded their credentials until they had taken the pledge to support the candidate for whom the State Convention instructed them to vote. He asked the California delegation to say what the fact was.

In a moment there was silence, followed by derisive laughter, under the supposition that the Californians could not deny the accusation.

Finally, Mr. Haymond, of California, got up on

his chair and said the question could not be answered in one word, but he would be most happy to respond if he could be allowed a little time in which to do so. "California selected her delegates to this convention by the vote of each district represented here; their appointment was confirmed by the State Convention, and that in order that there should be no mistake about it, the State Convention had then, with perfect unanimity, instructed the delegates to vote first, last and all the time, for the distinguished senator from Maine."

These last words proved the spark that had all along been wanted to fire the train of dry Blaine powder within Exposition Hall. His name acted like an electric flash, and there followed Mr. Haymond's allusion to the Maine senator such a scene of excitement as has rarely been witnessed in a political convention within the United States. Three-fourths of the immense throng in the galleries and on the floor outside of the space allotted to delegates, and fully one-half of the delegates themselves, sprang to their feet, cheering, shouting, waving hats, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, for the space of several minutes, before any attempt at restoring order could make the least impression on the excited mass.

Subsequently the time allotted to the Illinois case was limited to an hour on each side, and Mr. Conger opened the debate in favor of the majority report, which he said asserted, confirmed and es-

tablished in that convention the rule that had prevailed in Illinois from the birth of the Republican party down to the present time, the rule of district representation. Mr. Raum replied for the sitting delegates, but had no adequate arguments against Mr. Conger's facts. Eliott Anthony spoke for the opposition, and was succeeded by Mr. Storrs, of Illinois, who made a speech, the principal effect of which was to cause wild bursts of applause for Blaine and Grant. The sentence, "Nominate James G. Blaine if you will," was the signal for another grand outburst of applause, which was renewed and intensified when he finished the sentence thus: "And then those who now shout in the galleries shall by and by be reposing under the influence of the summer sun; but the followers of the grand old silent soldier will still be found wide awake and watching by their camp-fires and carrying the banners of the sluggards."

The scene which followed and continued for several minutes was most exciting, the uproar dying away, then breaking out again many times, a perfect epidemic of cheers. What came next was thus described by a correspondent:

"Mr. Conkling was conspicuous in leading the chorus, first by waving his handkerchief and later by standing on his chair and waving the illuminated little banner placed to designate the seats of the New York delegation. Finally some one started the campaign songs: 'We'll Rally 'Round

the Flag, Boys, Shouting the Battle-cry of Freedom,' and 'Marching through Georgia.'

"At this time nearly every person within the hall was on his feet, each cheering for his own favorite. Flags, shawls, parasols, hats and all other movable things within reach were swung furiously to and fro. Bob Ingersoll, seizing a lady's shawl, waved it frantically from the platform. In the centre of the stage, just back of the chair, a fine-looking lady, with a flag in one hand and parasol in the other, swung them to and fro and repeated time and again, 'Hurrah for Blaine!' She appeared to be in company with Governor Jewell, of Connecticut. Finally, she obtained two flags, and with one in each hand continued her enthusiastic efforts as long as the uproar lasted. It may safely be said that no public assemblage ever before witnessed such a scene. People seemed actually to have lost their senses in the giddy whirl."

For half an hour this continued before the chair made any effort to control the members. The Illinois cases were then disposed of in favor of the majority, and, worn out with excitement, the convention shortly after adjourned to Saturday morning.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE THUNDERS OF ORATORY.

THE weather, which till now had been auspicious, changed its mood with the dawn of the fourth day of the great battle, and those who left their hotels and homes for Exposition Hall had to face inclemency. Inside the Hall, however, there was but little change. A distinguished editor, writing home to his paper, thus described the opening on June 5th:

"Cameron looked freshest of all the chief gladiators. He wasted none of his vitality in oratory, and his energies had not been lavishly taxed, like those of Logan, Conger and others. He flitted about on the platform before the convention opened, visibly anxious, but calm and imperturbable as ever. When the call to arms rang out from the chair, he hastened down to his command, where the Grant leaders were admirably posted. Cameron, with his Pennsylvania phalanx, shattered, but yet defiant, was in the centre of the western block of the convention; Conkling, with his better-preserved New York corps, in the centre of the field, with Boutwell and his few Massachusetts followers, and with Creswell and his cunningly broken Blaine column of Maryland, and

his dozen of Ohio Grant men, forming a semi-circle in the rear of the undisputed third-term chief on the eastern block. Within easy call of Alabama and Arkansas was the clouded face and burly form of Logan. A brood of strangers sat with him in his own delegation, whom he had rejected at Springfield; but he was their oracle nevertheless, although he made discord in the Grant melody that so uniformly came from Illinois when the roll-call was ordered. Logan was early at his place; his dark face was darker than ever, and the nervous twitching of the right arm that he swings so violently in debate told that he was impatient for the final charge. His hand was jammed into his wealth of Indian locks every few moments and then would drop from force of habit to adjust the right lapel of his coat. Creswell came in as serene as if a Grant victory were gained; but Boutwell betrayed the harassing conflict going on between his hopes and fears. He has outgrown his amiability with departing powers, and he is not vested with a command in critical emergencies. Taft sat complacently between the Sherman and Garfield expectants, patiently waiting for the hour when he could take a third or more of his delegation to his old commander.

"Conkling awaited, as is his custom, until the ten thousand people had come and got clearly seated, and then he strode down the centre aisle

in his imperial manner. He knew that his appearance would be the signal for a thundering salute to himself and the first round of party applause for Grant, and he was not mistaken. He played it nobly and smiled in his sweetest manner to his worshipers. The Blaine leaders were fidgety and flying hither and thither until they had to get in line for the battle. Hale and Frye looked worn with anxiety and seemed to be distrustful of themselves. They knew that they could crowd Blaine up close to and probably abreast with Grant on the first ballot, but they trembled with apprehension lest the Sherman wing should fail them in their extremity. They entered the contest hopeful on Sherman, preferring Blaine to Grant, but they knew that they had many dangerous rocks and shoals to encounter in getting their craft to shore. It is the day of fate for Blaine. His generals entered the fight this morning conscious that if they lost, the execrations of Blaine's millions of followers would fall upon them. They had been reproached for two days for missing the golden opportunity to nominate Blaine on Thursday, when the Grant lines had been broken and when a vigorous pursuit would have scattered them beyond the hope of concentrating again under the flag of the old soldier. Just in front of Conkling sits the shrewdest and most level-headed of all the Blaine leaders. Although seldom seen at the front, General Sewell,

of New Jersey, would have had Blaine nominated on Thursday evening had he been in command; but Chandler, Frye and Hale spoke, and Chandler spoke away two hours of valuable time.

"The residuary legatees in expectancy sat at long range from each other. The little Vermont delegation was nestled down in the south-west corner of the hall; and they had the Yankee shrewdness that keeps its own counsels and throws its tubs most judiciously to the jostling whales. They made no speeches, played no tricks for the galleries, but patiently waited and hoped for the line to be thrown to them by the snarling disputants for its possession. They did not even boast of a leader, although they have some of the Green Mountain State's best men in their ranks.

"The other camp of expectants presented several pretenders, each hoping to be preferred to the others. Governor Foster stepped in quietly, and sat down as serenely as if it was to be a day of pleasure. He did not attempt to rival Garfield in drawing the applause of the upper tiers, but he had a quiet impression creeping over him that if Sherman should be defeated, the governor of Sherman's State would be made the Vice-President—to pull the ticket through the Buckeyes in October. Dennison and Taft came in at the rear of the herd, like the veteran bulls that have been dispatched from commanding the younger and more aggressive buffaloes. Bateman, the Sherman

strategists, dropped in early, and hastily visited every outpost before the bugle sounded the attack; and Butterfield, handsome as a picture and graceful and fluent on the floor, chose his position where he could catch the eye of the chair. This delegation was the centre of interest in the morning, for all felt that it held the fate of battle in its keeping. The correspondents came straggling in, stiff and jaded, but they speedily forgot their weariness as the brilliant sallies, which the rising newspaper men can display, swiftly crossed their crowded tables. The strong-minded women filed in in good time and were cheered from the galleries, and the distinguished guests crowded their liberal space, and waited anxiously for the first gun of the decisive struggle.

"President Hoar did not call the convention to order until a quarter before twelve. The Kansas contest was the first business, and it was an embarrassing issue to both sides. The Blaine-Sherman men were compelled to vote out four of their men and to give their seats to Grant men, to justify their action in the Illinois case; and the Grant men had to vote against the admission of their own friends to maintain their consistency. The Blaine-Sherman men preserved their intention and voted out their own men, but some of the fiercest Grant men stood obstinately to their guns, and voted against the addition of four to their number. Logan rose and, in dramatic style,

cast the votes of his Illinois followers against his friends. The overwhelming vote of 476 to 184 showed, however, that separate district representation is henceforth to be the accepted law of the party. The next question brought about a sudden change of partners in the national waltz. Two Sherman men contested the seats of the Blaine delegates from West Virginia, and the Sherman men were thrown into an alliance with Grant as if by magic. The cut came from Massachusetts, and the Blaine leaders saw that an unexpected and serious danger threatened them. They threw out their flanks to stay the union between the Sherman and Grant forces, but it was Grouchy after Blucher over again. The Sherman men piled in with the Grant army, and Blaine was compelled for the first time to face the field alone—as Grant had to meet it in several previous conflicts. An active rally was made along the Blaine lines, but the vote of every divided delegation proved that many who were bitterly against Grant were as bitterly against Blaine, and the ballot footed up 417 for the new Grant-Sherman combination, and 312 against it."

After this the Utah contesting delegates were seated by a vote of 426 to 312, and the contests were finished.

Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, who on rising was received with great applause, inquired of Mr. Sharpe,

of New York, who made the minority report from the Committee on Rules and Order of Business, how much time he desired for the discussion of the report.

Mr. Sharpe could not tell exactly, and the minority and majority reports were then read.

Mr. Garfield moved the adoption of the majority report.

The ensuing debate was thus reported by the Associated Press:

Mr. Sharpe criticized the proposed amendment to the eighth rule, and moved to strike it out, that amendment being "but if exception is taken by any delegate to the correctness of such an announcement by the chairman of his delegation, the president of the convention shall direct the roll of members of such delegation to be called and the result recorded in accordance with the votes individually given." He reminded the chairman of the Committee on Rules that the convention had been in session three and a half days, and had had no trouble from the absence of that rule, which he regarded as entirely unnecessary. He was not here to seek further delay. The battle was formed; each side was ready, and the people were waiting for the verdict. [Applause.] They all felt that whatever was to be obtained on the skirmish line had been obtained, and that they were standing in the ranks of battle opposite each other, and ready to give the people news of the

contest. He therefore offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this convention will proceed immediately to ballot for a candidate for President of the United States, and that one speech of fifteen minutes shall be allowed for the presentation of each candidate, and one speech of ten minutes to second each nomination, and that after such nominations are made a ballot shall be taken by a call of the roll of the States.

Mr. Garfield raised the point of order that under the order of the convention the report of the Committee on Rules was before the body and Mr. Sharpe's motion, being for proceeding to entirely different business, was not in order.

The chair ruled Mr. Sharpe's motion in order.

A vote was ordered by call of States.

Mr. Sharpe modified his resolution so as to provide that after the nominating speeches shall have been made the ballots for Presidential nominees shall be taken by call of the roll of the States.

Mr. Garfield pointed out that if Mr. Sharpe's motion should be adopted the convention would be without rules for its government and especially without any rule prescribing whether or not the unit rule shall prevail in the balloting or whether the right of district representation shall prevail. He reminded the convention that it had witnessed a scene, which would be photographed in history, of four delegates from Kentucky rising on their

seats and protesting against their votes being counted in a way in which they had not cast them. Let the rule be settled and he would be bound by it. Let it be the unit rule or let it be the individual rule and he would feel bound by it, the latter particularly, because he considered it eternally right. [Applause.]

Mr. Frye (Me.) asked Mr. Garfield whether, without the adoption of any of the rules as reported, and especially that one which made the rules of the House of Representatives the rules of the convention, there would be any such thing as a previous question.

Mr. Garfield replied that there would not be.

Mr. Frye.—If there be no previous question, and if, after the first ballot is taken, as provided in the resolution offered by the gentleman from New York (Sharpe), another gentleman makes another nomination, is there any rule by which debate from that time forward can possibly be stopped?

Mr. Garfield.—I take it that there is not.

Mr. Conkling.—The gentleman from Ohio yields a moment to let me reply to the closing words of the gentleman from Maine (Frye). They seem to have been pointedly aimed at me. I wish to say to that gentleman that I do not clearly see the "point" of his alarmed and anxious opposition. He dreads the cross of bayonets, shrinks and wants time. [Cheers and hisses.]

Mr. Garfield.—I have only made the point that we ought to have rules, and have them now to conduct and control the future business of the convention.

Mr. Sharpe replied, urging that the dangers of trouble pointed out by Mr. Garfield, in the absence of any adopted rules, were imaginary, and intimating distinctly that there would be no attempt to prevent each delegate from expressing his individual sentiments through the chairman of his delegation.

The chair stated the question to be upon the substitution of Mr. Sharpe's resolution for the report of the Committee on Rules.

Upon a *viva voce* vote the negatives had it. A call of States was demanded, and being taken, resulted: Yeas, 276; nays, 479. New York voted 48 yeas, 22 nays. The result was hailed with great applause.

Mr. Garfield said the convention had wasted on this vote time enough to have adopted the rules and gone to work. He asked that the question now be taken without further debate.

Mr. Sharpe moved to substitute the minority report, which was rejected.

Mr. Boutwell moved to amend the majority report by adding the following: "And said committee (the National Republican Committee) shall, within twelve months, prescribe a method or methods for the election of delegates to the Na-

tional Convention to be held in 1884, and announce the same to the country and issue a call for that convention in conformity therewith."

Mr. Butterworth (Ohio) moved an amendment by adding the following: "Provided, that nothing in such rules or method shall be so construed as to prevent the several Congressional districts in the United States from selecting their own delegates to the National Convention. [Applause.]

Mr. Boutwell accepted Mr. Butterworth's amendment.

Mr. Garfield hoped the amendment would be adopted, and it was so adopted by the convention, and then the rules were adopted as a whole.

On motion of Mr. Garfield, the Committee on Resolutions were ordered to report.

The committee having been ordered to report, did so, and the platform was the first thing read, a document presenting the issues of the hour. Its full text is as follows:

The Republican party in National Convention assembled, at the end of twenty years since the Federal Government was first committed to its charge, submits to the people of the United States this brief report of its administration. It suppressed rebellion which had armed nearly a million of men to subvert the national authority. It reconstructed the union of the States with freedom instead of slavery as its corner-stone. It

transformed four million human beings from the likeness of things to the rank of citizens. It relieved Congress from the infamous work of hunting fugitive slaves and charged it to see that slavery does not exist. It has raised the value of our currency from thirty-eight per cent. to the par of gold. It has restored upon a solid basis payment in coin for all the national obligations, and has given us a currency absolutely good and equal in every part of our extended country. It has lifted the care of the nation from the point where six per cent. bonds sold at eighty-six to that where four per cent. bonds are eagerly sought at a premium under its administration; railways have increased from thirty-one thousand miles in 1860 to more than eighty-two thousand miles in 1879; our foreign trade has increased from seven hundred millions to one billion one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in the same time, and our exports, which were twenty millions of dollars less than our imports in 1860, were two hundred and sixty-four millions of dollars more than our imports in 1879. Without resorting to loans it has, since the war closed, defrayed the ordinary expenses of government, besides the accruing interest on the public debt, and dispersed annually more than thirty millions of dollars for soldiers' pensions. It has paid eight hundred and eighty-eight millions of dollars of the public debt, and, by refunding the balance at lower rates, has reduced the annual

interest charges from nearly one hundred and fifty-one millions to less than eighty-nine millions of dollars. All the industries of the country have revived, labor is in demand, wages have increased, and throughout the entire country there is evidence of a coming prosperity greater than we have ever enjoyed. Upon this record the Republican party asks for the continued confidence and support of the people, and this convention submits for their approval the following statements of the principle and purposes which will continue to guide and inspire its efforts:

1st. We affirm that the work of the last twenty-one years has been such as to commend itself to the favor of the nation, and that the fruits of the costly victory which we have achieved through immense difficulties should be preserved; after that the peace regained should be cherished; that the dissevered Union, now happily restored, should be perpetuated, and that the liberty secured to this generation should be transmitted undiminished to future generations; that the order established and the credit acquired should never be impaired; that the pensions promised should be extinguished by the full payment of every dollar thereof; that the reviving industries should be further promoted, and that the commerce, already so great, should be steadily encouraged.

2d. The Constitution of the United States is a supreme law and not a mere contract. Out of

confederated States it made a sovereign nation. Some powers are denied to the nation, while others are denied to the States, but the boundary between the powers delegated, and those reserved is to be determined by the national and not by the State tribunals.

3d. The work of popular education is left to the care of the several States, but it is the duty of the National Government to aid that work to the extent of its Constitutional duty. The intelligence of the nation is but the aggregate of the intelligence of the several States, and the destiny of the nation must not be guided by the genius of any one State, but by the average genius of all.

4th. The Constitution wisely forbids Congress to make any law respecting an establishment of religion, but it is idle to hope that the nation can be protected against the influence of sectarianism, while each State is exposed to its domination. We, therefore, recommend that the Constitution be so amended as to lay the same prohibition upon the Legislature of each State and to forbid the appropriation of public funds to the support of sectarian schools.

5th. We affirm the belief, avowed in 1876, that the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as to favor American labor. That no further grant of the public domain should be made to any railway or other corporation; that slavery having perished in the States, its twin bar-

barity, polygamy, must die in the Territories. That everywhere the protection accorded to citizens of American birth must be secured to citizens by American adoption, and that we esteem it the duty of Congress to develop and improve our water-courses and harbors, but insist that further subsidies to private persons or corporations must cease; that the obligations of the Republic to the men who preserved its integrity in the hour of battle are undiminished by the lapse of fifteen years since their final victory; to do them perpetual honor is and shall forever be the grateful privilege and sacred duty of the American people.

6th. Since the authority to regulate immigration and intercourse between the United States and foreign nations rests with Congress, or with the United States and its treaty-making power, the Republican party, regarding the unrestricted emigration of Chinese as an evil of great magnitude, invoke the exercise of those powers to restrain and limit that immigration by the enactment of such just, humane and reasonable provisions as will produce that result.

7th. That the purity and patriotism which characterize the earlier career of Rutherford B. Hayes in peace and war and which guided the thoughts of our immediate predecessors to him for a Presidential candidate have continued to inspire him in his career as Chief Executive, and that history will accord to his administration the honors

which are due to an efficient, just and courteous discharge of the public business, and will honor his interpositions between the people and the proposed partisan laws.

8th. We charge upon the Democratic party the habitual sacrifice of patriotism and justice to a supreme and insatiable lust of office and patronage; that to obtain possession of the National and State Governments and the control of place and position they have obstructed all effort to promote the purity and to conserve the freedom of suffrage, and have devised fraudulent certifications and returns, have labored to unseat lawfully elected members of Congress to secure at all hazards the vote of a majority of the States in the House of Representatives; have endeavored to occupy by force and fraud the places of trust given to others by the people of Maine and rescued by the courage in action of Maine's patriotic sons; have by methods vicious in principle and tyrannical in practice attached partisan legislation to bills upon whose passage the very movements of government depend; have crushed the rights of individuals, have advocated the principle and sought the favor of rebellion against the nation and have endeavored to obliterate the sacred memories of the war and to overcome its inestimable valuable results of nationality, personal freedom and individual equality. The equal, steady and complete enforcement of laws and the

protection of all our citizens in the enjoyment of all privileges and communities guaranteed by the Constitution are the first duties of the nation. The dangers of a solid South can only be averted by a faithful performance of every promise which the nation has made to the citizens; the execution of the laws and the punishment of all those who violate them are the only safe methods by which an enduring peace can be secured and genuine prosperity established throughout the South. Whatever promises the nation makes the nation must perform, and the nation cannot with safety delegate this duty to the States. The solid South must be divided by the powerful agencies of the ballot, and all opinions must there find free expression, and to this end the honest voters must be protected against terrorism, violence or fraud, and we affirm it to be the duty and the purpose of the Republican party to use every legitimate means to restore all the States of this Union to the most perfect harmony as may be practicable; and we submit to the practical, sensible people of the United States to say whether it would not be dangerous to the dearest interests of our country at this time to surrender the administration of the National Government to a party which seeks to overthrow the existing policy under which we are so prosperous, and thus bring distrust and confusion where there is now order, confidence and hope.

The following resolution was appended:

The Republican party, adhering to the principles affirmed by its last National Convention of respect for the Constitutional rules governing appointment to office, adopts the declaration of President Hayes that the reform in the civil service shall be thorough, radical and complete. To that end it demands the co-operation of the Legislature with the Executive Departments of the Government, and that Congress shall so legislate that fitness, ascertained by proper practical tests, shall admit to the public service.

The reading was frequently interrupted by applause and cheers, and at its conclusion, Mr. Barker, of Massachusetts, moved to amend by adding the following:

The Republican party, adhering to the principles affirmed by its last National Convention of respect for the Constitutional rules governing appointment to office, adopts the declaration of President Hayes that the reform in the civil service shall be thorough, radical and complete. To that end it demands the co-operation of the Legislative with the Executive Departments of the Government, and that Congress shall so legislate that fitness, ascertained by proper practical tests, shall admit to the public service. That the tenure of administrative offices, except those through which the distinctive policy of the party in power shall be carried out, shall be permanent during good behavior, and that the power of removal for cause, with the responsibility for the good conduct of subordinates, shall accompany the power of appointment.

This precipitated a debate upon the question of civil service, in which nothing of particular moment was uttered. Mr. Barker's amendment

was eventually adopted, then the resolution, as amended, which omits the tenure of office clause, and otherwise leaves it as introduced, was adopted, and the convention, on motion of Mr. Creswell, took a recess until seven P. M.

The evening session was particularly crowded, as nothing now remained but to get the nominations made, and then to ballot. The spectators were full of the intensest enthusiasm, and the crowd without lived upon every echo that came from the convention hall. As soon as the delegates were ready, the chairman read a communication from Mr. James P. Root, calling attention to the historical associations connected with the gavel used by the presiding officer of the convention. Its head was made from a piece of wood grown at the home of Abraham Lincoln, and the handle from a cane grown on the Mount Vernon estate, the home of Washington. It was presented to the chair as a memento of the most remarkable convention ever held in the history of the Republican party.

After this incident the battle was renewed. Mr. Hale moved that the roll of States be called, for the announcement of names of members of the Republican National Committee. The roll was called and Alabama named Paul J. Stoback; Arkansas, W. Dorsey; California, Horace Davis; Colorado, John L. Routt; Connecticut, Marshall Jewell; Delaware, Christian Febiger; Florida,

William W. Hicks; Georgia, James B. Deveaux; Illinois, John A. Logan; Indiana, John C. New; Iowa, John S. Runnelly; Kansas, John A. Martin; Kentucky, W. O. Bradley; Louisiana, W. C. Warmouth; Maine, William T. Frye; Maryland, James A. Cary; Massachusetts, John M. Forbes; Michigan, James H. Stone; Minnesota, D. M. Sabin; Mississippi, George McKee; Missouri, C. J. Filley; Nebraska, James W. Dawes; Nevada, John W. Mackey; New Hampshire, W. E. Chandler; New Jersey, George A. Halsey; New York, Thomas C. Platt; North Carolina, W. P. Canady; Ohio, W. C. Cooper; Oregon, D. C. Ireland; Pennsylvania, J. D. Cameron; Rhode Island, W. O. Pierce; South Carolina, Samuel Lee; Tennessee, William Rule; Texas, not ready; Vermont, George W. Hooker; Virginia, Samuel W. Jones; West Virginia, John W. Mason; Wisconsin, Elihu Enos; Arizona, R. C. McCormick; Dakota, unable to agree; District of Columbia, not ready; Idaho, George L. Shoup; Montana, A. H. Beatty; New Mexico, S. T. Elkin; Utah, W. Bennett; Washington, S. T. Miner; Wyoming, Joseph L. Cary.

As the two delegates from Dakota were unable to agree, Mr. Conger moved that the National Committee should fill the vacancy.

Mr. Conkling objected.

The chair ruled the motion in order, and it was adopted.

Mr. Drake (Minnesota) offered the following:

Resolved, That in case of the death or resignation of a member of the National Central Committee, the vacancy may be filled by appointment by the Central Committee of the State, territory or district. Adopted.

The most interesting work of the convention was now close at hand. The ball was opened by Eugene Hale, who moved a call of States for the purpose of placing the various candidates in nomination. Ten minutes was allowed for each nomination, and five minutes to the seconder. The roll was then called.

When Michigan was reached, James F. Joy took the platform, and said:

"MR. CHAIRMAN: I shall never cease to regret the circumstances under which the duty is imposed on me to make the nomination of a candidate in this convention. I have been absent from the country for months. Since the convention has been in session I have been continuously employed on the floor. If, therefore, words of mine are important for the candidate who shall be proposed mine will benefit us not a little. I shall, however, bring him before the convention in as brief a manner as possible. It was in 1860, I think, that a young man, born in the old Keystone State, but resident in the State of Maine, entered the House of Representatives. That was a time when the horizon was darkened with clouds indicating a

coming tempest. It was just before the war; the clouds burst over the country, and the war ensued and raged for four long years. Fortunately for us there were at the helm of the ship of State the right men, and it was manned with the right crew. Finally the strength of one of the contending parties gave way, and peace at last settled down on the country. Then ensued the contest for reconstruction, and that occupied four years more. During all that period of time that young man—always true, always brave, always eloquent—applied his talents in every way necessary either to carry on the war or to bring about reconstruction on a proper basis. His reputation grew and towered all that time, until at last, when reconstruction had been practically secured, he stood high before the country, and his name became a household word, familiar in every corner of the land and looked up to from all quarters. That name was the name of James G. Blaine. [Cheers, applause and waving of hats and handkerchiefs.] When the nomination of General Grant was made, all eyes in the northern section of the country were turned on James G. Blaine, and he canvassed the country from the Mississippi and beyond for that candidate, so that the people of the North and of the great West became familiar with him. He had about him that wonderful power of attracting men which another great man—Henry Clay, of Kentucky—possessed in an equally eminent degree.

"On the second nomination of General Grant, Mr. Blaine was again called upon, and he again traversed the country, exercising his eloquence and powers. He had become so well known to the people that when the last Republican Convention was held at Cincinnati, four years ago, he had become the leading candidate of the Northern people for the Presidency. He was the favorite candidate of the State which I represented in that convention. The delegates from Michigan went there with a view of urging and securing, if possible, his nomination, and he came within a few votes of getting it. But for some reason the nomination of another candidate, who had been before the country—you all know, perhaps, the astonishment created in some sections of the country at that result and in the State which I have the honor to represent here—was considered almost a calamity to the individual members of the Republican party of that day; they felt it almost as a personal blow. But while he may have been disappointed, still when the canvass came on, and when it was doubtful whether the Republicans would succeed in electing their candidate, he, although he had been repudiated in that convention, buckled on his harness, entered the tracks and again traversed the country, fighting manfully, gloriously, vigorously, until the battle was won." [Applause.]

The chairman announced that the speaker's

time had expired, but, on motion of Mr. Garfield, his time was extended.

Mr. Joy, resuming: "The result was that he endeared himself to the Republicans of the Northwest even more than before, and when this convention was called, the people of Michigan, who so earnestly advocated him before, again turned their gaze toward him. Michigan is not a doubtful State. It is a State which stands by its banner; that no matter who may be nominated in this convention Michigan will stand by the Republican banner whoever may be in the van. With these remarks I have the honor to present to this convention, as a candidate for the Presidency, the name of James G. Blaine."

This was the signal for a wild scene of confusion and excitement, the larger half of the audience and all the Blaine delegates rising and cheering vociferously, and waving flags, hats, fans, umbrellas, anything obtainable, in the most frantic fashion. After order was somewhat restored, Mr. Pixley, of California, seconded Mr. Blaine's name in a speech of considerable length. Its close was the signal for another outburst of cheers. Mr. Frye followed in an electric speech of ten minutes, which set the galleries wild again.

Minnesota being called, Mr. E. F. Drake presented the name of Senator William Windom. There was no seconder.

When New York was called, Mr. Conkling rose,

mounted the reporters' platform, took a position on a reporter's table, and began with great deliberation in clear tones and with his usual impressive manner, the nomination of General Grant. The speaker said:

"The need of the hour was not a candidate who can carry States which are surely Republican, but who can carry doubtful States, South as well as North. Grant could carry the doubtful State of New York and several in the South. [Applause.] The calumny against him had all been exploded; the powder had already been burned once and left his name untarnished. When those who have tried to tarnish that name shall have mouldered in forgotten graves, General Grant's fame will remain pure and bright in the hearts of the people. Never elated by success, he has manifested the very genius of success. He commended his civic policy in establishing international arbitration, in opposing inflation and paving the way for specie resumption. To him unmeasurably more than any other is due the fact that every paper dollar is as good as gold. With him as the leader we should have no defensive campaign. [Applause.] No! Nothing to explain away and no apologies to make. The shafts and arrows have all been aimed at him and lie broken at his feet." [Applause.]

He briefly reviewed the third-term objections to Grant and urged that it was no objection to any man

that he had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting or that he had obtained experience which rendered him better fitted for the duties confided to his care. When he had occupied thirty minutes there were loud calls from the galleries of "Time! Time!" but he paid no attention to them and was soon permitted to proceed. A little later he referred to General Grant as being without telegraph wires running from his house to this convention, which was evidently construed as an insinuation against Mr. Blaine. This was greeted with laughter and a storm of hisses and loud cries of "Time! Time!" which continued until a delegate appealed to the American people to listen to the gentleman, who asked them to hear him finish. He was then permitted to proceed until he referred to "electioneering contrivances," which excited another outburst of objection.

Mr. Conkling said: "When asked whence comes our candidate, we say from Appomattox. [Applause.] Obeying instructions I should never dare to disregard, expressing also my own firm conviction, I rise in behalf of the State of New York, to propose a nomination with which the country and the Republican party can grandly win. The election before us will be the Austerlitz of American politics. It will decide whether for years to come the country shall be 'Republican or Cossack.'

"The need of the hour is a candidate who can carry doubtful States North and South, and be-

lieving that he more surely than any other can carry New York against any opponent, and can carry not only the North, but several States of the South, New York is for Ulysses S. Grant. He alone of living Republicans has carried New York as a Presidential candidate. Once he carried it even according to a Democratic count, and twice he carried it by the people's votes, and he is stronger now—the Republican party, with its standard in his hand, is stronger now than in 1868 or 1872. Never defeated in war or in peace, his name is the most illustrious borne by any living man; his services attest his greatness, and the country knows them by heart. His fame was born not alone of things written and said, but of the arduous greatness of things done, and dangers and emergencies will search in vain in the future, as they have searched in vain in the past, for any other on whom the nation leans with such confidence and trust. Standing on the highest eminence of human destination, and having filled all lands with his renown, modest, simple and self-poised, he has seen not only the titled, but the poor and the lowly, in the uttermost ends of the earth rise and uncover before him. He has studied the needs and defects of many systems of government, and he comes back a better American than ever, with a wealth of knowledge and experience added to the hard common sense which so conspicuously distinguished him in all the fierce

light that beat upon him throughout the most eventful, trying and perilous sixteen years of the nation's history. Never having had 'a policy to enforce against the will of the people,' he never betrayed a cause or a friend, and the people will never betray or desert him. Vilified and reviled, truthlessly aspersed by numberless persons, not in other lands, but in his own, the assaults upon him have strengthened and seasoned his hold on the public heart. The ammunition of calumny has all been exploded, the powder has all been burned out, its force has spent and Grant's name will glitter as a bright and imperishable star in the diadem of the Republic when those who have tried to tarnish it have mouldered in forgotten graves, and their memories and epitaphs have vanished utterly. Never elated by success, never depressed by adversity, he has ever in peace, as in war, shown the very genius of common sense. The terms he prescribed for Lee's surrender foreshadowed the wisest principles and prophecies of true reconstruction."

Toward the conclusion, Mr. Conkling said the convention was master of a supreme opportunity. It could make the next President, and also make sure of his peaceful inauguration. It could break that power which mildews the South. Democratic success was a menace to order and progress, which the convention could overthrow and emancipate a solid South. It could make the Republi-

can army march to certain victory with its greatest marshal at its head.

It was fully twenty minutes before order could be restored. The Grant men in convention and galleries took a regular jubilee, and President Hoar had to sit down and let disorder tire itself out. The Grant delegation "pooled" the flags which marked their seats, marched round the aisles and cheered and yelled as if they were dwellers in Bedlam, just home after a long absence. Finally Mr. Bradley, of Kentucky, was allowed to speak, seconding Grant's name, but it was as nothing after Conkling's speech.

When Ohio was called Mr. Garfield rose, and, amid tremendous cheering, advanced to the place Mr. Conkling had just vacated. When order was restored, he spoke in the following magnificent strain:

"Mr. President: I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this convention with deep solicitude. No emotion touches my heart more quickly than a sentiment in honor of a great and noble character. But, as I sat on these seats and witnessed these demonstrations, it seemed to me you were a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into a fury and tossed into a spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man. But I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured. [Applause.]

When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor takes the level from which he measures all terrestrial heights and depths. [Applause.] Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When our enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find the calm level of public opinion below the storm from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. [Applause.] Not here, in this brilliant circle where fifteen thousand men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed ['That is so']; not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates waiting to cast their votes into the urn and determine the choice of their party; [applause] but by four million Republican firesides, where the thoughtful fathers, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and the knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by—there God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night. [Applause.] Not in Chicago in the heat of June, but in the sober quiet that comes between now and November, in

the silence of deliberate judgment will this great question be settled. [Cries of 'Good.'] Let us aid them to-night. [Great applause.]

"But now, gentlemen of the convention, what do we want? [A voice, 'Garfield.'] Bear with me a moment. Hear me for this cause, and, for a moment, be silent that you may hear. [Cries of 'Good.'] Twenty-five years ago this republic was wearing a triple chain of bondage. Long familiarity with traffic in the bodies and souls of men had paralyzed the consciences of a majority of our people. The baleful doctrine of State sovereignty had shocked and weakened the noblest and most beneficent powers of the national Government, and the grasping power of slavery was seizing the virgin territories of the West and dragging them into the den of eternal bondage. At that crisis the Republican party was born. It drew its first inspiration from that fire of liberty which God has lighted in every man's heart, and which all the powers of ignorance and tyranny can never wholly extinguish. [Applause.] The Republican party came to deliver and save the republic. It entered the arena when the beleaguered and assailed territories were struggling for freedom, and drew around them the sacred circle of liberty which the demon of slavery has never dared to cross. It made them free forever. [Great applause, and cries of 'Good.'] Strengthened by its victory on the frontier, the young

party, under the leadership of that great man who, on this spot, twenty years ago, was made its leader, entered the national capital and assumed the high duties of the government. [Applause.] The light which shone from its banner dispelled the darkness in which slavery had enshrouded the capital, and melted the shackles of every slave, and consumed, in the fire of liberty, every slave-pen within the shadow of the capitol. Our national industries, by an impoverishing policy, were themselves prostrated, and the streams of revenue flowed in such feeble currents that the treasury itself was well-nigh empty. The money of the people was the wretched notes of two thousand uncontrolled and irresponsible State banking corporations, which were filling the country with a circulation that poisoned rather than sustained the life of business. [Loud applause.] The Republican party changed all this. It abolished the babel of confusion, and gave the country a currency as national as its flag, based upon the sacred faith of the people. [Applause.] It threw its protecting arm around our great industries, and they stood erect as with new life. It filled with the spirit of true nationality all the great functions of the government. It confronted a rebellion of unexampled magnitude, with slavery behind it, and, under God, fought the final battle of liberty until victory was won. [Applause.] Then, after the storms of battle, were heard the sweet, calm

words of peace uttered by the conquering nation, and saying to the conquered foe that lay prostrate at its feet: 'This is our only revenge, that you join us in lifting to the serene firmament of the Constitution, to shine like stars for ever and ever, the immortal principles of truth and justice, that all men, white or black, shall be free and stand equal before the law.' [Loud applause.]

"Then came the question of reconstruction, the public debt, and the public faith. In the settlement of the questions the Republican party has completed its twenty-five years of glorious existence, and it has sent us here to prepare it for another lustrum of duty and of victory. How shall we do this great work? We cannot do it, my friends, by assailing our Republican brethren. [Great applause and cries of 'Good.'] God forbid that I should say one word to cast a shadow upon any name on the roll of our heroes. This coming fight is our Thermopylæ. We are standing upon a narrow isthmus. If our Spartan hosts are united, we can withstand all the Persians that the Xerxes of Democracy can bring against us. Let us hold our ground this one year, for the stars in their courses fight for us in the future. The census taken this year will bring re-enforcements and continued power. [Applause.] But in order to win this victory now, we want the vote of every Republican, of every Grant Republican and every anti-Grant Republican in America

[great applause], of every Blaine man and every anti-Blaine man. The vote of every follower of every candidate is needed to make our success certain [applause]; therefore, I say, gentlemen and brethren, we are here to take calm counsel together, and inquire what we shall do. [A voice 'Nominate Garfield.' Great applause.] We want a man whose life and opinions embody all the achievements of which I have spoken. We want a man who, standing on a mountain height, sees all the achievements of our past history, and carries in his heart the memory of all its glorious deeds, and who, looking forward, prepares to meet the labor and the dangers to come. We want one who will act in no spirit of unkindness toward those we lately met in battle. The Republican party offers to our brethren of the South the olive branch of peace, and wishes them to return to brotherhood, on this supreme condition, that it shall be admitted forever and forevermore, that, in the war for the Union, we were right and they were wrong. [Cheers.] On that supreme condition we meet them as brethren, and on no other. We ask them to share with us the blessings and honors of this great republic. [Applause.]

"Now, gentlemen, not to weary you, I am about to present a name for your consideration—the name of a man who was the comrade and associate and friend of nearly all those noble dead whose faces look down upon us from these walls

to-night [cheers], a man who began his career of public service twenty-five years ago, whose first duty was courageously done in the days of peril on the plains of Kansas, when the first red drops of that bloody shower began to fall which finally swelled into the deluge of war. [Cheers.] He bravely stood by young Kansas then, and, returning to his duty in the National Legislature, through all subsequent time his pathway has been marked by labors performed in every department of legislation. You ask for his monuments. I point you to twenty-five years of national statutes. [Cheers.] Not one great beneficent statute has been placed in our statute books without his intelligent and powerful aid. [Cheers.] He aided these men to formulate the laws that raised our great armies and carried us through the war. His hand was seen in the workmanship of those statutes that restored and brought back the unity and married calm of the States. His hand was in all that great legislation that created the war currency, and in a still greater work that redeemed the promises of the Government, and made the currency equal to gold. And when at last called from the halls of legislation into a high executive office, he displayed that experience, intelligence, firmness and poise of character which has carried us through a stormy period of three years. With one-half the public press crying 'crucify him,' and a hostile Congress seeking to prevent success, in

all this he remained unmoved until victory crowned him. [Applause.] The great fiscal affairs of the nation, and the great business interests of the country he has guarded and preserved, while executing the law of resumption and effecting its object without a jar and against the false prophecies of one-half of the press and all the Democracy of this continent. [Applause.] He has shown himself able to meet with calmness the great emergencies of the Government for twenty-five years. He has trodden the perilous heights of public duty, and against all the shafts of malice has borne his breast unharmed. He has stood in the blaze of 'that fierce light that beats against the throne,' but its fiercest ray has found no flaw in his armor, no stain on his shield. I do not present him as a better Republican or as a better man than thousands of others we honor, but I present him for your deliberate consideration. I nominate John Sherman, of Ohio." [Great applause.]

Of this masterly effort, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, a strong Grant paper, said the following morning:

"When Ohio is called, a form—which probably comes nearer the people's ideal type of a statesman than any other in the convention—arises near the centre of the middle aisle and moves toward the stage amid the sharp clapping of thousands of hands, which increases, as General Garfield mounts the same table upon which Senator Conkling

stood, to a roar of voices mingled with the noise of stamping feet. It is noticeable that in this ovation a large number of delegates and alternates have joined. To the attention which Garfield always attracts is now added the romance of a possibility that is in every one's mind, and whenever he has moved into sight of the galleries during this convention, he has been warmly greeted. As he stands now on the table where Conkling but a few moments ago stood, many thousands are doubtless comparing the two men who, among many great men, have almost monopolized and about equally shared the attention of the people. There is much of similarity, and, at the same time, great dissimilarity between the two men. Both are large in stature, and both would be noted, if strangers, among thousands as remarkable types of physical development. The verdict of the great majority would be probably that Garfield looks more like the statesman than the New York senator. There is a grace and eloquence in the person and manners of Conkling that approaches too near airiness to be always strong in its effect, but the figure we now see before us is rough-hewn in form and rugged of feature. The verdict of the ladies in the gallery, many times during the convention, is that Conkling is 'so handsome,' and Garfield 'so plain.' But the Ohio school-teacher, minister, legislator and statesman, is not plain-looking. To the

beauty of great strength is added the grace with which an illustrious and radiant renown will clothe any man. Large of form, with a huge head, the figure fixed like a rock on that table, while the building trembles with applause, is imposing, peerless and grand. To all of this, Garfield's nature adds a charm possessed by few men—the beauty of a generous and affectionate nature. A big heart, a sympathetic nature, and a mind keenly sensitive to everything that is beautiful in sentiment, are the artists that shade down the gnarled outlines and touch with soft coloring the plain features of a massive face. The conception of a grand thought always paints a glow upon Garfield's face, which no one forgets who has seen him while speaking. His eyes are a cold gray, but they are often—yes, all the time in this speech—lit brilliantly by the warm light of worthy sentiments, and the strong flame of a great man's conviction. In speaking, he is not so restless as Conkling; his speech is an appeal for thought and calm deliberation, and he stands still like the rock of judgment while he delivers it. There is no invective or bitterness in his effort, but there is throughout an earnestness of conviction and an unquestionable air of sincerity, to which every gesture and intonation of voice is especially adapted."

Whitelaw Reid telegraphed to the New York *Tribune* his opinion of this effort: "It seems to be

the verdict of the majority that General Garfield won the laurels of the night, as indeed he has of the convention thus far. Mr. Frye's speech, though eloquent, was delivered without any preparation whatever. General Garfield's speech was admirably adapted to make votes for his candidate, if speeches ever made votes. It was courteous, conciliatory and prudent. General Garfield honestly did his best for Secretary Sherman, and yet the general is so popular here that the chief effect of his speech has been to increase the talk and speculation as to the possibility of his being made the nominee if the situation were different."

The *Chicago Journal* said editorially: "The supreme orator of the evening was General Garfield. He is a man of superb power and noble character. The name of John Sherman could not have been better presented. His claims upon the good opinion of the American people—and they are very great—were urged in a way worthy the occasion. He indulged in no fling at others. It was a model speech in temper and tone. The impression made was powerful and altogether wholesome. Many felt that if Ohio had offered Garfield instead of Sherman, she would have been more likely to win."

Sherman's nomination was seconded by Winkler, of Wisconsin, and Eliott (colored), of South Carolina. Vermont being called, Mr. Billings rose to

put in nomination Senator Edmunds, and said that no State could have a better right to name a Republican candidate and none could name a better man. Republicanism runs in Vermont's blood. The man whom she named for the Presidency was no longer hers—he was the property and pride of the nation. Vermont looked forward through the years and saw the ignominy and crime of giving up the Government to a revolutionary Democracy, and she implored this convention to let nothing put the Republican victory in peril, but to make that victory secure by putting on the platform a candidate far better even than the platform—a candidate weak nowhere, but strong everywhere —the incarnation of the principles of that platform. Any other course foreboded disaster and courted defeat. Such a candidate as was needed was that brave, keen, vigilant man on whom rested no shadow of evil report, the leader of the Senate, George F. Edmunds. [Cheers and applause.] Vermont nominated him for the Presidency, and asked the convention to accept him. [Applause.] The nomination was seconded by Mr. Sanford, of Massachusetts.

Mr. Cassidy, of Wisconsin, then presented the name of Elihu B. Washburne, of Illinois, who was seconded by Mr. Brandagee, of Connecticut.

All the nominees being now named, and as it was within a few minutes of Sunday morning, the convention adjourned until Monday morning.

Half an hour later the great hall, that had resounded to the thunders of oratory, was empty and silent as the great men's portraits on the walls.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A DAY OF DOUBT.

SUNDAY at Chicago was passed in feverish marches and counter-marches, combinations, plots, arguments, speeches, dining and wining, rest for some and church for a few. Every nerve was strained to correct badly-constructed lines, to strengthen wavering delegates to capture new ones and to repair every weak spot in the chain of defenses. This, of course, lent to the work of Monday only a problematical outcome. No one could say exactly just what would happen, or predict, with the same reasonable certainty possible to the prophets on Friday night. Every one waited and hoped.

One of the clever correspondents at the convention, described the opening services of Monday morning in his special:

"The sun rose in a cloudless sky this morning, and a gentle, cool breeze from the lake promised a charming day for the great conflict. There was active stir in all the camps at an early hour, and spirited skirmishing began with cocktails and extended throughout the halls, corridors, breakfast-rooms and street corners. The crowd had been

considerably thinned out since Saturday night. Many of the most boisterous elements, who were too expensive as strikers to be continued on duty indefinitely, had dropped out of the battle; but the effective soldiery of all sides remained, and the rank and file seemed more impatient than the leaders for the struggle. The hour of meeting was the earliest that could be named, but most of the crowd and many delegates were clamoring at the barred doors long before. There was not that effervescence of wild expectation that was displayed when the same people first crowded into Exposition Hall on Wednesday morning. Their faces were freshened by rest, but they had been sobered by the realities of the contest and the gravity of its hue. When they first came to encompass the convention and its multitude of witnesses, they were ardent and reckless as enthusiastic volunteers who expected a harmless brush with the enemy and an easy victory. To-day they wore the calmer and disciplined marks of veterans. It was plainly told on every face that the battle must be desperate, and none felt entirely assured of triumph. When the doors were opened hurried streams of humanity poured in at every entrance, and when the hour arrived for President Hoar to swing his gavel, all the portions of the hall within possible hearing of the proceedings were jammed to the uttermost. Even the reserved platform of the correspondents

was invaded by the crowd, until communication with the hundred batteries which maintained their ceaseless clicking hard by was almost entirely interrupted. The ladies gave their wealth of smiles upon the conflict of the political giants in greater profusion than at any previous session, and the distinguished guests were wedged in upon each other as if they were no more than common flesh and blood.

"Hoar came in ahead of time, and looked serene as a summer morning that welcomed him to his task, and his face was fresh as the roses which shed their exquisite tints and fragrance on his table. He has borne himself so well, so impartially, and so intelligently that all felt assured of a faithful umpire in the desperation of the last charge of the contending hosts. Alabama, as usual, was first to present a full delegation; and Arkansas, just behind her, speedily followed. The colored troops were generally among the first to the front, and they evidently meant to fight nobly. Conkling was mindful of the potency of dramatic strategy, and knew that he would meet his grandest welcome as he passed before his allies to lead them in the hand-to-hand struggle. He waited until just before the time for calling to order, and then strode into the hall with that magnificent bearing that none of his rivals could imitate. As soon as his tall form and silvered crown were visible the shout went up that all understood, and

it was heartier and longer than ever before. He walked down the aisle with the utmost composure, and gracefully bowed his recognition of the homage tendered him. Garfield is the member of the convention who divides with Conkling the popular welcome at every opening.

"He received a royal welcome when he entered, and his strong, rugged features lightened like the rippled lake with its dancing sunshine. Cameron was active, silent and determined as ever. He flitted hurriedly among the distinguished guests before the signal-gun was fired, and then retired to his immediate command. Hale and Frye were among the first to take their position, and hope and fear were plainly wrestling with each other on their faces. Hale was pale with anxiety, and the usually flushed features of Frye were redder than are their wont. Both seemed well poised and reasonably self-reliant, but the contrast between their nervous apprehensions and the calm defiance of Conkling was a study for the intelligent observers of men. Chandler was restless, and his little face seemed to have shrunk away behind his eye-glasses.

"Logan was as calm as the dark cloud that is just waiting to hurl its thunderbolt. He sat as still as a statue, his swarthy features appearing darker than usual, and his fierce black eyes now and then darting out their most defiant flashes, He seemed conscious that his leader was beaten.

but he was evidently resolved that there should be a costly retreat for the pursuing hosts. Garfield, Foster, Dennison, Bateman, Butterfield and other Ohio leaders were to be seen in little knots of their delegation, as if they feared defection at an early stage of the contest, and there was evident unrest among the Indiana men. General Harrison's short form and sharply-cut features were shaded with anxiety. He feared Grant, and now that Grant seemed to be beaten, he was impressed with the possibility of the grandson of a President being the choice of exhausted factions. General Sewell sat in front of Conkling and his youthful face exhibited the coolness and determination which characterized him in the heat of battle. As far as faces could be distinguished in the great arena, all seemed to be soberly anxious for the order to advance.

"When President Hoar called the convention to order there was a speedy hush, and the vast multitude was seated with wonderful alacrity. All seemed anxious for the fight to begin. The minister who opened with prayer shared the general appreciation of the value of the fleeting moments, and his petition had the merit of brevity."

The chair, at the conclusion of the prayer, announced that during the balloting he would not allow any delay, debate or tricks, by changing votes after they were once cast.

Eugene Hale thereupon moved: "That the

convention proceed to ballot." Senator Conkling seconded the motion, and the roll-call was begun in a silence that showed how intense was the anxiety to know the worst or best. The result was announced by the secretaries, as follows:

States.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Washburne
Alabama	16	1	3	...	...	...
Arkansas	12	...	...	...	...	...
California	...	12	...	...	...	...
Colorado	6	...	...	...	...	...
Connecticut	...	3	...	2	...	7
Delaware	...	6	...	...	...	...
Florida	8	...	...	...	...	...
Georgia	6	8	8	...	...	...
Illinois	24	10	...	...	...	8
Indiana	1	26	2	...	...	1
Iowa	...	22	...	...	...	...
Kansas	4	6	...	...	...	...
Kentucky	20	1	3	...	...	...
Louisiana	8	2	6	...	...	...
Maine	...	14	...	...	...	...
Maryland	7	7	2	...	...	...
Massachusetts	3	...	2	20	...	1
Michigan	1	21	...	...	...	...
Minnesota	...	...	...	...	10	...
Mississippi	6	4	6	...	...	...
Missouri	29	...	...	...	...	1
Nebraska	...	6	...	...	...	...
Nevada	...	6	...	...	...	...
New Hampshire	...	10	...	...	...	...
New Jersey	...	16	...	...	...	2
New York	51	17	2	...	...	...
Carried forward,	201	198	34	22	10	20

States.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Washburne.
Brought forward,	201	198	34	22	10	20
North Carolina..	6	...	14	...	...	...
Ohio.....	...	9	34	1	...	...
Oregon.....	...	6	...	...	...	...
Pennsylvania....	32	23	3	...	...	...
Rhode Island....	...	8	...	...	...	...
South Carolina...	13	...	1	...	...	...
Tennessee.....	16	6	1	1	...	...
Texas.....	11	2	2	...	....	1
Vermont.....	...	...	...	10	...	...
Virginia.....	18	3	1	...	...	...
West Virginia....	1	8	...	...	...	...
Wisconsin.....	1	7	3	...	...	9
Arizona.....	...	2	...	...	....	...
Dakota.....	1	1	...	...	...	...
Dis't of Columbia	1	1	...	...	...	...
Idaho.....	...	2	...	...	...	...
Montana.....	...	2	...	...	...	...
New Mexico.....	...	2	...	...	...	...
Utah.....	1	1	...	...	...	...
Washington.....	1	1	...	...	...	...
Wyoming.....	1	1	...	...	...	...
Total.....	304	284	93	34	10	30

The incidents of this ballot were few and not very remarkable. There was faint applause when Arkansas voted solid for Grant, but all sides joined in hissing it down. When Pixley announced California's vote for Blaine, in a dramatic fashion, and with a sentence thrown in for the galleries, the President rose and notified the chairmen of delegations that no comment of any kind would be

allowed. When Conkling rose to announce the vote of New York, every one strained forward to catch his words. In a distinct voice he responded "Two votes are reported for Sherman, seventeen for Blaine, and fifty-one *are* for Grant." This method of announcement was Conkling's inevitable sneer for his opponents. Ohio threw a wet blanket on the Sherman men by casting nine votes for Blaine, and the announcement brightened the faces of a vast majority of spectators. Pennsylvania was another of the States that silenced the audience when called, and she was about to declare how Cameron had held the Grant lines against the Blaine assaults. General Beaver thundered out: "Pennsylvania votes thirty-two for Grant, twenty-three for Blaine, and three for Sherman." After this there was but little interest, and the ballot closed in the most orderly manner. The result brought shouts from the Grant men, and some disappointment to the Blaine leaders. The moment the vote was announced the President ordered another, holding that nothing was in order but voting; and before the leaders could look to their lines they were in action again by the prompt roll-call. The second ballot was uneventful, the third and fourth the same. The changes in these, and the succeeding ballots of the afternoon were very slight—except the nomination of Garfield by a vote from Grier, a Pennsylvania delegate, and made without any

particular idea of permanency. A recess was several times proposed but voted down, and there were a score of little incidents that were eventful for only the brief minutes of their existence. The last ballot taken at the morning session was the eighteenth, and immediately after its announcement, on motion of a Sherman man from Mississippi, a recess was ordered until seven o'clock. The various ballots of this session were as follows:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Grant.....	304	305	305	305	305	305	305	306	308
Blaine.....	284	282	282	281	281	281	281	284	282
Sherman...	93	94	93	95	95	95	94	91	90
Edmunds..	34	32	32	32	32	31	32	31	31
Washburne	30	31	31	30	30	31	31	32	32
Windom..	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Garfield...	...	...	1	1	1	2	2	1	2
Harrison..	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...	...

	10th.	11th.	12th.	13th.	14th.	15th.	16th.	17th.	18th.
Grant.	305	306	304	305	305	309	306	303	305
Blaine.....	282	281	283	285	285	281	283	284	283
Sherman...	92	92	92	89	89	88	88	90	91
Edmunds..	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31
Washburne	32	32	33	32	35	36	36	36	35
Windom...	10	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Garfield...	2	2	1	1	...	...	...	...	...
Hayes.....	1	1	1	...	...	...	...	...	...
McCrary..	...	...	...	1	...	...	...	...	...
Davis.....	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...

The evening session started rather noisily and there was some slight trouble to keep order as

the call went on. The announcement of the first ballot at this session was greeted by the Sherman men with cheers, who saw their candidate was making a hole in the Blaine column. There was nothing of importance to disturb the situation of the Grant people. They held their own through the recess and came back showing their determination to stick by their candidate to the last. It was very clear there had been no wholesale repairing of fences since the adjournment, and it began to look like an all-night siege. The varying fortunes of the different candidates are shown by the votes tabulated below, it is hardly necessary to summarize them in detail.

After the twenty-seventh ballot, Morse, of Massachusetts, proposed an adjournment till the next morning. It was nearly half past nine, and the hall was excessively hot. Not less than twelve thousand people were overlooking the progress of the ballot, and at the conclusion of each call, while the secretaries were footing up the totals, this immense audience would rise with one accord to rest, by change of position, and the movement was suggestive of the distant roar of a coming storm. It was undeniably a brilliant scene at this time, but nobody could shut his ear to the fact that the multitude of spectators was a hindrance to business. Morse's motion to adjourn was withdrawn and another ballot was ordered, after which a motion to adjourn was carried by 446 to 303, and the

convention, at ten P. M., adjourned till ten A. M. the next morning. The ballots cast at the evening session were as follows:

	19th.	20th.	21st.	22d.	23d.	24th.	25th.	26th.	27th.	28th.
Grant.....	305	308	305	305	304	305	302	303	306	307
Blaine.....	279	276	276	275	275	279	281	280	277	279
Sherman.....	96	93	96	97	97	93	94	93	93	91
Edmunds.....	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31
Washburne.....	32	35	35	35	36	35	35	36	36	35
Windom.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Garfield.....	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	2
Hartranft.....	1	1	1	1	...	...	...	...	...	...

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

THE convention had now been in session for five days, and the result was not reached; the country was impatient, the people were anxious for the termination of the battle. All Chicago rose on June 8th, with a settled wish that "to-day might settle it." The wish was father to the thought. The politicians believed it would as they strolled out of their hotels, boarding-houses and resting-places, and streamed in the direction of the Exhibition building.

General Garfield came forth from the Grand Pacific, arm-in-arm with his friend, Governor Foster, of Ohio. The suspicion that he would before nightfall be the nominee of the strongest party in the country for its president, never entered his head.

"I think, Charlie," said Garfield, "we shall get through with this business of president-making, to-day."

"Yes," returned Foster, "the delegates are all getting tired and want to go home."

"I am quite sure they will select a candidate before another adjournment," continued Garfield.

"I hope it will be our man," answered Foster.

"Honest John Sherman will be nominated, and again Ohio will be made proud by the work of the convention."

"Amen," said Foster, "let us all take heart and work."

"Yes, that is the word," cried Garfield. "Work! work! work!" and the two friends continued on down the street.

As Garfield turned a corner, one of the hundreds of people who were thrusting advertisements, circulars and political squibs into the hands of passers-by, pressed a little piece of paper upon him, which he accepted mechanically, and as mechanically glanced at. His eye caught "Acts iv, 11." Thinking he would not throw a Bible-leaf into the mud, he rolled it up and put it in his pocket, where he afterward found it, and continued his walk. Had he read it, the spirit of its prophecy would, no doubt, have struck him, as the words of that verse are these: "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv, 11–12.

These, however, are but curious coincidences that, no doubt, would have exceedingly worked upon people of a superstitious turn of mind. But it was only the action of the convention

which met an hour late that morning, that gave them their value. When it was opened, the reverend gentleman who asked the blessing of the Almighty, voicing the popular heart, prayed that the delegates might soon be restored to their friends. The call of the States was then ordered for the twenty-ninth ballot, for president. The result was 305 for Grant; 278 for Blaine; 116 for Sherman; 12 for Edmunds; 35 for Washburne; 7 for Windom, and 2 for Garfield.

There were some indications as the thirtieth ballot progressed that the lesser candidates were giving way. Great amusement was created toward the close by the announcement of one vote from Wyoming for General Phil Sheridan Sheridan was on the stage near the chair, and when he was a moment after discovered by the people a shout went up from all over the house. He finally arose and said that he was very much obliged, but he couldn't take the nomination unless he were permitted to turn it over to his best friend. The galleries saw the point of this, since Sheridan's best friend is Grant, and all the Grant delegates made the best of the opportunity by an outburst of enthusiasm. The chair also detected the point, and said that while the distinguished soldier had been given permission to interrupt the order of the convention, it would be granted no one else.

The next ballot demonstrated that the Grant

lines could not be broken, and the Blaine lines were at this time wavering. It was apparent the convention was on the edge of a break. The next ballot, which was finished by half-past twelve, was without exciting event. The close of the thirty-fourth was marked with some excitement, growing out of a break to Garfield, Wisconsin casting for him thirty-six votes. This was the beginning of the end. To make up this breach, Washburne, Blaine and Sherman were drawn upon. When it was declared, General Garfield arose and addressed the chair. The chairman inquired for what purpose the gentleman rose.

"To a question of order," said Garfield.

"The gentleman will state it," said the chair.

"I challenge," said Mr. Garfield, "the correctness of the announcement that contains votes for me. No man has a right, without the consent of the person voted for, to have his name announced and voted for in this convention. Such consent I have not given."

This was overruled by the chairman amidst laughter against Garfield, who had made the point on the vote cast for him by Wisconsin.

Then the thirty-fifth ballot was taken, and proved the most interesting one of the day so far. The call was quick, and the people began to show better spirits. It was apparent that the Blaine movement had broken up. The ballot resulted as follows:

States and Territories.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Washburne.	Garfield.
Alabama	16	4	...	...	...	...	...
Arkansas	12	...	...	..	...	...	...
California	...	12	...	...	...	...	...
Colorado	6	...	...	...	...	...	...
Connecticut	...	3	...	...	...	9	...
Delaware	...	6	...	...	...	...	...
Florida	8	...	...	...	...	...	...
Georgia	8	9	5	...	...	...	...
Illinois	24	10	...	...	...	8	...
Indiana	1	2	...	...	...	...	27
Iowa	...	22	...	...	...	...	...
Kansas	4	6	...	...	...	...	...
Kentucky	20	1	3	...	...	...	...
Louisiana	8	4	4	...	...	...	...
Maine	...	14	...	...	...	...	...
Maryland	7	3	2	...	...	...	4
Massachusetts	4	...	21	...	...	1	...
Michigan	1	21	...	...	...	...	...
Minnesota	1	6	...	...	3	...	...
Mississippi	8	4	3	...	...	...	1
Missouri	29	...	...	...	...	1	...
Nebraska	...	6	...	...	...	...	...
Nevada	...	6	...	...	...	...	...
New Hampshire	...	10	...	...	...	...	...
New Jersey	...	14	2	...	...	2	...
New York	50	18	2	...	...	...	...
North Carolina	6	...	13	...	...	...	1
Ohio	...	9	34	1	...	...	...
Oregon	...	6	...	...	...	...	...
Pennsylvania	36	20	...	...	...	1	1
Rhode Island	...	8	...	...	...	...	...
Carried forward...	249	224	89	1	3	22	34

States and Territories	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Washburne.	Garfield.
Brought forward	249	224	89	1	3	22	34
South Carolina	11	1	2	10	...	...	...
Tennessee	17	4	3	...	...	...	...
Texas	13	1	1	...	...	1	...
Vermont	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
Virginia	16	3	3	...	...	...	...
West Virginia	1	8	1	...	...	...	...
Wisconsin	2	2	...	...	...	...	16
Arizona	...	2	...	...	...	...	...
Dakota	1	1	...	...	...	...	...
District of Columbia	1	1	...	...	...	...	...
Idaho	...	2	...	...	...	...	...
Montana	...	2	...	...	...	...	...
New Mexico	...	2	...	...	...	...	...
Utah	1	1	...	...	...	...	...
Washington	...	2	...	...	...	...	...
Wyoming	1	1	...	...	...	...	...
Totals	313	257	99	11	3	23	50

The call of the States for the thirty-sixth ballot began amidst considerable excitement. A delegate thus described it: "Everybody saw that Blaine was now out of the way, and it was a matter of beating Grant, so far as the opposition was concerned. It was evident, too, that it would have to be done with Garfield, and Connecticut led off on this ballot with eleven votes for him. The most of the Washburne vote of Illinois followed this, and when Indiana was called, General Harrison cast twenty-nine of her thirty votes for Gar-

field. The storm at this point broke. The people rose up and gave one tremendous cheer, and hats and handkerchiefs were tossed high, as they had so often been before. The confusion had not fairly subsided when Iowa followed with twenty-two votes for Garfield, and the outburst was renewed and gained in force with every fresh start. A little further down Maine cast her fourteen votes for the Ohio man, and the cheering was greater than ever. The confusion was so great that it was almost impossible to go on with the call. The delegations of Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota and Mississippi each insisted on an individual roll-call, and the Blaine and Sherman votes nearly all turned up for Garfield. Conkling was dodging about a good deal at this time, but it dawned upon the Grant men that all was up with them. They were well disciplined, however, and hung together all the way down the call. It was getting down to Pennsylvania. Cameron sat imperturbable in the midst of his delegates, and was repeatedly urged to cast the solid Pennsylvania delegation for Blaine on this ballot. This would have prevented the nomination of Garfield on that ballot, at least, and might have stayed the Garfield cyclone by getting Blaine back on the track; but Cameron at this time would not acknowledge that Garfield could go through as he did go.

"Ohio was finally called. The delegation had

been thrown into confusion and it was some time in getting around, but it finally turned up with forty-three for Garfield, the missing delegate being Garfield himself. The convention relapsed into cheers again, but recovered in a moment to hear General Beaver announce the Pennsylvania vote as thirty-seven for Grant, twenty-one for Garfield. Gordon had swung around to Grant, and Hays, who had voted for Blaine, felt himself released when Maine virtually put him out of the field, and went with the Grant people. The Grant men got in a little cheer here, but it was of short life. As the call went on, as well as it could in the confusion, the Blaine delegates wheeled into line for Garfield. Vermont was wildly cheered when the ten Edmunds votes swung around, and Wisconsin's eighteen following shortly after, gave the man from Ohio a majority of the whole number.

"The thousands had kept tally and knew this. There was a momentary hush, as if the seven or eight thousand people were taking breath, and then the storm burst, and while the cheering went on the banners of the several States were borne to the place where Ohio's delegation sat, Garfield in the midst of them, and there was a scene almost equal to that of mid-night on Friday. The band was playing 'The Battle-Cry of Freedom' at the lower end of the hall, and when the cheering subsided for a moment the air was

taken up and sung in chorus by thousands of voices. Everywhere flags were waving and on the outside of the building cannon were booming and thousands were cheering. This went on for a quarter of an hour, during which time Conkling sat in his place at the head of his delegation without show of emotion of any sort. Efforts were made to get Garfield out, but he remained hidden in the midst of his Ohio friends."

The ballot resulted as tabulated:

States.	Vote.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Washburne.	Garfield.
Alabama	20	16	4	...	...	...
Arkansas	12	12	...	...	...	...
California	12	...	12	...	...	...
Colorado	6	6	...	...	...	...
Connecticut	12	...	1	...	...	11
Delaware	6	...	6	...	...	...
Florida	8	8	...	...	...	...
Georgia	22	8	10	3	...	1
Illinois	42	24	6	...	5	7
Indiana	30	1	...	...	...	29
Iowa	22	...	...	...	...	22
Kansas	10	4	...	...	...	6
Kentucky	24	20	1	...	...	3
Louisiana	16	8	...	...	...	8
Maine	14	...	...	...	...	14
Maryland	16	6	...	...	...	10
Massachusetts	26	4	...	...	...	22
Michigan	22	1	...	...	...	21
Minnesota	10	2	...	...	...	8
Carried forward,	330	120	40	3	5	162

States.	Vote.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Washburne.	Garfield.
Brought forward,	330	120	40	3	5	162
Mississippi	16	7	...	...	...	9
Missouri	30	29	...	...	...	1
Nebraska	6	...	...	...	...	6
Nevada	6	2	1	...	...	3
New Hampshire	10	...	...	...	...	10
New Jersey	18	...	...	...	...	18
New York	70	50	...	...	...	20
North Carolina	20	5	...	...	...	15
Ohio	44	...	...	...	...	43
Oregon	6	...	...	...	...	6
Pennsylvania	58	37	...	...	...	21
Rhode Island	8	...	...	...	...	8
South Carolina	14	8	...	...	...	6
Tennessee	24	15	1	...	...	8
Texas	16	13	...	...	...	3
Vermont	10	...	...	...	...	10
Virginia	22	19	...	...	...	3
West Virginia	10	1	...	...	...	9
Wisconsin	20	...	...	...	...	20
Arizona	2	...	...	...	...	2
Dakota	2	...	...	...	...	2
Dis't of Columbia	2	...	...	...	...	2
Idaho	2	...	...	...	...	2
Montana	2	...	...	...	...	2
New Mexico	2	...	...	...	...	2
Utah	2	...	...	...	...	2
Washington	2	...	...	...	...	2
Wyoming	2	...	...	...	...	2
Total	755	306	42	3	5	399

This was the thirty-sixth and last ballot taken,

and completed a remarkable series of votes. In detail they were as here given:

Ballot.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Washburne.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Garfield.	Hayes.	Harrison.	McCrary.	Davis, of Texas.	Hartranft, of Pa.
1	304	284	93	30	34	10	...	...	...	...	...	...
2	305	282	94	31	32	10	1	....	...	...	...	...
3	305	282	93	31	32	10	1	...	1	...	....	...
4	305	281	95	31	32	10	1	...	...	...	....	...
5	305	281	95	31	32	10	1	...	...	...	....	...
6	305	280	95	31	32	10	2	...	...	...	...	...
7	305	281	94	31	32	10	2	....	....	...	...	...
8	306	284	91	32	31	10	1	...	...	...	....	...
9	308	282	90	32	31	10	2	...	...	...	....	...
10	305	282	92	33	31	10	1	1	...	...	...	...
11	305	281	93	32	31	10	2	1	...	...	...	...
12	304	283	92	33	31	10	1	1	...	...	...	...
13	305	285	89	33	31	10	1	...	...	1	...	...
14	305	285	89	35	31	10	...	...	...	...	...	...
15	309	281	88	36	31	10	...	...	...	...	...	...
16	306	283	88	36	31	10	...	...	...	...	...	...
17	303	284	90	36	31	10	...	...	...	...	1	...
18	305	283	91	35	31	10	...	...	...	...	...	...
19	305	279	96	32	31	10	1	...	...	...	...	1
20	308	276	93	35	31	10	1	...	...	...	...	1
21	305	276	96	35	31	10	1	...	...	...	...	1
22	305	275	97	35	31	10	1	...	....	...	...	1
23	304	275	97	36	31	10	2	...	...	...	...	...
24	305	279	93	35	31	10	2	...	...	...	...	...
25	302	281	94	35	31	10	2	...	...	...	...	...
26	303	280	93	36	31	10	2	...	...	...	...	...
27	306	277	93	36	31	10	2	...	...	...	...	...
28	307	279	91	35	31	10	2	...	...	...	...	...
29	305	278	116	35	12	7	2	...	...	...	...	...

Ballot.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Washburne.	Edmunds.	Windom.	Garfield.	Hayes.	Harrison.	McCrary.	Davis, of Texas.	Hartranft, of Pa.
30.....	306	279	120	33	11	4	2	...	...	...	...	...
31.....	308	276	118	37	11	3	1	...	...	...	...	...
32.....	309	270	117	44	11	3	1	...	...	...	...	...
33.....	309	276	110	44	11	4	1	...	...	...	...	...
34.....	312	275	107	30	11	4	17	...	...	...	...	...
35.....	313	257	99	23	11	3	50	...	...	...	...	...
36.....	306	42	3	5	...	...	399	...	...	...	...	...

At the announcement of Garfield's nomination, the people again stood upon the benches to hurrah and yell in the old way. In the midst of it, the tall form of Logan rose up and sought to catch the eye of the President. Conkling was standing in the aisle seeking the same thing. As soon as order was restored, the latter was recognized, and in a husky voice, sadly in contrast with his tones before the result, he said:

"Mr. Chairman: James A. Garfield, of Ohio, having received a majority of all the votes cast, I rise to move that he be unanimously presented as the nominee of the convention. The chair, under the rules, anticipated me, but being on my feet I avail myself of the opportunity to congratulate the Republican party of the nation on the good-natured and well-tempered disposition which has distinguished this animated convention. [Cries of 'Louder!' from the galleries.] I should like to speak louder, but having sat here under a cold

wind. I find myself unable to do so. I was about to say, Mr. Chairman, that I trust that the zeal, the fervor and now the unanimity of the scenes of the convention will be transplanted to the field of the country, and that all of us who have borne a part against each other will be found with equal zeal bearing the banners and carrying the lances of the Republican party into the ranks of the enemy." [Applause.]

As he sat down, John A. Logan got up and spoke:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: We are to be congratulated at having arrived at a conclusion in respect to presenting the name of a candidate to be the standard-bearer of the Republican party for President of the United States in union and harmony with each other. Whatever may have transpired in this convention that may have produced feelings of annoyance will be, I hope, considered as a matter of the past. I, with the friends of one of the grandest men on the face of the earth, stood here to fight a friendly battle for his nomination, but this convention has chosen another leader and the men who stood by Grant will be seen in the front of the contest for Mr. Garfield. [Cheers.] We will go forward in the contest, not with tied hands, not with sealed lips, not with bridled tongues, but to speak the truth in favor of the grandest party that has ever been organized in this country, to maintain its prin-

ciples, to uphold its power, to preserve its ascendency, and my judgment is that, with the leader whom you have chosen, victory will perch on our banners. [Cheers.] As one of the Republicans from Illinois I second the nomination of James A. Garfield and hope it will be made unanimous." [Cheers.]

Two of the senatorial triumvirate, the grand trio that had come to Chicago to nominate Grant and had been defeated, had now spoken. Pennsylvania was wanted to complete it. General Beaver a minute later rose, stood in his delegation and addressed the vast gathering:

"The State of Pennsylvania having had the honor of first nominating in this convention the gentleman who has been chosen as the standard-bearer of the Republican party in the approaching national contest, I rise to second the motion which has been made to make the nomination unanimous, and to assure this convention and the people of the country that Pennsylvania is heartily in accord with the nomination [cheers]; that she gives her full concurrence to it, and that this country may expect from her the greatest majority that has been given for a Presidential candidate in many years."

Then the defeated leader of the Blaine forces, Eugene Hall, stepped into the line and spoke for his friends:

"Standing here to return our heartfelt thanks

to the many men in this convention who have aided us in the fight that we made for the senator from Maine, and speaking for them here, as I know that I do, I say this most heartily. We have not got the man whom we hoped to nominate when we came here, but we have got a man in whom we have the greatest and most marked confidence. The nominee of this convention is no new or untried man, and in that respect he is no 'dark horse.' When he came here representing his State in the front of his delegation, and was seen here, every man knew him, because of his record; and because of that, and because of our faith in him, and because we were, in the emergency, glad to help make him the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States; because, I say, of these things I stand here to pledge the Maine forces in this convention to earnest efforts from now until the ides of November to help carry him to the Presidential chair." [Cheers.]

The nomination was then made unanimous, amid the wildest excitement, and at half-past two a recess was taken until five P. M. The evening session was short, and resulted in the choice of Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for the second place on the ticket, and the convention adjourned *sine die*, after one of the most gigantic political struggles ever recorded.

Here, for a moment, we must turn aside to re-

late a little incident, that had just happened in another city. General Garfield owns a residence, as the reader knows, in Washington. During his absence it was occupied by his private stenographer, Mr. George W. Rose. This gentleman says:

"On the day of the general's nomination for President, at about the very moment of absolute time (as the Signal Service Bureau would say) that the nomination was made, allowing for the difference in longitude between here and Chicago, a magnificent bald eagle, after circling round the Park, swooped down and rested on the general's house. One of my children was playing out of doors at the time, and ran in to call the attention of the family to this striking spectacle. Several of the family and myself went out and saw the source of the child's wonder. Before the eagle rose from its strange perch a dozen people noticed and commented upon it. An old Roman would have seen in this an augury of the most inspiring character. But we Americans are free from superstitions, and so it was a mere 'coincidence.'"

Yet, as a coincidence, a most inspiriting one.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW IT HAPPENED AND WHAT WAS SAID OF IT.

THE nomination of General Garfield was an entirely spontaneous movement. He was not put in nomination with any thunders of eloquence—he had no long list of politicians to urge and manage his candidacy. He did not seek the place, it sought him. He was not a candidate for the nomination. When his name first came to be mentioned in connection with the office, he caused to be published in the *Cleveland Herald*, the following:

"We are authorized to say that all statements made either in the press or by private persons, that General Garfield has changed his views in regard to the canvass of Secretary Sherman for the Presidency, are absolutely without foundation. General Garfield is not, and will not be a candidate for President, and stands squarely and flatly upon his letter recommending the Republicans of Ohio to give their united vote in favor of John Sherman for President. He believes that Mr. Sherman is the choice of a large majority of the party in the State, and that the highest political wisdom, and best interests of the Republicans will be advanced by sending a unanimous delega-

tion from Ohio in his favor. We do not make this statement because we needed any assurance that General Garfield was the firm and devoted friend of Mr. Sherman, or that he had changed his views of the propriety and fitness of Mr. Sherman's nomination, but as so many statements have been made and telegraphic specials printed, calculated to mislead the public, we desire to put the whole question at rest by an authoritative statement.

"General Garfield will continue to give Secretary Sherman his sincere, earnest and hearty support, and will be personally gratified if all his friends and those who are influenced by his wishes or opinions, would aid in securing for Mr. Sherman a united delegation from the State of Ohio."

In the convention all that was said about him was when Grier, the Pennsylvania delegate, on the second ballot, got up and said, "I nominate and vote for James A. Garfield," an announcement perfectly in keeping with the character of the man for whom it was made. This was all until Wisconsin broke for him and the tide set in that landed him in the victor's seat. A day or two after the great event, an intimate friend of the nominee related how it happened. "It was manifest from the start," said he, "that Garfield was a favorite with a large majority of them. It was also noticed that leading visitors at the convention were talking in that direction

"Four days previous to the great upheaval, Judge Hoar, one of the best informed men in the country, and who had large personal acquaintance among the delegates, remarked: 'If the delegates were walled up separately and allowed no communication with each other, following out the custom at the Vatican in electing a pope, voting a secret ballot, General Garfield would receive two-thirds of the votes of the delegates present.' The friends of the several candidates, of which there properly were three, seemed to lead out each with the firm conviction that by a long trial there would occur a break among the others. It became apparent that the contest would be one simply of endurance. The forces were under a remarkable discipline, a wave of a hand from Mr. Conkling or the other leaders being enough to subside any one. Even Logan was in this way motioned down by a wave of the hand of the Duke of New York.

"As Grant was in the lead, it was apparent that his friends could not consistently break and go to any other candidate. It was clear after the second day that Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman's chances were hopeless. The friends of both, however, you know, remained firm, hoping that each other would give way.

"It was evident from confidential expressions by many delegates that Mr. Garfield was really the first choice of more than half of the delegates,

including many Grant men. He had placed himself in the front squarely against the unit rule. Blaine, Washburne and other anti-Grant men came to Garfield's friends hourly and said, 'Why don't you Ohio men take up Garfield? We will vote for him.' In every instance they were met with the reply, 'We have come to urge the claims of John Sherman for the nomination. We believe him a strong candidate.' The Blaine men said: 'Why ask us to turn to Sherman? We are more than three times your number. You, who believing with us that it would be unwise to nominate General Grant, should unite with us and nominate Mr. Blaine.'

"The Sherman men counseled among themselves and concluded to hold out still longer. Finally, on the day preceding the final break, the Wisconsin delegates came to the Ohio men in a state of excitement and determination, and said: 'If you Ohio delegates will not bring out General Garfield, we shall!' Some of the Ohio people were anxious to do this, but, under the circumstances, simply replied: 'Garfield is a great favorite in Ohio, and nothing would please us more than to vote for him, but as we came here to urge the nomination of Mr. Sherman, we shall use all honorable means to secure that end.'

"At one or two ballots on the following morning it became plain that something was about to occur, and the convention had reached the begin-

ning of the end. The Blaine forces felt that they had gone as far as the most ardent supporters of Mr. Blaine could ask. All parties were anxious to go home. Wisconsin's response, 'fourteen votes for James A. Garfield,' caused a ripple of surprise and joy to sweep over the faces of the delegates, and the cheers from the gallery demonstrated Garfield's popularity in that vast audience. When the roll of States was called, a sudden stillness settled over the audience, and as the State of Indiana was called, General Harrison stepped upon the bench and in a clear, ringing voice, said: 'Twenty-nine votes for James A. Garfield.' Iowa was called, and another voice rang out: 'Twenty-two votes for General Garfield.'

"The crowd then gathered around General Garfield and attempted to get him up to speak, but the general sat perfectly composed, and simply replied: 'No, no, gentlemen; this is no theatrical performance,' and their efforts were unavailing. The scene that followed has already been described.

"As the convention took a recess previous to nominating the Vice-President, a great crowd gathered at the outer door, and it was with the utmost difficulty that General Garfield gained a carriage. An incident occurring there is worthy of publication. As Garfield entered the carriage, in company with Governor Foster, the crowd surged around in a state of intense enthusiasm,

and shouted: 'Take off the horses; we will pull the carriage.' The driver, who at the time was not aware whom he was carrying, whipped up to get away from the men, who had already commenced to unfasten the harness. He cleared the space several feet, but was overhauled again, and the dazed driver, now thoroughly frightened, applied his whip with renewed energy, and clearing the crowd, pushed for the Palmer House.

"General Garfield was unfeignedly surprised at the turn affairs had taken in the convention, and his countenance bore a grave and thoughtful expression. He made but few remarks relative to the causes leading to his nomination, and I know positively that he would listen to no overtures from the delegates who so heartily placed him in nomination. He has not recovered from his surprise yet."

It was indeed a surprise, coming, as it did, so entirely unsought. During the first minutes after the result, and while yet the general was busy shaking hands with the hundreds around him, he turned to a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, and said: "I wish you would say that this is no act of mine. I wish you would say that I have done everything and omitted nothing to secure Secretary Sherman's nomination. I want it plainly understood that I have not sought this nomination, and have protested against the use of my name. If Senator Hoar had permitted, I would have for-

bidden anybody to vote for me. But he took me off my feet before I had said what I intended. I am very sorry it has occurred, but if my position is fully explained, a nomination, coming unsought and unexpected like this, will be the crowning gratification of my life."

The news carried by wire from Chicago, sent a thrill of pleasure through the land. Everywhere the nomination was received with manifestations of great delight. Some forty telegrams reached the nominee before he left the convention hall, and before he slept that Tuesday night, more than a thousand more had winged their way to him. This came from the White House:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *Washington, June 8th.*

GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD:

You will receive no heartier congratulation to-day than mine. This both for your own and your country's sake.

R. B. HAYES.

Every member of the Cabinet, Senator Blaine and hosts of other distinguished characters in the councils of the nation, telegraphed most candid congratulations.

The National House of Representatives, on the last day of the convention, was occupied with a discussion on the erection of a public building, and a motion to adjourn was made. During the calling of the roll there was a great deal of excitement shown by the members over the convention

news, and when Garfield's name was called it was greeted with applause on both the Republican and Democratic sides of the chamber. The announcement, which came in soon afterward, that Garfield had been nominated, was received with loud cheers and applause from the members, who had assembled in the lobby back of the Speaker's desk, and the confusion was so great that the roll-call was interrupted. Members gathered in groups and discussed the nomination of Garfield, which appeared to meet with almost universal approval from the Republicans and which was conceded by the Democrats to be a strong one. The second call of Garfield's name was the signal for a burst of applause from the Republicans. The motion was finally carried and accordingly the House at half-past two adjourned.

Cheers for Garfield were then given, while cries of "Speech from Hawley," and "Hawley for vice-president" went up, but that gentleman did not respond.

Mr. Robeson.—I move that General Hawley take the chair. Carried unanimously, amid loud cheers. When Hawley took the chair the House presented a curious sight. Every chair was occupied, the seats of the absent members being filled by spectators, who, upon the adjournment, had crowded into the hall, while in the rear of the seats were groups of men evidently full of excitement.

Mr. Hawley, on taking the chair, said: "I beg leave to say that we occupy the floor with the kind consent of our friends on the right, who will have their opportunity by and by." [Laughter; cries of "Speech! Speech!"]

Mr. Hawley.—I have no speech to make. The nomination made at Chicago is its own speech, for every Republican of this House, and our personal good-will goes with our old friend and associate, General Garfield. [Applause.] I have no doubt, from what I have seen and heard, that this event —this consummation—is in the very highest degree satisfactory to every Republican here, whatever may have been his personal preference. [Applause.] We have been warmly divided in the past; we will be much more warmly united in the future. [Loud applause.] I think one result will be—I am supposing that there are no Democrats here—to compel an excellent nomination on the other side, so that the country we all love will be certain of a good President for the next four years, personally, whatever his political opinions may be. [Loud applause, in which the Democrats joined.]

Mr. Robeson was then loudly called for, and that gentleman responding, said: "As members of the American Congress—"

A Democrat.—Both sides?

Mr. Robeson, continuing.—Both sides—I think we have a right to congratulate the whole country

that a man we all know to be a man of character and capacity beyond impeachment has been nominated by one of the great political parties for the highest office in the gift of the people. [Applause.] Therefore, Mr. Chairman, I speak in acknowledgment on behalf of the House of Representatives that one of our number, conspicuous before the people on account of his services on this floor, has been selected as the standard-bearer of the great political party to which I belong. That is a sentiment which affects neither the politics nor the feelings of anybody, and I ask everybody within the reach of my voice to join me in giving three cheers for the candidate selected from our body as the candidate of a great party. [The Republicans rose and gave the three cheers with a will, but the Democrats, though joining in the cheering, retained their seats.] I move, Mr. Chairman, that a committee be appointed, and I suggest as its chairman the oldest member of the House—Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania—to send by telegraph our congratulations to our fellow Congressman on his nomination. [Applause.]

Cries then went up for "Kelley," and Chairman Hawley stated that Mr. Kelley would have occupied the chair, but that he had not been present.

Mr. Kelley.—I have been in that chair but once, though I have been here nineteen years, and then I felt so like a fool that I never got into it again. [Laughter.] I thank the gentleman from New

Jersey (Robeson) and his associates on this floor for having delegated to me the chairmanship of the committee to which has been confided so grateful a duty. I beg leave to inform the chairman and the House that, taking advantage of circumstances, I slipped out when Garfield was at 338 and sent the following telegram: "Accept congratulations and pledge of earnest support." [Applause.] I rejoice most heartily in this nomination. General Garfield is a man of rare force of character, of wide attainments, of great simplicity, and a man who adheres as firmly as a true party man ever did to his personal convictions, and our friends on the other side, in the dejection which now overcomes them, while a bad nomination for them is possible, will find satisfaction in knowing that they know the man to be one who will administer the government faithfully, fairly and patriotically after we shall have inaugurated him. [Applause.]

The chair appointed Kelley, Robeson, Browne, Martin (N. C.), Page, Richardson (N. Y.), and Henderson (Illinois) as the committee to send a congratulatory telegram to Garfield.

The happiness of the people was everywhere echoed by the press. The New York *Tribune* said:

"With its best judgment the *Tribune* approves, with its heartiest enthusiasm the *Tribune* applauds the work of the Chicago Convention. With

whatever power it possesses it will commend that work to the people, and labor unceasingly for a triumphant ratification at the polls."

The staunch old Boston *Advertiser*, representing the best element of the Republican party in New England, thus spoke for its constituents:

"The Republican party has a candidate for President of whom it may be proud, a man of ability, experience and conscience. The nomination of General Garfield cannot be too heartily welcomed by all who have the good of the party and of the country at heart, not merely as the most satisfactory solution of the situation that was much to be regretted, but as one thoroughly good in itself. The nomination that has been made gives no such triumph to either of the supposed factions, as will excuse the other for manifesting the least hesitation in accepting the result. General Garfield is not a man to excite antagonism. He has not allied himself with any factional party, except as the supporter of the distinguished gentleman who was presented by his State. His name may well be the symbol of union and harmony which his candidacy will secure. General Garfield is a politician of the best sort—a man with conscience. He is under obligations to no corps of workers for his nomination. He is bound by no pledge of any sort. He is tied to no clique. He will be a candidate of the whole Republican party, and President of the United States."

The New York Grant organ, the *Times*, took this position:

"The Chicago Convention has followed sundry familiar precedents in failing to select the strongest of the candidates presented to it. But from the second rank of available Republicans it has made a very excellent choice and one which has the great merit of uniting all sections of the party for a harmonious, aggressive and probably successful campaign. James A. Garfield has been too long in public life to have escaped injurious allegations against his personal character and bitter attacks upon his political course, but he is strong in his freedom from intrigue to gain the nomination and in being able to accept it absolutely free from disreputable alliances or embarrassing pledges. There are no bolters, scratchers or independents who bear the Republican name who cannot earnestly work and honestly vote for General Garfield, and there is no thorough-going Republican who will not accept him as a fit representative of party principles, a faithful depository of the party trust. Whatever wounds may have been left by the nomination of the candidate for President, in virtue of a combination between the elements opposed to General Grant, ought to be healed by the nomination for Vice-President of that stalwart and steadfast Grant supporter, Chester A. Arthur. The *Times* recognizes in him a man eminently worthy of a wider sphere for his ability."

The *Cincinnati Gazette* voiced Ohio:

"This decision, although quickly executed, was the most rational and, in our view, the most successful conclusion of the situation. It was no blind impulse, no recourse of reckless disappointment, no effort of revenge, no blindfold saddling of a dark horse, no trifling with the fate of the party by hasty resentment, no leap in the dark, no straining of the allegiance of intelligent Republicans by jerking into the nomination a man unknown to fame; it was the nomination of a man of national reputation, whose abilities have earned him the recognized place of leader of the House of Representatives; of a man than whom no one could better harmonize all the contending factions in the convention; a man who is the peer of any, who is himself a part of all that is good and glorious in the history of the Republican party, who deserves all the honor that belongs to the patriotic and successful soldier, who was a statesman thoroughly identified with all civil institutions before he left a successful political career to serve his country in war, and who has in his character and public services as much of those qualities which draw the intelligent enthusiasm of the people for the man they have chosen for leader as any man whom either of the several parties in the convention could have named. Therefore do we hail the nomination as a great deliverance and as a regenerating triumph for the Republican party."

From the *Chicago Times* came this outburst:

"In the language of the politicians, the nomination of Mr. Garfield is a strong one, an uncommonly strong one. It is one that brings together and unites all the lately hostile factions of the party and removes all the bitterness engendered by the fierce contest among rival aspirants that must have had effect on the result had the nomination fallen to any one of them. It preordains the electoral decision in Ohio and makes Indiana debatable ground, even with the strongest man the opposite party could present. It satisfies the hard-money sentiment at the East, for Mr. Garfield is a supporter of an honest money system, no less positive and uncompromising than General Grant. Moreover, his election most probably would continue Mr. Sherman at the head of the Treasury, a consideration of much importance to commercial and business interests. Those who imagine that Mr. Garfield is a candidate to be easily defeated will find that they are under a serious delusion. His nomination is a much stronger one than that of Grant, or Blaine, or Sherman would have been. It is doubtful, indeed, if the convention could have named a more available man."

The Tribune, a strong Blaine paper, answered for the country in this way:

"From one end of the nation to the other, from distant Oregon to Texas, from Maine to Arizona,

lightning has informed the country of the nomination yesterday of General James A. Garfield, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Never was a nomination made which has been received by friend and foe with such evidence of hearty respect, admiration and confidence. The applause is universal. Even the Democratic House of Representatives suspended its business that it might congratulate the country upon the nomination of the distinguished leader of the Republicans. James Abraham Garfield is, in the popular mind, one of the foremost statesmen of the nation. He is comparatively a young man, but in his service he commands the confidence and admiration of his countrymen of all parties. His ability, his thorough study and his long practical experience in political matters gives an assurance to the country that he will carry to the Presidential office a mind superior, because of its natural qualifications and training, to any that has preceded him for many years. He will be a President worthy in every sense to fill the office in a way that the country will like to see it filled—with ability, learning, experience and integrity. That General Garfield will be elected we have no question. He is a candidate worthy of election, and will command not only every Republican vote in the country, but the support of tens of thousands of non-partisans who want to see a President combining intellectual ability with learning, experience and ripe statesmanship."

In the other centres of the political and social life of the land, the same flattering reception was accorded the ticket. Many distinguished men spoke of it heartily, commending the statesman at its head. We have not, unfortunately, space to print what was said. The nominee's old commander, General Rosecrans, remarked on hearing the news: "I consider General Garfield head and shoulders above any of the men named before the convention, and far superior to any of the political managers upon the floor. He is a man with broad views, has always been a consistent Republican, and has a clean record. I cannot believe that James A. Garfield was ever guilty of a dishonest act. As the campaign progresses, it will be found, if it is not now acknowledged, that Garfield is a hard man to beat."

Mr. W. D. Howells, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, wrote us: "Among all the classes whom his nomination has gratified, I think the literary class is first. We feel that all the good things which the Hayes' administration has done for humanity and civilization will find their continuance and furtherance in his, and that he will perpetuate the order of perfect honesty, intelligence and decency which Mr. Hayes has established in public life. I may tell you that Mr. Longfellow has repeatedly expressed his pleasure in Garfield's nomination. I had once the fortune to bring them together, and Mr. Longfellow was strongly im-

pressed with the fine and generous qualities, mental and moral, which every one recognizes in the candidate of our party."

At Williams College the students went wild over the nomination, and within twenty-four hours after the result was announced, a Garfield club was organized, with a membership of three hundred. A ratification meeting was held in the evening, and the students sang, as a chorus to "Marching through Georgia," the following:

"Hurrah! hurrah! we'll shout for General G.!
Hurrah! hurrah! a Williams man was he,
And so we'll sing the chorus from old Williams to the sea,
And we'll cast a vote for General Garfield."

We have sampled the enthusiasm of the country for the nominee, as it appeared in various forms, and it will not seem *mal a propos* if we conclude this chapter with a song that Garfield's nomination called forth from Mr. W. O. Stoddard, in allusion to Garfield's remark at the battle of Middle Creek:

"In one hot fight that Garfield won,
The loyal-souled commander
Sent back a word among his men
That stirred up all their dander.

"He was not quite so fast to cuss
And swear around as some be,
And all he said was, 'Come on boys!
We'll give 'em Hail Columby!'

"He led, they followed, spreading wide
Among the rebels routed,
From rank to rank, in liberal gift,
The self-same thing he shouted.

"Year after year, a leader still,
In camp, and field, and forum,
His feet beside his colors tread
As when the bullets tore 'em.

"Year after year upon his lips,
Through every contest ringing,
The men who follow hear, as when
The shells were o'er him singing.

"The words that harsh to many an ear,
But bugle-sweet to some be:
For peace or war a charging-cry,
'Boys, give 'em Hail Columby!'"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A TOUR OF TRIUMPH.

THE great result achieved, the nominee placed before the country, the nation began to demonstrate its satisfaction at the selection. From the hall of the convention the tide of congratulation followed General Garfield to his hotel. It had been announced that he would leave Chicago for home at five o'clock P. M., and General Butterworth was assigned the duty of providing a procession to accompany him to the station. Wisconsin, the first State to break for him, volunteered cheerfully, and the thousands of Ohioans in town were no less ready. A band was provided, and everything was prepared, when the general decided to stay until morning. In order to avoid the press of congratulations, he engaged parlors on another corridor, the knowledge of which was confined to a few. The Wisconsin delegates, however, became apprised of it, and soon a throng hundreds strong was marching through the rooms for the purpose of shaking hands with the distinguished man who was the centre of all interest.

Among the callers was a tall, somewhat intoxi-

cated Ohioan, who, not content with a shake of the general's hand, threw himself upon the neck of the astonished candidate as though he had found his long-lost brother. "I do it, general, because I love you so. I can't help it," he repeated several times before he relinquished his close embrace. "The old Forty-second Ohio is having things her own way. A'int she?" he exclaimed enthusiastically, making a movement toward repeating the embrace. The general declined with dignity. One of the Ohio men came up wearing the red badge, which had already been struck off, bearing the words: "For President, James A. Garfield." The wearer called the attention of the owner of the name. "That reminds me of a saying of Holmes," the general said. "He wrote that three things require age—wine, meerschaum pipes and poetry. That badge might be added to the list. It's too new yet. I can't realize it." When asked if he would respond to the demands that were already coming in for a speech, he said, "There is not power enough in Chicago to draw a speech out of me to-day."

In the evening, after the second place on the ticket had been filled, in deference to the wishes of many delegates, the general held a reception. A magnificent stand of flowers was upon the table, and beside this the nominee stood for an hour. The stream of congratulations was inces-

sant—many ladies in elaborate evening toilette adding brilliancy to the event, and vieing with the men in the fervor of their declarations of satisfaction. In accepting the congratulations, the general bore himself with quiet dignity, seldom extending his replies beyond the hope that the nomination might prove acceptable to the Republican party and the country. Later a serenade was tendered him, for which he merely bowed his thanks.

Near midnight, Senator Hoar, at the head of the committee appointed to notify General Garfield, appeared at the Grand Pacific, and notifying the general of his nomination, received the following reply:

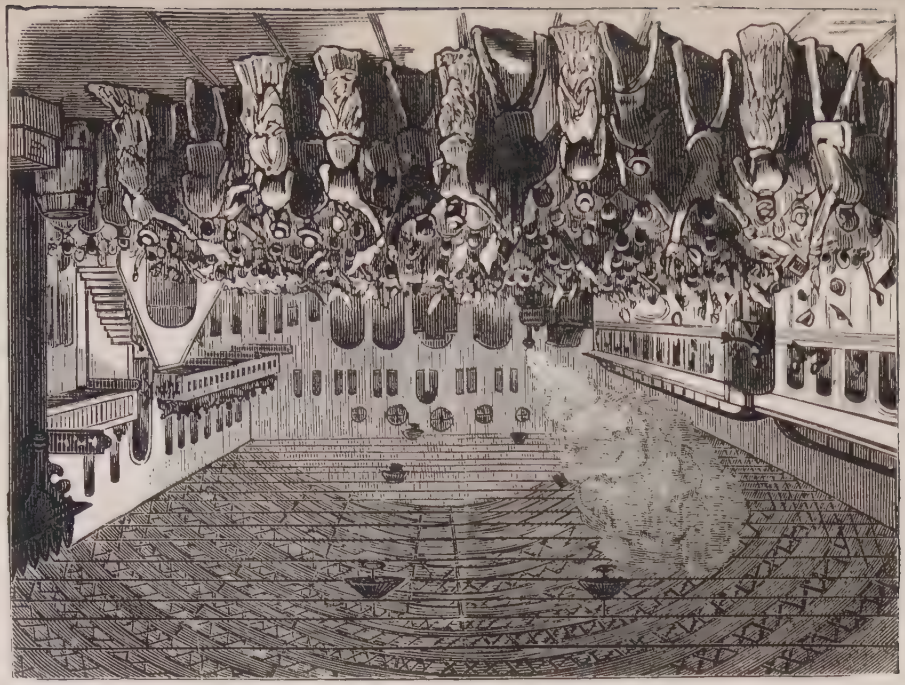
"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I assure you that the information you have officially given to me brings the sense of very grave responsibility, and especially so in view of the fact that I was a member of your body, a fact that could not have existed with propriety had I had the slightest expectation that my name would be connected with the nomination for the office. I have felt, with you, great solicitude concerning the situation of our party during the struggle; but, believing that you are correct in assuring me that substantial unity has been reached in the conclusion, it gives me a gratification far greater than any personal pleasure your announcement can bring.

"I accept the trust committed to my hands. As

to the work of our party, and as to the character of the campaign to be entered upon, I will take an early occasion to reply more fully than I can properly do to-night.

"I thank you for the assurances of confidence and esteem you have presented to me, and hope we shall see our future as promising as are indications to-night."

The next morning, General Garfield started for home. From the hotel to the station it was a constant ovation. He left for Cleveland in a special car, accompanied by a number of intimate personal friends, among whom were Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio; S. T. Everett, President of the Second National Bank of Cleveland; General Joseph Barrett, an old military friend of General Garfield, he having been chief of artillery in the armies of Rosecrans and Thomas; Colonel D. G. Swain, Judge Advocate of the United States Army, formerly of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers (Garfield's regiment); Lieutenant-Colonel L. A. Sheldon, Mayor W. H. Williams and Captain Charles T. Henry, all of whom were also officers of Garfield's regiment. At Laporte, Indiana, the first stopping place of any consequence, many hundreds of people, with a brass band, had collected to salute him as he passed. Governor Foster introduced him, and he was received with deafening cheers. At South Bend, at Elkhart, at Goshen, at Kendalville, at Waterloo and at Butler, the scenes were



repeated, the theme—honor to Garfield—being ever the same. Crossing into Ohio, at Edgerton the greetings broke out afresh. When he reached Cleveland, an immense demonstration awaited his arrival, and the whole city was alive with a glad enthusiasm. Among the first of his callers there was the Hon. Henry W. Payne.

Just before he left for Chicago he promised to deliver an address at the commencement exercises of Hiram College. The morning after his arrival in Cleveland he journeyed quietly to the little village of Hiram, the modest little town where he had been a bell-ringer, and a student, and a college president. Here he met his wife, for the first time since the acquirement of his latest and greatest honor, and at the very house where their acquaintance began. It was a touching meeting; his wife, his children, the students and old friends gathered about him. Baring his head, the great statesman said:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS, OLD NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS OF MANY YEARS: It has always given me pleasure to come back here and look upon these faces. It has always given me new courage and new friends, for it has brought back a large share of that richness which belongs to those things out of which come the joys of life.

"While sitting here this afternoon, watching your faces and listening to the very interesting address which has just been delivered, it has oc-

curred to me that the least thing you have, that all men have enough of, is perhaps the thing that you care for the least, and that is your leisure—the leisure you have to think; the leisure you have to be let alone; the leisure you have to throw the plummet into your mind, and sound the depth and dive for things below; the leisure you have to walk about the towers yourself, and find how strong they are or how weak they are, to determine what needs building up; how to work, and how to know all that shall make you the final beings you are to be. Oh, these hours of building!

"If the Superior Being of the universe would look down upon the world to find the most interesting object, it would be the unfinished, unformed character of the young man or young woman. Those behind me have probably in the main settled this question. Those who have passed into middle manhood and middle womanhood are about what they shall always be, and there is but little left of interest, as their characters are all developed.

"But to your young and your yet unformed natures, no man knows the possibilities that lie before you in your hearts and intellects; and, while you are working out the possibilities with that splendid leisure that you need, you are to be most envied. I congratulate you on your leisure. I commend you to treat it as your gold, as your

GENERAL GARFIELD ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE.

wealth, as your treasure, out of which you can draw all possible treasures that can be laid down when you have your natures unfolded and developed in the possibilities of the future.

"This place is too full of memories for me to trust myself to speak upon, and I will not. But I draw again to-day, as I have for a quarter of a century, life, evidence of strength, confidence and affection from the people who gather in this place. I thank you for the permission to see you and meet you and greet you as I have done to-day."

After a few days of rest at his winter home, General Garfield journeyed on to Washington, and everywhere along the route he was received with enthusiasm. The night after he arrived he was serenaded at his hotel, and the response to the cheers which his presence evoked from the crowd, was in these words:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: While I have looked upon this great array, I believe I have gotten a new idea of the majesty of the American people When I reflect that wherever you find sovereign power every reverent heart on this earth bows before it, and when I remember that here for a hundred years we have denied the sovereignty of any man, and in place of it we have asserted the sovereignty of all in place of one, I see before me so vast a concourse that it is easy for me to imagine that the rest of the American people are, gathered here to-night, and if they were all here.

every man would stand uncovered, all in unsandaled feet in presence of the majesty of the only sovereign power in this Government under Almighty God. [Cheers.] And, therefore, to this great audience I pay the respectful homage that in part belongs to the sovereignty of the people. I thank you for this great and glorious demonstration. I am not, for one moment, misled into believing that it refers to so poor a thing as any one of our number. I know it means your reverence for your Government, your reverence for its laws, your reverence for its institutions, and your compliment to one who is placed for a moment in relations to you of peculiar importance. For all these reasons I thank you. I cannot at this time utter a word on the subject of general politics. I would not mar the cordiality of this welcome, to which to some extent all are gathered, by any reference except to the present moment and its significance; but I wish to say that a large portion of this assemblage to-night are my comrades, late of the war for the Union. For them I can speak with entire propriety, and can say that these very streets heard the measured tread of your disciplined feet, years ago, when the imperiled Republic needed your hands and your hearts to save it, and you came back with your numbers decimated; but those you left behind were immortal and glorified heroes forever; and those you brought back came, carrying under tattered ban-

ners and in bronze hands the ark of the covenant of your Republic in safety out of the bloody baptism of the war [cheers], and you brought it in safety to be saved forever by your valor and the wisdom of your brethren who were at home, and by this you were again added to the great civil army of the Republic. I greet you, comrades and fellow-soldiers, and the great body of distinguished citizens who are gathered here to-night, who are the strong stay and support of the business, of the prosperity, of the peace, of the civic ardor and glory of the Republic, and I thank you for your welcome to-night. It was said in a welcome to one who came to England to be a part of her glory—and all the nation spoke when it was said:

> "'Normans and Saxons and Danes are we,
> But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee.'

"And we say to-night, of all nations, of all the people, soldiers and civilians, there is one name that welds us all into one. It is the name of American citizen, under the union and under the glory of the flag that led us to victory and to peace. [Applause.] For this magnificent welcome I thank you with all there is in my heart."

On the night following he was tendered a grand banquet, and the day after he returned to Mentor for rest.

Not for long, however, as on July 3d he was present at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monu-

ment at Painesville, where he delivered the following magnificent address:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: I cannot fail to respond on such an occasion in sight of such a monument to such a cause, sustained by such men. [Applause and cheers.] While I have listened to what my friend has said, two questions have been sweeping through my heart. One was, 'What does the monument mean?' and the other, 'What will the monument teach?' Let me try and ask you for a moment, to help me answer what does the monument mean. Oh! the monument means a world of memories, a world of deeds, and a world of tears, and a world of glories. You know, thousands know, what it is to offer up your life to the country, and that is no small thing, as every soldier knows. Let me put the question to you: For a moment suppose your country in the awfully embodied form of majestic law, should stand above you and say: 'I want your life. Come up here on the platform and offer it.' How many would walk up before that majestic presence and say, 'Here I am, take this life and use it for your great needs.' [Applause.] And yet almost two millions of men made that answer [applause], and a monument stands yonder to commemorate their answer. That is one of its meanings. But, my friends, let me try you a little further. To give up life is much, for it is to give up wife, and home, and child, and ambition. But let me test you this

way further. Suppose this awfully majestic form should call out to you, and say, 'I ask you to give up health and drag yourself, not dead, but half alive, through a miserable existence for long years, until you perish and die in your crippled and hopeless condition. I ask you to volunteer to do that,' and it calls for a higher reach of patriotism and self-sacrifice, but hundreds of thousands of you soldiers did that. That is what the monument means also. But let me ask you to go one step further. Suppose your country should say, 'Come here, on this platform, and in my name, and for my sake, consent to be idiots. [Voice—'Hear hear.'] Consent that your very brain and intellect shall be broken down into hopeless idiocy for my sake.' How many could be found to make that venture? And yet there are thousands, and that with their eyes wide open to the horrible consequences, obeyed that call.

"And let me tell how one hundred thousand of our soldiers were prisoners of war, and to many of them when death was stalking near, when famine was climbing up into their hearts, and idiocy was threatening all that was left of their intellects, the gates of their prison stood open every day, if they would quit, desert their flag and enlist under the flag of the enemy, and out of one hundred and eighty thousand not two per cent. ever received the liberation from death, starvation and all that might come to them; but they took

all these horrors and all these sufferings in preference to going back upon the flag of their country and the glory of its truth. [Applause.] Great God! was ever such measure of patriotism reached by any man on this earth before? [Applause.] That is what your monument means. By the subtle chemistry that no man knows, all the blood that was shed by our brethren, all the lives that were devoted, all the grief that was felt, at last crystallized itself into granite rendered immortal, the great truth for which they died [applause], and it stands there to-day, and that is what your monument means.

"Now, what does it teach? What will it teach? Why, I remember the story of one of the old conquerors of Greece, who, when he had traveled in his boyhood over the battle-fields where Miltiades had won victories and set up trophies, returning he said: 'These trophies of Miltiades will never let me sleep.' Why, something had taught him from the chiseled stone a lesson that he could never forget, and, fellow-citizens, that silent sentinel, that crowned granite column will look down upon the boys that will walk these streets for generations to come, and will not let them sleep when their country calls them. [Applause.] More than the bugler on the field from his dead lips will go out a call that the children of Lake County will hear after the grave has covered us all and our immediate children. That is the teaching of your

monument. That is its lesson, and it is the lesson of endurance for what we believe, and it is the lesson of sacrifices for what we think—the lesson of heroism for what we mean to sustain—and that lesson cannot be lost to a people like this. It is not a lesson of revenge, it is not a lesson of wrath, it is the grand, sweet, broad lesson of the immortality of the truth that we hope will soon cover as with the grand Shekinah of light and glory all parts of this Republic, from the lakes to the gulf. [Applause.] I once entered a house in old Massachusetts where, over its doors, were two crossed swords. One was the sword carried by the grandfather of its owner on the field of Bunker Hill and the other was the sword carried by the English grandsire of the wife, on the same field and on the other side of the conflict. Under those crossed swords, in the restored harmony of domestic peace, lived a happy, and contented, and free family, under the light of our republican liberties. [Applause] I trust the time is not far distant when, under the crossed swords and the locked shields of Americans North and South, our people shall sleep in peace and rise in liberty, love and harmony under the union of our flag of the Stars and Stripes."

Once more he comes before the country, his latest words, in the following sterling pronunciamiento of Republican doctrines and belief, his

letter of acceptance, which was given to the public July 12th.

MENTOR, Ohio, July 10th, 1880.—Dear Sir: On the evening of the 8th of June last I had the honor to receive from you, in the presence of the committee of which you were chairman, the official announcement that the Republican National Convention at Chicago had that day nominated me for their candidate for President of the United States. I accept the nomination with gratitude for the confidence it implies and with a deep sense of the responsibilities it imposes. I cordially indorse the principles set forth in the platform adopted by the convention. On nearly all the subjects of which it treats my opinions are on record among the published proceedings of Congress. I venture, however, to make special mention of some of the principal topics which are likely to become subjects of discussion, without reviewing the controversies which have been settled during the last twenty years, and with no purpose or wish to revive the passions of the late war. It should be said that while Republicans fully recognize and will strenuously defend all the rights retained by the people and all the rights reserved to the States, they reject the pernicious doctrine of State supremacy which so long crippled the functions of the National Government and at one time brought the Union very near to destruction. They insist that the United States is a nation, with ample power of self-preservation; that its Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof are the supreme law of the land; that the right of the nation to determine the method by which

its own legislature shall be created cannot be surrendered without abdicating one of the fundamental powers of the Government; that the national laws relating to the election of representatives in Congress shall neither be violated nor evaded; that every elector shall be permitted freely and without intimidation to cast his lawful ballot at such election and have it honestly counted, and that the potency of his vote shall not be destroyed by the fraudulent vote of any other person. The best thoughts and energies of our people should be directed to those great questions of national well-being in which we all have a common interest. Such efforts will soonest restore perfect peace to those who were lately in arms against each other, for justice and good-will will outlast passion; but it is certain that the wounds cannot be completely healed and the spirit of brotherhood cannot fully pervade the whole country until every one of our citizens, rich or poor, white or black, is secure in the free and equal enjoyment of every civil and political right guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws. Wherever the enjoyment of this right is not assured discontent will prevail, immigration will cease, and the social and industrial forces will continue to be disturbed by the migration of laborers and the consequent diminution of prosperity. The National Government should exercise all its constitutional authority to put an end to these evils, for all the people and all the States are members of one body; and no member can suffer without injury to all.

The most serious evils which now afflict the South arise from the fact that there is not such

freedom and toleration of political opinion and action that the minority party can exercise an effective and wholesome restraint upon the party in power. Without such restraint party rule becomes tyrannical and corrupt. The prosperity which is made possible in the South, by its great advantages of soil and climate, will never be realized until every voter can freely and safely support any party he pleases. Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained. Its interests are intrusted to the States and the voluntary action of the people. Whatever help the nation can justly afford should be generously given to aid the States in supporting common schools; but it would be unjust to our people and dangerous to our institutions to apply any portion of the revenues of the nation or of the States to the support of sectarian schools. The separation of the Church and the State in everything relating to taxation should be absolute. On the subject of national finances my views have been so frequently and fully expressed that little is needed in the way of additional statement. The public debt is now so well secured, and the rate of annual interest has been so reduced by refunding, that rigid economy in expenditures and the faithful application of our surplus revenues to the payment of the principal of the debt, will gradually, but certainly free the people from its burdens, and close with honor the financial chapter of the war. At the same time the Government can provide for all its ordinary expenditures, and discharge its sacred obligations to the soldiers of the Union and to the widows and orphans of those who fell in its de-

fense. The resumption of specie payments, which the Republican party so courageously and successfully accomplished, has removed from the field of controversy many questions that long and seriously disturbed the credit of the Government and the business of the country. Our paper currency is now as national as the flag, and resumption has not only made it everywhere equal to coin, but has brought into use our store of gold and silver. The circulating medium is more abundant than ever before, and we need only to maintain the equality of all our dollars to insure to labor and capital a measure of value from the use of which no one can suffer loss. The great prosperity which the country is now enjoying should not be endangered by any violent change or doubtful financial experiments.

In reference to our custom laws, a policy should be pursued which will bring revenues to the Treasury, and will enable the labor and capital employed in our great industries to compete fairly in our own markets with the labor and capital of foreign producers. We legislate for the people of the United States, not for the whole world; and it is our glory that the American laborer is more intelligent and better paid than his foreign competitor. Our country cannot be independent unless its people, with their abundant natural resources, possess the requisite skill at any time to clothe, arm and equip themselves for war, and in time of peace to produce all the necessary implements of labor. It was the manifest intention of the founders of the Government to provide for the common defense, not by standing armies alone, but by raising among the people a greater

army of artisans, whose intelligence and skill should powerfully contribute to the safety and glory of the nation. Fortunately for the interests of commerce there is no longer any formidable opposition to appropriations for the improvement of our harbors and great navigable rivers, provided that the expenditures for that purpose are strictly limited to works of national importance. The Mississippi River, with its great tributaries, is of such vital importance to so many millions of people that the safety of its navigation requires exceptional consideration. In order to secure to the nation the control of all its waters, President Jefferson negotiated the purchase of a vast territory, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. The wisdom of Congress should be invoked to devise some plan by which that great river shall cease to be a terror to those who dwell upon its banks, and by which its shipping may safely carry the industrial products of twenty-five millions of people.

The interests of agriculture, which is the basis of all our material prosperity, and in which seven-twelfths of our population are engaged, as well as the interests of manufactures and commerce, demand that the facilities for cheap transportation shall be increased by the use of all our great water courses. The material interests of this country, the traditions of its settlement and the sentiment of our people have led the Government to offer the widest hospitality to immigrants who seek our shores for new and happier homes, willing to share the burdens as well as the benefits of our society, and intending that their posterity shall become an undistinguishable part of our population. The

recent movement of the Chinese to our Pacific coast partakes but little of the qualities of such an immigration, either in its purposes or its result. It is too much like an importation to be welcomed without restriction; too much like an invasion to be looked upon without solicitude. We cannot consent to allow any form of servile labor to be introduced among us under the guise of immigration. Recognizing the gravity of this subject, the present administration, supported by Congress, has sent to China a commission of distinguished citizens for the purpose of securing such a modification of the existing treaty as will prevent the evils likely to arise from the present situation. It is confidently believed that these diplomatic negotiations will be successful without the loss of that commercial intercouse between the two great powers which promises a great increase of reciprocal trade and the enlargement of our markets. Should these efforts fail, it will be the duty of Congress to mitigate the evils already felt, and prevent their increase by such restrictions as, without violence or injustice, will place upon a sure foundation the peace of our communities and the freedom and dignity of labor.

The appointment of citizens to the various executive and judicial offices of the Government is, perhaps, the most difficult of all duties which the Constitution has imposed upon the Executive. The convention wisely demands that Congress shall co-operate with the Executive Department, in placing the civil service on a better basis. Experience has proved that, with our frequent changes of administration, no system of reform can be made effective and permanent without the aid of

legislation. Appointments to the military and naval service are so regulated by law and custom, as to leave but little ground of complaint. It may not be wise to make similar regulations by law for the civil service, but, without invading the authority or necessary discretion of the Executive, Congress should devise a method that will determine the tenure of office, and greatly reduce the uncertainty which makes that service so uncertain and unsatisfactory. Without depriving any officer of his rights as a citizen, the Government should require him to discharge all his official duties with intelligence, efficiency and faithfulness. To select wisely from our vast population those who are best fitted for the many offices to be filled, requires an acquaintance far beyond the range of any one man. The Executive should, therefore, seek and receive the information and assistance of those whose knowledge of the communities in which the duties are to be performed, best qualifies them to aid in making the wisest choice. The doctrines announced by the Chicago Convention are not the temporary devices of a party to attract votes and carry an election. They are deliberate convictions, resulting from a careful study of the spirit of our institutions, the events of our history and the best impulses of our people. In my judgment, these principles should control the legislation and administration of the Government. In any event, they will guide my conduct until experience points out a better way. If elected, it will be my purpose to enforce strict obedience to the Constitution and the laws, and to promote as best I may the interest and honor of the whole country, relying for support upon the wisdom of Congress, the intelli-

gence and patriotism of the people and the favor of God.

With great respect, I am very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

To Hon. George F. Hoar, Chairman of the Committee.

I will add here, to close this chapter, an analysis from the *New York Journal of Phrenology*, of the President's mental characteristics:

"James A. Garfield is a man of very strong physical constitution, with broad shoulders, deep chest and a good nutritive system, which serve to sustain with ample vigor his uncommonly large brain; standing fully six feet high, and weighing 220 pounds. The head, which is twenty-four inches in circumference, seems to be very long from front to rear, and then the length seems extreme from the centre of the ear to the root of the nose; it is also long from the opening of the ear backward. The whole back-head is large, and the social group amply indicated, but the reader will observe the extreme length anterior to the opening of the ears, especially across the lower part of the forehead, in which are located the organs of the perceptive intellect, those which gather and retain knowledge, and bring a man into quick sympathy with the external world, and also with the world of facts as developed in science and literature.

"Perhaps there are not two men in a hundred thousand who are intelligent and educated, who will see as much and take into account so many of the principles involved in what he sees as the subject before us. Nothing escapes his attention; he remembers things in their elements, their qualities and peculiarities, such as form, size and color. He would make an excellent judge of the size of articles, and also of their weight, by simple observation. He has a talent for natural science, especially chemistry and natural philosophy. His memory, indicated by the fullness in the middle of the forehead, is enormously developed, aiding him in retaining vividly all the impressions that are worth recalling.

"The superior portion of the forehead is developed more prominently in the analogical than in the logical. His chief intellectual force is in the power to elucidate and make subjects clear; hence he is able to teach to others whatever he knows himself.

"He has the talent for reading character; hence he addresses himself to each individual according to his peculiar characteristics, and reaches results in the readiest and best way. His language is rather largely indicated; he would be known more for specific compactness than for an ornate and elaborate style, because he goes as directly as possible from the premises to the conclusion, and never seems to forget the point at issue.

"The side-head is well developed in the region of Order, Constructiveness, sense of the beautiful and of the grand. It is also strongly marked in the region of Combativeness and Destructiveness, which give force and zealous earnestness in the prosecution of that which he attempts to do. He is able to compel himself to be thorough, and to hold his mind and his efforts in the direction required until he has made himself master of the subject. Industry is one of his strong traits.

"He is firm, positive, determined, and the middle of the top-head indicates strong religious tendency. We seldom see so large Veneration; he is devout, respectful toward whatever he thinks sacred, whether it relates to religion or to subordinate topics; he would reverence ancient places made memorable in story and song; he is respectful to the aged, polite to his equals, and especially generous and friendly to those who are his inferiors in age or culture. Thus, young men and even children have ready access to him by his invitation and permission. His strong social affection makes his face and his voice a standing invitation toward confidence, and he has great familiarity in his treatment of the young.

"His method of studying subjects is instinctive; he considers all the facts, every condition, that will be brought into question, and combining these by means of his logical force, his conclusions seem clear, are vigorously stated and influential. He has a strong physiognomy; that broad and high cheek-bone indicates vital power; that strong nose indicates determination, courage and positiveness; the fullness of the lips shows warmth of affection and of sympathy.

"There are few men who are as well adapted to comprehend the length and depth and details of business, and hold their knowledge where it will be ready for use when it is required; hence, as a lawyer or statesmen, he should be able to impart to people his knowledge effectively and exhaustively whenever required. He is naturally qualified to be master of turbulent men, and to meet force by force, and to stand his ground in the midst of hardships, difficulties and opposition."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MARCH TO VICTORY.

GENERAL GARFIELD had hardly been nominated before the plans for the campaign that was intended to terminate in his election were formed. But they were not formed by any concerted effort of the whole party, not by any council of the leaders of each section, but only by those who intended that Garfield should win; men who were in terrible earnest in selecting him, and no less determined for his election.

The defeated stalwarts, the great, yet contemptible triumvirate, Conkling, Cameron and Logan, held back, sulked in their tents and heeded not the cry to arms. Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, who, in the February preceding, was elected Chairman of the Republican National Committee, remained away from its meetings, and refused to manage the campaign. The Hon. Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, was chosen in his stead. The Republican National Congressional Committee was organized with the Hon. Jay Hubbell, of Michigan, as Chairman, and the Hon. Edward McPherson as Secretary. State

committees were formed everywhere, and the campaign opened in form, July 20th, by the Hon. Carl Schurz, who, in a speech delivered at Indianapolis, set the key-note of the Republican oratory by debarring the "bloody shirt" as a subject of discussion, and confining all his efforts to a plea for the value of politic and economical questions as raised, defended and upheld by the Republican party.

The speeches of others, greater and humbler, followed fast. The flood-gates were opened, and thence, till November, the tide of oratory rolled on unchecked. Mr. Blaine went earnestly to work, Mr. Sherman set just as good an example, and, with a will, the rank and file took up the march. Mr. Conkling was not, however, seen or heard. With an impertinence born of disgust and defeat, he held aloof, while his friends urged on General Garfield the necessity and propriety of calling on him, and so enlisting his services. This advice General Garfield wisely disregarded. While he saw the want of dignity and the loss of prestige, in his making the first advances to Senator Conkling, he by no means underestimated the value in the election of the State of New York, which was thought by a heedless few to be in the power of Mr. Conkling to give or withhold. Mr. Garfield, seizing the situation, boldly determined to capture the State by going among its voters and talking to them. The wisdom of this was

almost immediately apparent. A great Republican conference was called to meet in New York. Setting out from Mentor on August 3d, he journeyed to Manhattan by the way of Erie, Buffalo, Utica and Albany. His return was by way of Patterson, N. J., Port Jervis, Binghampton, Chautauqua and Cleveland, and the entire trip was a magnificent ovation of the people to the people's choice. Receptions were accorded him at every station; thousands flocked to see him, and there were fire-works and cannons and bands and banners, and everywhere a joyful populace. He was accompanied by Hon. Omer D. Conger, Gen. Ben. Harrison, John C. New, Godlove S. Orth, Major Swayne, Hon. Marshall Jewell and others. New York was reached on the 4th, at 6 P. M., and Garfield at once drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where rooms had been prepared for him.

The Conference which he came on to attend was one of the most notable political gatherings ever held in the country. Men of high repute in politics from all parts attended. Not only politicians, but such veteran journalists as Halstead of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, Dawson of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and others were present; and from the South, among others, came Senator Lewis of Virginia, Thomas B. Keogh, Isaac J. Young and Judge Tourgee of North Carolina. From Indiana came John C. New, Ben Harrison, Mr. Halloway, and others equally distinguished in

the Republican ranks, with Senator Blaine of Maine, Hon. W. E. Chandler of New Hampshire, and Senators Blair of New Hampshire, and Dawes of Massachusetts. Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania left his mountain retreat to put to rout the stories which had been started about his position in the canvass. Hon. John Sherman reached the city at noon with Stanley Matthews of Ohio. He came to add to its success by his counsel and co-operation in every way possible. Never before had so many gentleman distinguished in the annals of the country been brought together on a notice so informal. The invitation to and the presence in response of these gentlemen proved beyond question the earnestness of the Republican party. The Conference showed a determination to do everything possible to secure victory in November.

I will not trouble the reader with a long list of names nor speeches. The Conference met on Friday the 5th. Remarks were made by the prominent men present, and counsel and advice freely given. Senators Blaine, Logan and Cameron each spoke effectively and to the point. The day closed in fittingly by an imposing demonstration by the Boys in Blue.

Never in New York was seen a greater, more magnificent gathering, than assembled in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel that night. For hours the long procession filed past the hotel with deafening cheers, inspiriting music, and lighted by a light of

fire-works that soared in the air. At length Garfield appeared, when the cheers seemed one vast roar from thousands of exultant throats. After several minutes of this, there was a pause, and then the clear, resonant voice of the President was heard far over the crowd:

"COMRADES OF THE BOYS IN BLUE AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF NEW YORK: I cannot look upon this great assemblage and these old veterans that have marched past us and listen to the welcome from our comrade who has just spoken (Speaker Sharpe) without remembering how great a thing it is to live in this Union, and be a part of it. This is New York, and yonder toward the battery, more than one hundred years ago, a young student of Columbia College was arguing the ideas of the American Revolution and American Union against the un-American loyalty to monarchy of his college president and professors. By and by he went into the patriot army, was placed in the staff of Washington to fight the battles of his country, and while in camp, before he was twenty-one years old, upon a drum head, he wrote a letter which contained every germ of the Constitution of the United States. That student, soldier, statesman and great leader of thought, Alexander Hamilton of New York, made this Republic glorious by his thinking, and left his lasting impress upon New York, the foremost State of the Union. And here on this island, the scene of his early triumphs, we gather to-night, soldiers of the new war, representing the same ideas of union and glory, and adding to the column of the monument that Hamilton, and Washington, and the heroes of the Revolution reared.

"Gentlemen, ideas outlive men. Ideas outlive all things, and you who fought in the war for the Union, fought for immortal ideas; and by their might you crowned our war with victory. But victory was worth nothing except for the fruits

that were under it, in it and above it. We meet to-night as veterans and comrades to stand sacred guard around the truths for which we fought, and while we have life to meet and grasp the hands of a comrade, we will stand by the great truths of the war. And comrades, among the convictions of that war which have sunk deep into our hearts, there are some that we can never forget. Think of the great elevating spirit of the war itself. We gathered the boys from all our farms, and shops, and stores, and schools, and towns, all over the Republic, and they went forth unknown to fame, but returned enrolled on the roster of immortal heroes. They went in the spirit of those soldiers of Henry of Agincourt, to whom he said:

> 'Who this day sheds his blood with me,
> To-day shall be my brother. Were he ne'er so vile,
> This day shall gentle his condition.'

"And it did gentle the condition and elevate the heart of every soldier who fought in it. And he shall be our brother for evermore. And this thing we will remember; we will remember our allies who fought with us. Soon after the great struggle began, we looked behind the army of white rebels, and saw 4,000,000 of black people condemned to toil as slaves for our enemies; and we found that the hearts of these 4,000,000 were God-inspired with the spirit of liberty, and that they were our friends. We have seen white men betray the flag, but in all that long, dreary war we never saw a traitor in a black skin. Our prisoners escaping from the starvation of prisons, fleeing to our lines by the light of the North Star, never feared to enter the black man's cabin and ask for bread. In all that period of suffering and danger no Union soldier was ever betrayed by a black man or woman. And now that we have made them free, so long as we live we will stand by these black allies. We will stand by them until the sun of liberty, fixed in the firmament of our Constitution, shall shine with equal ray upon every man, black or white, throughout the Union.

"Now, fellow-citizens, fellow-soldiers! in this there is all the beneficence of eternal justice, and by this we will stand forever. The great poet has said that in individual life we rise in stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things; and the Republic rises on the glorious achievements of its dead and loving heroes to a higher and nobler national life. We must stand guard over our post as soldiers, as patriots; and over our country as the common heritage of us all.

"I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this magnificent demonstration. In so far as I represent, in my heart and life, the great doctrines for which you fought, I accept this demonstration as a tribute to my representative character. In the strength of your hands, in the fervor of your hearts, in the firmness of your faith, in all that betokens greatness of manhood and nobleness of character, the Republic finds its security and glory. I do not enter upon controverted questions. The time, the place, the situation forbid it. I respect the traditions that require me to speak only of those themes which elevate us all. Again I thank you for the kindness and enthusiasm of your greeting."

The address was interrupted at every sentence by applause and cheers. General Arthur, Edwards Pierrepont, Ben Harrison, Anson G. McCook and others followed. The great demonstration was a complete success, and threw a good deal of enthusiasm into the Republican ranks.

The campaign was hotly contested thereafter. As the time to autumn elections grew shorter, the boasts of victory that always fill the air in days of political excitement, grew more and more extravagant. For a moment, it seemed as if those uttered by the Republicans were to be justified by results, for on September 7th the State of Ver-

mont went Republican by an old-time majority of almost 30,000. Six days later, the Republicans received a blow in the face—Maine, which had been securely counted on to give a Republican majority, was lost outright to the Democrats. At first this seemed disastrous, but it proved in the end to have been the one thing needful, for it furnished just that desperation necessary to make certain the victory in Indiana and Ohio, on which States all eyes were now fastened. The battle waged fiercely, more fiercely than ever before in the annals of those States.

By this time, Mr. Conkling had been compelled by circumstances to take part, and he now blazed forth, beginning on the 17th of September, at New York, in a series of speeches in which, as he afterwards boasted, he never once mentioned the name of the Republican candidate. His talk was confined entirely to praise of Grant and the glorification of the Republican party for what it did prior to 1876. There was nothing manly, honest or creditable in the part he took in the campaign. Up to this time a rather bad direction had been given to the Republican efforts—the lead given by Mr. Schurz not having been followed. There was too much "bloody shirt." Seeing this, a party of Philadelphia protectionists, headed by Mr. Wharton Barker—who was the first man to nominate General Garfield, and who, more than any other, compassed his nomination—went to Mentor and urged that the direction

of the campaign be changed, and every power be centered on the tariff issue. This suggestion was adopted by General Garfield, and thereafter the whole burden of the fight fell upon Protection and Free Trade. On this issue the fight was maintained to the end. In Indiana it had a particularly salutary effect, and from the moment this change was decided on, the Republican prospects brightened. It is needless to recount here how the battle waged. The Republicans won and won handsomely in both the pivotal States, and thence the campaign, in spite of the disgraceful efforts of the Democrats to impair the Republican prospects by means of a forged letter, was conducted by the Republicans with all the enthusiasm of certain victory, and by the Democrats with the spasmodic strength of a drowning man.

To the struggles in Indiana and Ohio immediately was added the fight in New York. Here, again, the Pennsylvanians came to the rescue, and Mr. Wharton Barker, by means of his connections and abilities, was able to make large inroads into the Democratic strongholds. Each side was over-heated, and but one party really and absolutely confident. There was marching and counter-marching, planning, manœuvring, every sort of sally and attack. So on to November 2d. Then both parties paused for breath before the final issue. Among them all no one was cooler or more keenly alive to the hour than the great

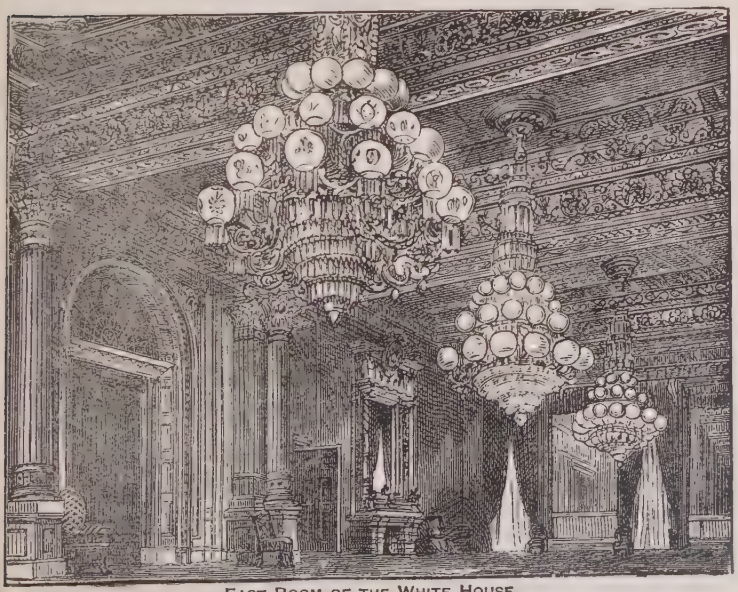
Republican himself. To a friend he wrote thus, with that calmness of contemplation of great events in which he is the most interested observer, that he so richly possesses:

"MENTOR, Ohio, November 1st, 1880.

"DEAR——: The evening mail brings me your letter of the 31st, and I take a moment in the lull before the battle to say how greatly glad I am for all the earnest and effective things you have done for me. Whatever may be the issue of to-morrow, I shall carry with me through life most grateful memories of the enthusiastic and noble work my friends have done, and especially my college class-mates. The campaign has been fruitful to me in the discipline that comes from endurance and patience. I hope defeat will not sour me, nor success disturb the poise which I have sought to gain by the experiences of life. From this edge of the conflict I give you my hand and heart, as in all the other days of our friendship. As ever yours, "J. A. GARFIELD."

Happily for the country and the world, he had no "defeat to sour" him. The total vote on the morrow was 8,871,360. Of this General Garfield received 4,437,345, and his opponent 4,435,015. The country rang with rejoicing. The wild excitement of election night everywhere was succeeded by the settled calm that attends on a deed well done, the quiet, always grateful feeling of one who has avoided a danger after long exertion, and who may now lie down to peace and the pleasant dreams born of brilliant victory. For the country had won a President with an unclouded title, a statesman, a citizen, and a man.

EXTERNAL VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE INTERIM AND INAUGURATION.

THE election satisfied the most sanguine hopes of the Republicans, and loud were the rejoicings of the victors. He who should have most rejoiced was not so much elated as the humblest of his supporters. He felt the great crown of responsibility that had been conferred upon him. The whirlwind of congratulations that blew upon Mentor bore a lesson in its fierce persistency—a lesson the President-elect was learning by heart.

On the day succeeding the election, the first of the many delegations that came to congratulate him put in an appearance at Mentor. Several hundred of the faculty and students of Oberlin College called to offer their kind words and wishes. To them, President Garfield replied:

"MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—This spontaneous visit is so much more agreeable than a prepared one. It comes more directly from the heart of the people who participate, and I receive it as a greater compliment for that reason. I do not wish to be unduly impressible or superstitious, but, though we have outlived the days of augurs, I think we have a right to hold some events as omens, and I greet this as a happy and auspicious omen, that the first general greeting since the event of yesterday is tendered to me

by a venerable institution of learning. The thought has been abroad in the world a good deal, and with reason, that there is a divorce between scholarship and politics. Oberlin, I believe, has never advocated that divorce, but there has been a sort of a cloistered scholarship in the United States that has stood aloof from active participation in public affairs, and I am glad to be greeted here to-day by the active, live scholarship of Ohio, and I know of no place where scholarship has touched upon the nerve centre of public intelligence so effectually as at Oberlin. For this reason I am specially grateful for this greeting from the faculty and students of Oberlin College and its venerable president. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for this visit. Whatever the significance of yesterday's event may be, it will be all the more significant for being immediately indorsed by the scholarship and culture of my State."

This was the beginning of the storm, and for some weeks thereafter the President was busy receiving and replying to his visitors. Having some business that required his attention in Washington, he, on November 23d, in company with Mrs. Garfield and Hon. Amos Townsend, Congressman from the Cleveland District, started for the capital. In accordance with the General's request, no public demonstration was attempted, and very little conversation of a political character permitted. He remained in Washington three days, and then returned to his home. By this time the campaign torches, so long ago extinguished, had been forgotten; the campaign banners rent beyond repair. The tide of surmise and guesswork was in full flow upon the question of a Cabinet. Counting

the cost of the election, it was pretty generally agreed that the incoming President would endeavor to harmonize all differences in the party; that he would adopt a policy of reconciliation, and not, by allying himself with one Republican wing, deal death and destruction to the other.

The months came and went rapidly. Lawnfield was soon a shrine for pilgrims, almost as importunate as those who cast their prayer carpets before the gates of Mecca. Every train from Cleveland, or the East, landed somebody at Mentor. Now it was a great politician; now a little one; now a delegation; now a club of congratulating citizens. A score of newspaper men hovered about Lawnfield like fireflies, and each carried an illuminating pencil. Another score used Cleveland as a basis of operations, and made daily forays on Mentor. As the winter wore away and premonitions of the approach of spring became more noticeable, the stream of these pilgrims waxed greater and more virulent. The daily mail grew to an enormous size, and one private secretary was kept busy filing applications for office, which became so persistent as to be very annoying. All sorts of devices were adopted to reach the President's attention. Some of the more hungry ones appealed to the General's gentle wife, or to his mother, in a vain hope that they would interest themselves in behalf of the applicants. All applications were filed and not replied to.

This led to much assertion of a certain sort, that the President-elect had promised this office to that man, this office to the other, and so on. It was claimed that he would make a stalwart Cabinet; that he would make an anti-stalwart Cabinet. It transpired finally, that Mr. Blaine was to be the Secretary of State. This position was offered him by Mr. Garfield when in Washington in November, and the selection was greeted with pleasure. Then came a special announcement in the New York *Tribune*, that those who fought the stalwarts in the Grant campaign would not be forgotten. Then it was said that Mr. James was booked for the position of Postmaster-General. Others were named for other places, and the interest was at fever-heat, because no other except Mr. Blaine's appointment was definitely decided in the President's mind until the day of his inauguration.

The writer visited the President-elect two days before he left Mentor for Washington to be inaugurated, and conversed with him on the question of the Cabinet. In the course of this conversation, I learned from Mr. Garfield that he had decided upon nobody, out and out, save Mr. Blaine. It was, however, settled that Pennsylvania was to be recognized, either in the appointment of Mr. Wharton Barker as Secretary of the Treasury or Interior, or by the appointment of Mr. Wayne McVeagh to the office of Attorney-

General. Had this question been decided from the standpoint of stirling ability, honesty in political life, or reward for political service, the President would have selected Mr. Wharton Barker, to whom first of all he owed his nomination and election. But considerations of popular applause and the weight of Mr. Blaine's influence, which he was led to cast in favor of Mr. McVeagh because he believed Mr. Barker would be a "Garfield man" rather than a "Blaine man," determined the President to appoint Mr. McVeagh, an appointment that has not been so satisfactory—at least to politicians—as they were led to believe it would be.

But I am anticipating events. On the 5th of January, the Vice-President laid the following letter before the Senate of the United States:

"MENTOR, OHIO, December 23d, 1880.

"SIR:—On the 13th and 14th days of January, A. D. 1880, the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, pursuant to law, chose me to be a Senator in the Congress of the United States, for said State, for the term of six years, to begin on the 4th of March, A. D. 1881. Understanding that the lawful evidence of that fact has been presented to the Senate and filed in its archives, I have the honor to inform the Senate that I have, by letter dated December 23d, 1880, and addressed to the Governor and General Assembly of the State of Ohio, formally declined to accept the said appointment, and have renounced the same. I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your Obedient Servant,

"J. A. GARFIELD.

"*To the President of the Senate of the United States.*"

On the first day of March, the President-elect set out from Mentor for the capital. His family accompanied him and many of his personal friends. He traveled in a special train composed of Pullman and private cars. That occupied by the President-elect was the private car of the manager of the Lake Erie and Western Road. His progress from his home to Washington was the occasion of a great outburst of affection on the part of his old neighbors and of popular regard along the route, which made the journey a marked contrast to that of his predecessor. It was not until he reached Harrisburg that Mr. Hayes learned definitely that he had been declared the President-elect. It recalled also, by contrast, the still more gloomy journey of the first Republican President to Washington, when the nation seemed going to pieces, and when it was necessary to change the proposed route to avoid assassins, who were lying in wait for the life of the President-elect. Mr. Garfield's speeches at the few stopping places along the road, were all that could be desired. They were frank, unpremeditated utterances of a man who feels both the honors and the responsibilities of his new place, and who responds in a candid way to the popular regard. This regard was spontaneously shown, and every one believed he was about to begin for the country a most brilliant administration, that should even astonish his friends. For his abilities are of that

high order which adapt themselves easily to new situations. The man who turned from teaching to soldiering and from soldiering to legislation, and made his mark in all these, was not likely to be at a loss when called as President, while still a young and teachable man, to duties less alien to his previous career than each of these was in its turn.

A committee of citizens met the President-elect on his arrival, and escorted him to the Riggs House, where he took up his residence until after the inauguration.

This, as the Constitution duly provides, took place upon March 4th. The day opened unfavorably. Snow and ice had covered the broad avenues of the capital with slippery slush. The sky had a dull gray tinge, that seemed to preclude all smiles from the sun. At daybreak everything seemed inauspicious. The flags over the many triumphal arches were wet and lifeless; the prospect was exceedingly dull. Yet it was a great day. The President rose from his bed in the Executive Mansion for the last time as Chief Magistrate of the nation. On the morrow he would be only a private citizen, on his way to oblivion. The President-elect awoke for the last time—for four years—as a freeman, responsible for himself alone. It was just nine months since his nomination. Five months of these he had little to do, save speculate on the result. They were months of apprehension, of course, but

months during which there was nothing he could personally do to help his cause. The next four months his mind had had little rest; and, as he is a great, conscientious, sensitive man, who never fails to appreciate the responsibilities before him, there could have been—in this gray morning—but little room for self-congratulation. He could not regard the office which he was that day to accept as a personal gift or trust, because for four years to come he was not to see a day on which he could say he was free from anxiety. No wonder he watched the light steal into the quiet streets with some doubts as to whether he had strength sufficient to meet the coming dawn.

The promise of the cold gray morning remained unfulfilled as the day wore on. The sun coming out soon cleared the streets of all the ice and snow they contained, and, a little later, dried them completely. They were thronged by an enormous crowd, far surpassing anything ever seen on similar occasions. The masses were patient and happy, and waited eagerly to see the procession on its way to the Capitol.

At 10.15 the Presidential party came out of the White House, entered their carriages, and, preceded by the Cleveland Troop, moved through the west gate to Pennsylvania Avenue. The Presidential party, occupying two four-horse carriages, consisted of President Hayes, President-elect Garfield, Vice-President-elect Arthur,

and Senators Bayard, Pendleton and Anthony. The Marine Band saluted them with "Hail to the Chief," and the booming of a gun started the first division of the great procession, which was the Presidential escort, on its way to the Capitol. This escort consisted of picked troops of United States infantry, cavalry, artillery and the Annapolis Cadets. The avenue was by this time one mass of humanity. From the Capitol to the Treasury, looking from the balcony of the Library, no grander sight of the sort was ever witnessed—one mile of street, two hundred feet wide, crammed from house-line to house-line with variegated humanity. It was a continuous struggle of an hour to get through this mass of people from one of these points to the other. The gayly-decked banners, flags and national bunting flying from every house, the happy faces at the windows, the thousands of spectators installed in the banks of temporary seats made up a picturesque scene which will last long in the memory of those present.

But it was only after the ceremonies at the Capitol had been concluded that the real procession of the day began to move. After the President had delivered his inaugural, his party entered their carriages, and the march up the avenue to the White House began. General Sherman was in command, and the army which he commanded was composed of fully fifteen thousand men. The

first division, under command of Major-General R. B. Ayres, United States Army, consisted of twelve companies of regular artillery, four companies of marines, a battalion of Cleveland troops cavalry, the President and party in carriages, Knights Templar, four platoons; Grand Army of the Republic, eight platoons; Boys in Blue, eight platoons; Naval Cadets, two-horse batteries of regulars, battalion Washington Light Infantry, four companies; Colonel Moore, Company A., Fifth Battalion; Second California Brigade, Hampton Cadets, Virginia; Langston Guards, Norfolk, Va.; Union Blues, Thomasville, Ga.; Rome Star Guards, Georgia; National Rifles, Washington, Captain Burnside; Signal Corps, United States Army, and the Ninth Regiment of New York. Next came the most interesting feature of the procession—the second division, under command of Major General Hartranft. It was made up entirely of Pennsylvania militia, and, as they marched up the avenue, they received most vigorous applause. Their step was firm, and it was the common remark that the regulars must look to their laurels. They were in the uniform of the United States Infantry, and carried knapsacks, canteens and rations for three days, living in camp. There seemed to be no end to the Pennsylvanians; but there is an end to everything, and the third division finally put in an appearance. This division, commanded by Major-General

Thomas C. Fletcher, consisted of the Grand Army of the Republic, Boys in Blue and militia from New York, District of Columbia, New Jersey, Delaware, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts and veterans from the District of Columbia and Pittsburg. The Harrisburg City Grays, the Titusville Citizens' Corps and the Dickinson College and Pennsylvania State College Cadets were also in this division. The fourth division, under the command of Major-General Charles H Field, was composed of militia from Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee and Florida. The fifth division, under the command of Colonel Robert Boyd, was composed exclusively of civic societies, and here marched the Philadelphia political clubs.

Later, on the reviewing stand the scene was a grand one. Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the White House and for several squares above and below it, when the head of the procession reached the Treasury Department, was literally packed with people, who had been waiting patiently an hour or longer for the return of President Garfield from the Capitol. When the carriages containing the Presidential party reached the eastern gate leading to the Executive Mansion, they were driven inside, and the party soon afterwards appeared upon the grand stand, extending along

the sidewalk directly in front of the Mansion. President Garfield, accompanied by ex-President Hayes, appeared, the former taking a position in the front of the platform, elevated about twelve feet above the sidewalk, and in plain view of the surging thousands that still packed the avenue from railing to railing on either side of the avenue, and who, upon his appearance, greeted him with prolonged cheering. Here the Presidential party stayed some time, watching the long and bright procession pass.

The enormous crowd that lined the avenue and filled the space in front of the Capitol, might fitly be designated *the people*. Inside the Senate Chamber was gathered a far smaller audience, yet a more interesting one. Every avenue of approach was doubly guarded. It was hard work to obtain a passport and, having it, one found it quite as hard to work his way into the part of the Capitol whose privileges it commanded. Thus it came about that while the galleries were full they were not overcrowded, and that those who filled the seats constituted an audience of some distinction, while the floor of the Senate became for the short time between 11 o'clock and 12.30 such a rendezvous of American political celebrities as is seldom seen. Among the first to take their places in the audience were Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield, General Garfield's mother, who, with a little Miss Garfield and a little Miss Hayes, all under the escort of

Major Swain, occupied the President's bench. Garfield's mother was dressed in the weeds of widowhood, which she has worn so long, and sat very quietly in a corner as if prayerfully waiting for the services to begin, and intensely anxious for the preacher to arrive. Close by her side and occasionally bending over to call the older lady's attention to some person or incident, was Mrs. Hayes, with her bland face beaming from a framework of a very white silk bonnet and very white silk bows, and wearing the celebrated black silk dress, while a sealskin sacque had fallen from her shoulders. Less noticeable was the wife of the President-elect, whose quiet tastes presented nothing in dress that would challenge the notice of a masculine eye; but a lady whispered in my ear that she wore a black silk dress and a velvet basque. The little girls—but that is enough of this millinery business.

On the floor of the Senate one interesting group after another was formed in rapid succession. The number of chairs had been increased by two or three hundred for the accommodation of the great men of the nation and the representatives of foreign Governments who might grace the occasion by their presence. The Senators themselves were huddled together in a space as small as possible on the Republican side of the Chamber. Those going out and those coming into service with the stroke of the clock at noon,

were sandwiched between those who are members with yet two or four years of grace. There was general inquiry for the new men, and as each came in the audience in whispers demanded his name, and mentally took his measure. Platt of New York arrived early. After shaking hands with Conkling, he took a seat directly in front of his colleague, and had nothing to say to anybody. Hawley bustled in in a business-like way and settled down with an air of satisfaction. Mitchell of Pennsylvania followed so unobtrusively and also so timidly that his presence was not immediately observed. He shook hands with Hampton and Beck and sat down between them. Sewell, with nicely-poised eye-glasses and a professional air, mixed freely with a few acquaintances. Fair, Sawyer, Camden and Miller were last in the throng. Hale sat nervously, with his old air of being anxious to take a hand in what was going on in the parliamentary line. Harrison chimed in in a languid way with Windom and others, and seemed to think the pending functions rather a bore. After the new Senators there were prominent men of the old set, whose every motion was watched by the galleries. Ex-Secretary Sherman was warmly welcomed by his old associates. There was a quartette of four national celebrities, Davis of Illinois, Conkling, Hamlin and Thurman, who were apparently cracking jokes, while waiting for the show to begin. Davis of West Virginia

moved about with the grand air of a master of ceremonies, and Cameron was unusually lively in his movements, taking care to greet every new Senator as he came in. Thurman looked glum and Wallace pensive.

It was now dangerously near the hour of noon, and the Presidential party were not in sight, so Doorkeeper Bassett took his staff, and in full view of all turned back the hands of the clock five minutes. It was enough. Before that time passed the doors were thrown open very wide, and there entered—First, Senators Bayard, Thurman and Anthony; second, President Hayes and President-elect Garfield; third, the members of the Cabinet; and fourth, Adjutant-General Drum and Private-Secretary Rogers. The Senate, the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, and Generals Sheridan and Hancock arose as by one impulse, and remained standing until the President and President-elect walked up the aisle arm-in-arm, and stood before the two great easy chairs, just beneath the clerk's desk and facing the door. Mr. Hayes was flushed to absolute redness. Mr. Garfield was as pale as death. Both were nervous, and they seemed glad to sink into their chairs, which was the signal for the reseating of the whole assemblage. Then, with a searching flash Mr. Garfield's eye sought his wife and mother in the gallery, and the latter, overcome with emotion, buried her face in her hands and wept. The be-

lated hands of the clock had now reached the hour of 12, and all on the floor again rose as Vice-President-elect Arthur entered on the arm of Senator Pendleton. He was handsome, dignified, perfectly self-possessed and dressed with conspicuous but faultless taste. Vice-President Wheeler introduced him, and he spoke his few words without notes. In a clear voice, and with no change except a tinge of pallor to betray agitation, he said:

"SENATORS: I come as your presiding officer with genuine solicitude, remembering my inexperience in parliamentary proceedings. I cannot forget how important, intricate and often embarrassing are the duties of the Chair. On the threshold of our official association I invoke that courtesy and kindness with which you have been wont to aid your presiding officer. I shall need your constant encouragement and support, and I rely with confidence upon your lenient judgment of any errors into which I may fall. In return, be assured of my earnest purpose to administer your rules in a spirit of absolute fairness, to treat every Senator at all times with that courtesy and just consideration due to the representatives of equal States, and to do my part, as assuredly each of you will do his, to maintain the order, decorum and dignity of the Senate. I trust that the official and personal relations upon which we now enter will be marked with mutual confidence and regard, and that all our obligations will be so fulfilled as to redound to our own honor, to the glory of our common country, and the prosperity of all its people. (Applause). I am now ready to take the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution."

There was a round of applause, and then Mr. Wheeler administered the oath of office, during

which profound silence reigned. Next Mr. Wheeler spoke a few farewell words, alluding to the good feeling that had always been shown toward him, and, returning his thanks, his last official act was performed in declaring the Senate of the Forty-sixth Congress adjourned *sine die*. The new Vice-President then took the gavel, the new Senators were sworn in by him, and the extra session of the Senate began in the usual way.

By noon 10,000 people had gathered before the east front of the Capitol, to listen to President Garfield's inaugural, and to see him sworn in as the twenty-fourth President of our country.

At 12.40 the doors of the rotunda were thrown open, and five policemen pushed the crowd assembled upon the upper steps aside. The stalwart figure of Fred. Douglass, Marshal of the District, next appeared, completely overshadowing Mr. McKenney, Clerk of the Supreme Court, who was by his side. Closely following them came the members of the Supreme Court, wearing their gowns and carrying hats in their hands, in spite of the nipping March air. Following the Court came Sergeant-at-Arms Bright of the Senate, arm-in-arm with Mr. Pendleton, recently chosen by his Democratic associates to succeed Mr. Thurman as President *pro tempore* of the Senate. Senators Bayard and Anthony, two of the oldest members in the body in point of service, followed. After them came the President and his predecessor. A

loud cheer was given by the crowd as General Garfield appeared. Ex-Vice President Wheeler and Senator Ferry came next, and they were followed by Vice-President Arthur and Mr. Burch, Secretary of the Senate. Senators followed, and they were succeeded by members of the Diplomatic Corps and representatives of the army and navy. General Garfield took a seat on the platform, Mr. Hayes on his right hand and Chief Justice Waite on the left. To the left of Mr. Hayes Sergeant-at-Arms Bright and Senator Pendleton occupied chairs. Immediately behind him sat Mr. Wheeler and Vice-President Arthur. Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Hayes and the President's mother were also seated on the platform behind the President. This interesting family group was made more interesting by the presence of Fanny Hayes and Mollie Garfield, two little girls, who stood upon the platform behind the ladies. About ten minutes was then devoted to the photographer, and when he had succeeded in securing the group for posterity, Mr. Garfield took his inaugural address from his pocket and read in a clear, strong voice as follows:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: We stand to-day upon an eminence which overlooks a hundred years of national life—a century crowded with perils, but crowned with the triumphs of liberty and law. Before continuing the onward march, let us pause on this height for a moment to strengthen our faith and renew our hope by a glance at the pathway along which our people have traveled. It is now three days more than a hundred

years since the adoption of the first written Constitution of the United States—the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union. The new Republic was thus beset with danger on every hand. It had not conquered a place in the family of nations. The decisive battle of the War for Independence, whose centennial anniversary will soon be gratefully celebrated at Yorktown, had not yet been fought. The colonists were struggling not only against the armies of a great nation, but against the settled opinions of mankind; for the world did not then believe that the supreme authority of government could be safely intrusted to the guardianship of the people themselves. We cannot overestimate the fervent love of liberty, the intelligent courage, and the saving common-sense with which our fathers made the great experiment of self-government. When they found, after a short trial, that the confederacy of States was too weak to meet the necessity of a vigorous and expanding republic, they boldly set it aside, and in its stead established a national union, founded directly upon the whole of the people, endowed with full powers of self-preservation and with ample authority for the accomplishment of other great objects. Under this Constitution boundaries of freedom have been enlarged, the foundations of order and peace have been strengthened, and the growth of our people in all the better elements of national life has vindicated the wisdom of the founders and given new hope to their descendants. Under the Constitution our people long ago made themselves safe against danger from without and secured for their mariners and flag equality of rights on all the seas. Under this Constitution twenty-five States have been added to the Union, with Constitutions and laws framed and enforced by their own citizens to secure the manifold blessings of local self-government. The jurisdiction of their Constitution now covers an area fifty times greater than that of the original thirteen States, and a population twenty times greater than that of 1780.

"THE PARAMOUNT DUTY OF THE EXECUTIVE.

"The supreme trial of the Constitution came at last under the tremendous pressure of civil war. We, ourselves, are witnesses that the Union emerged from the blood and fire of that conflict purified and made stronger for all the beneficent purposes of good government. And now, at the close of this first century of growth, with the inspirations of its history in their hearts, our people have lately reviewed the condition of the nation, passed judgment upon the conduct and opinions of political parties, and have registered their will concerning the future administration of the Government. To interpret and to execute that will in accordance with the Constitution is the paramount duty of the Executive.

"Even from this brief review it is manifest that the nation is resolutely facing to the front, resolved to employ its best energies in developing the great possibilities of the future. Sacredly preserving whatever has been gained to liberty and good government during the century, our people are determined to leave behind them all those bitter controversies concerning things which have been irrevocably settled, and the further discussion of which can only stir up strife and delay the onward march.

"The supremacy of the nation and its laws should be no longer a subject of debate. That discussion which for half a century threatened the existence of the Union was closed at last in the high court of war, by a decree from which there is no appeal, that the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof are and shall continue to be the supreme law of the land, binding alike upon the States and the people. This decree does not disturb the anatomy of the States nor interfere with any of their necessary rights of local self-government; but it does fix and establish the permanent supremacy of the Union. The will of the nation, speaking with the voice of battle and through the amended Constitution, has fulfilled the great promise of 1776 by proclaiming 'liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof.'

"EMANCIPATION AND ENFRANCHISEMENT.

"The elevation of the negro race from slavery to the full rights of citizenship is the most important political change we have known since the adoption of the Constitution of 1787. No thoughtful man can fail to appreciate its beneficent effect upon our institutions and people. It has freed us from the perpetual danger of war and dissolution. It has added immensely to the moral and individual forces of our people. It has liberated the master as well as the slave from a relation which wronged and enfeebled both. It has surrendered to their own guardianship the manhood of more than 5,000,000 people, and has opened to each one of them a career of freedom and usefulness. It has given new inspiration to the power of self-help in both races by making labor more honorable to the one and more necessary to the other. The influence of this force will grow greater and bear rich fruit with the coming years. No doubt the great change has caused serious disturbances to our Southern communities. This is to be deplored, though it was perhaps unavoidable. But those who resisted the change should remember that under our institutions there was no middle ground for the negro race between slavery and equal citizenship. There can be no permanent disfranchised peasantry in the United States. Freedom can never yield its fullness of blessings so long as the law or its administration places the smallest obstacle in the pathway of any virtuous citizen.

"The emancipated race has already made remarkable progress. With unquestioning devotion to the Union, with a patience and gentleness not born of fear, they have 'followed the light as God gave them to see the light.' They are rapidly laying the material foundations of self-support, widening the circle of intelligence, and beginning to enjoy the blessings that gather around the homes of the industrious poor. They deserve the generous encouragement of all good men. So far as my authority can lawfully extend, they shall enjoy the full and equal protection of the Constitution and the laws.

"FREEDOM OF THE BALLOT MUST BE PRESERVED.

"The free enjoyment of equal suffrage is still in question, and a frank statement of the issue may aid its solution. It is alleged that in many communities negro citizens are practically denied the freedom of the ballot. In so far as the truth of this allegation is admitted, it is answered that in many places honest local government is impossible if the mass of uneducated negroes are allowed to vote. These are grave allegations. So far as the latter is true, it is the only palliation that can be offered for opposing the freedom of the ballot. Bad local government is certainly a great evil which ought to be prevented, but to violate the freedom and sanctity of the suffrage is more than an evil—it is a crime which, if persisted in, will destroy the Government itself. Suicide is not a remedy. If in other lands it be high treason to compass the death of a king, it should be counted no less a crime here to strangle our sovereign power and stifle its voice. It has been said that unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations. It should be said, with the utmost emphasis, that this question of suffrage will never give repose or safety to the nation until each State within its own jurisdiction makes and keeps the ballot free and pure by the strong sanctions of the law. But the danger which arises from ignorance in the voter cannot be denied. It covers a field far wider than that of negro suffrage and the present condition of that race. It is a danger that lurks and hides in the sources and fountains of power in every State. We have no standard by which to measure the disaster that may be brought upon us by ignorance and vice in the citizens when joined to corruption and fraud in the suffrage. The voters of the Union who make and unmake Constitutions, and upon whose will hangs the destinies of our Government, can transmit supreme authority to no successor save the coming generation of voters, who are the sole heirs of sovereign power. If that generation comes to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the fall of the Republic will be certain and remediless.

"A QUESTION OF SUPREME IMPORTANCE TO THE SOUTH.

"The census has already sounded the alarm in the appalling figures which mark how dangerously high the tide of illiteracy has risen among our voters and their children. To the South this question is of supreme importance. But the responsibility for the existence of slavery did not rest upon the South alone. The nation itself is responsible for the extension of the suffrage, and is under special obligations to aid in removing the illiteracy which it has added to the voting population. For the North and South alike there is but one remedy. All the constitutional power of the nation and of the States, and all the volunteer forces of the people should be summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education. It is the high privilege and sacred duty of those now living to educate their successors and fit them by intelligence and virtue for the inheritance which awaits them. In this beneficent work sections and races should be forgotten and partisanship should be unknown. Let our people find a new meaning in the Divine Oracle, which declares that 'A little child shall lead them,' for our little children will soon control the destinies of the Republic. My countrymen, we do not now differ in our judgment concerning the controversies of past generations, and fifty years hence our children will not be divided in their opinions concerning our controversies. They will surely bless their fathers and their fathers' God that the Union was preserved, that slavery was overthrown, and that both races were made equal before the law. We may hasten or we may retard, but we cannot prevent the final reconciliation. Is it not possible for us now to make a truce with time by anticipating and accepting its inevitable verdict? Enterprises of the highest importance to our moral and material well-being invite us and offer ample scope for the employment of our best powers. Let all our people, and leaving behind them the battle-fields of dead issues, move forward, and in the strength of liberty and the restored Union, win the grander victories of peace.

"CONGRESS SHOULD PRESERVE THE PUBLIC CREDIT.

"The prosperity which now prevails is without a parallel in our history. Fruitful seasons have done much to secure it, but they have not done all. The preservation of the public credit and the resumption of specie payments, so successfully attained by the administration of my predecessors, has enabled our people to secure the blessings which the seasons brought. By the experience of commercial nations, in all ages, it has been found that gold and silver afford the only safe foundation for a monetary system. Confusion has recently been created by variations in the relative value of the two metals, but I confidently believe that arrangements can be made between the leading commercial nations which will secure the general use of both metals. Congress should provide that the compulsory coinage of silver now required by law may not disturb our monetary system by driving either metal out of circulation. If possible, such an adjustment should be made that the purchasing power of every coined dollar will be exactly equal to its debt-paying power in all the markets of the world.

"The chief duty of the National Government, in connection with the currency of the country, is to coin money and declare its value. Grave doubts have been entertained whether or not Congress is authorized by the Constitution to make any form of paper money legal tender. The present issue of United States notes has been sustained by the necessities of war, but such paper should depend for its value and currency upon its convenience in use and its prompt redemption in coin at the will of the holder, and not upon its compulsory circulation. These notes are not money, but promises to pay money. If the holders demand it the promise should be kept.

"The refunding of the national debt at a lower rate of interest should be accomplished without compelling the withdrawal of the national bank notes, and thus disturbing the business of the country. I venture to refer to the position

I have occupied on financial questions during a long service in Congress, and to say that time and experience have strengthened the opinions I have so often expressed on these subjects. The finances of the Government shall suffer no detriment which it may be possible for my administration to prevent.

"OUR AGRICULTURAL AND MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.

"The interests of agriculture deserve more attention from the Government than they have yet received. The farms of the United States afford homes and employment for more than one-half our people, and furnish much the largest part of all our exports. As the Government lights our coasts for the protection of mariners and the benefit of commerce, so it should give to the tillers of the soil lights of practical science and experience.

"Our manufacturers are rapidly making us industrially independent, and are opening to capital and labor new and profitable fields of employment. Their steady and healthy growth should still be maintained. Our facilities for transportation should be promoted by the continued improvement of our harbors and great interior waterways, and the increase of our tonnage on the ocean. The development of the world's commerce has led to an urgent demand for shortening a great sea voyage around Cape Horn, by constructing ship canals or railways across the Isthmus which unites the two continents. Various plans to this end have been suggested, and will need consideration, but none of them have been sufficiently matured to warrant the United States in extending pecuniary aid. The subject, however, is one which will immediately engage the attention of the Government, with a view to a thorough protection to American interests. We will urge no narrow policy, nor seek peculiar or exclusive privileges in any commercial route, but, in the language of my predecessor, I believe it to be 'the right' and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any

interoceanic canal across the Isthmus, that connects North and South Amercia, as will protect our national interests.

"POLYGAMY SHOULD BE PROHIBITED.

"The Constitution guarantees absolute religious freedom. Congress is prohibited from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The Territories of the United States are subject to the legislative authority of Congress, and hence the General Government is responsible for any violation of the Constitution in any of them. It is, therefore, a reproach to the Government that in the most populous of the Territories the constitutional guarantee is not enjoined by the people, and the authority of Congress is set at naught. The Mormon Church not only offends the moral sense of mankind by sanctioning polygamy, but prevents the administration of justice through the ordinary instrumentalities of law. In my judgment it is the duty of Congress, while respecting to the uttermost the conscientious convictions and religious scruples of every citizen, to prohibit within its jurisdiction all criminal practices, and especially of that class which destroy the family relations and endanger social order. Nor can any ecclesiastical organization be safely permitted to usurp, in the smallest degree, the functions and powers of the National Government.

"THE CIVIL SERVICE.

"The civil service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis until it is regulated by law. For the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power against the waste of time and obstruction of the public business caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong, I shall at the proper time ask Congress to fix the tenure of the minor offices of the several executive depart-

ments and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during terms for which incumbents have been appointed.

"THE PURPOSE OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

"Finally, acting always within the authority and limitations of the Constitution, invading neither the rights of the States nor the reserved rights of the people, it will be the purpose of my administration to maintain the authority of the nation, and in all places within its jurisdiction to enforce obedience to all the laws of the Union in the interests of the people; to demand rigid economy in all the expenditures of the Government, and to require the honest and faithful service of all executive officers, remembering that the offices were created, not for the benefit of the incumbents or their supporters, but for the service for the Government.

"AN APPEAL FOR EARNEST SUPPORT.

"And now, fellow-citizens, I am about to assume the great trust which you have committed to my hands. I appeal for that earnest and thoughtful support which makes this Government in fact, as it is in law, a Government of the people. I shall greatly rely upon the wisdom and patriotism of Congress and of those who may share with me the responsibilities and duties of administration, and, above all, upon our efforts to promote the welfare of this great people and their government. I reverentially invoke the support and blessings of Almighty God."

Before the address was read, the clouds had completely cleared away, and the sun shone upon the glistening bayonets and gay uniforms, and sparkled upon the snow beyond. The inaugural address consumed half an hour in its delivery, and was applauded frequently by that

portion of the audience near enough to hear. The President was in good voice, and his delivery was never more forcible and eloquent. The rounded sentences fell with ease, and bore to the ear of every hearer a conviction of the speaker's earnestness, if not of his wisdom, of his appreciation of the difficulties before him, and of his determination to surmount them successfully. As soon as the address was over, the oath of office was administered by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and the crowd dispersed to join the throngs down town, while the President, with magnificent tenderness, turned and kissed his mother.

The day wound up with fire-works and a ball. The fire-works were of the most elaborate character, and attracted thousands of spectators. Besides the State illuminated arches, a good many private houses and public buildings were lit up. Commencing with a gorgeous and beautiful illumination of the south end of the Treasury Building, grounds and the Washington Monument, this was succeeded by continuous flights of rockets, parachutes, with changing-colored fires, bombshells, etc., forming great jewel-clouds in the heavens. The set pieces presented a magnificent tree, with golden foliage; a superb sun, with coruscating radiators; the national coat-of-arms, very brilliant; a compliment to the army and navy, containing an emblem of each, with the letters "Army and Navy," around which

revolved the national ensign; the grand cataract of Niagara, one of the most superb efforts of the pyrotechnic art, the whole ending with a device, in which appeared life-like portraits of the President and Vice-President. The beauty of this picture was very great. As the portraits opened out in lines of silver fire, the whole background presented one great mass of streams of colored fires of the most brilliant and varied hues, which, together with the springing of mines and exploding of shells, formed a spectacle of splendor. As the stars from the last shell disappeared, a magnificent bouquet, like a huge volcano, ascended, filling the heavens with every gem known to the art. This terminated the best pyrotechnical display ever seen in Washington.

The ball was an equal success. The broad avenues leading to the building afforded easy access. From the outside the immense structure, with its hundreds of windows, through which the many-colored lights came streaming out, presented a scene of unwonted brilliancy. Upon entering, the most conspicuous decoration to attract the attention was the statue of America, placed directly in the centre of the rotunda upon a lofty base, deeply banked in tropical plants, and holding in her left hand a shield and in her right a torch, from which a powerful electric light shed its brilliancy down the four wings which diverge from the central nave at angles to each other. Cables

of evergreens, relieved with rare flowers, stretched from the ceiling, and hung in mid air, while the numerous pillars, extending from the floor to the lofty ceiling, were banked with flowers and evergreens, and adorned with shields bearing the heraldic emblems of the several States and Territories, with flags, streamers and bunting twined about and pendant from them. Thousands of gas-jets illuminated the scene, and made it one of almost matchless beauty. At 9 o'clock, the hour at which the President was expected, it was estimated that between 3,000 and 4,000 people had entered the building. At 9.30 the Germania Orchestra, of Philadelphia, of one hundred pieces, announced the entrance of the President by playing with fine effect the Inaugural March (composed for the occasion by John Philip Sousa). After being presented to the inaugural reception committee in a body, the President and invited guests moved in procession from the committee's rooms in the following order, to the place reserved for them in the hall: President Garfield, attended by J. W. Thompson, President of the Executive Committee; ex-President Hayes, with Hon. Samuel Shellabarger and Dr. Welling; Mrs. Garfield, wife of the President, attended by Colonel H. C. Corbin and Hon. A. G. Riddle; Mrs. Garfield, mother of the President, attended by Hon. Wm. Lawrence and Mr. N. H. Willard; Mrs. Hayes, attended by Hon. John B. Alley. After

them came Vice-President Arthur, ex-Vice-President Wheeler, General Sherman and staff, General Hancock and staff, General Sheridan, General Beale, Admiral Rodgers, Colonel Ainger, Chief Justice Waite and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Chief Justice and Judges of the Court of Claims, and the Inaugural Reception Committee. Upon reaching the place designated, the President took position, and, for an hour or more, received with blended dignity and cordiality all who came forward to receive and exchange greetings. Among the first was General Hancock, and the unaffected cordiality on the part of both was noticed. Shortly before eleven o'clock the President and his immediate party ascended to the Presidential balcony, remaining interested witnesses of the brilliant scenes beneath for twenty minutes or more. A few minutes after eleven o'clock the President with his wife and mother, retired, and, proceeding to the carriage in waiting, were driven to the White House. Contrary to general expectation, the President did not take part in the opening dance. The promenade concert continued until eleven o'clock. Then the dancing began, and, when the ball was at its height. the scene was one of unusual brilliancy.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE EARLY DAYS OF GARFIELD'S ADMINISTRATION.

THE next day, on the Senate assembling in special session, the Vice-President promptly read a special message from the President announcing the Cabinet. It was composed as follows:

Secretary of State: JAMES G. BLAINE.
Secretary of the Treasury: WILLIAM WINDOM.
Secretary of the Interior: SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.
Secretary of the Navy: WILLIAM H. HUNT.
Secretary of War: ROBERT T. LINCOLN.
Postmaster-General: THOMAS L. JAMES.
Attorney-General: WAYNE MCVEAGH.

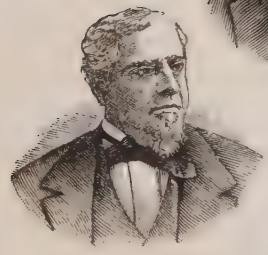
Of these, Secretary Blaine is the best known, and it is hardly needful to say a word as to his career. He is fifty-one years old. Mr. Windom is three years older, and a native of Ohio, though a Senator from Minnesota. He is a lawyer by profession. Mr. Lincoln, the son of the Immortal, likewise a lawyer, and is thirty-seven years of age. Mr. Hunt, the Naval Secretary, is nearly sixty, and a native of Carolina. Mr. Kirkwood was born in 1813, and, therefore, is the senior of them all. He, too, is a lawyer. Thomas L. James is

WAYNE MACVEAGH,
ATTY.-GENERAL.

THOMAS L. JAMES,
POSTMASTER-GEN.

WILLIAM WINDOM,
SECT. OF THE TREASURY.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
SECT. OF STATE.



WILLIAM M. HUNT,
SECT. OF THE NAVY.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN,
SECT. OF WAR.

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD,
SECT. OF THE INTERIOR.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S CABINET.

just fifty, and has had no other profession than that of public life. Wayne McVeagh is forty-eight, and a native of the State from which he was appointed. The Cabinet was received with applause, though it undoubtedly is not so strong a Cabinet as that with which Mr. Hayes began his administration. It was, too, universally believed that it was not constructed for four years' service, but that it would have to be materially changed before Mr. Garfield finished his first term. This belief has been strengthened perceptibly during the first months of the new administration, and it is now probable that Mr. Wayne McVeagh will retire before long, when he will either be gratified in one of his pet ambitions, the English Mission, or retire to private life.

The reasons for thinking that the Cabinet could not last out the President's first term were suggested by the political complexion of those Mr. Garfield had chosen for advisers. Mr. Blaine represented that force in politics with which Mr. Garfield was most in sympathy—an extreme stalwart, but an anti-Grant man, in so far as Grant was represented in the persons of his trainers, Messrs. Conkling, Cameron and Logan. Mr. James and Mr. Windom were offerings to Mr. Conkling; Senator Logan was appeased in the person of Secretary Lincoln; Don Cameron was defied in the selection of Wayne McVeagh; McVeagh having been one of the Independents of

Pennsylvania, it was supposed his appointment would gratify that portion of the Republican party in the Keystone State, a great mistake in supposition, as Mr. McVeagh has no political following whatever in his own State. This appointment was certainly unwise. Judge Hunt was the share of the South in the Cabinet, and Mr. Kirkwood was a tribute to the Banner State of the party. Mr. Kirkwood, however, is manifestly too many years behind the age to make a good, brilliant public officer, in a department where brilliancy is sorely needed, combined with neither Western nor Eastern ideas, but with civilized ideas. There was also some reference to geographical division in appointing Mr. Kirwood as there was to party lines. On the whole, however, the country was satisfied, and the Cabinet was confirmed by the Senate without a dissenting voice.

Though the stalwart element was in the majority there were many who, in reading over the names of the illustrious seven, foresaw a conflict in the near future, when those who had championed Grant would array themselves against the administration. No one, indeed, expected smooth sailing, and it was not very long before the squall came.

On assuming the reins of government there were only two immediate problems presented to President Garfield that were surrounded with seri-

ous difficulties. One was the satisfactory adjustment of the claims of the enormous army of office seekers, who had peopled the capital and invaded the White House, even to the President's private apartments. The other was the great and important question of what should be done with the maturing debt. For the adequate settlement of this question it was proposed to call an extra session of Congress. But the President discovered, on investigation, that the bonds falling due during the summer could be redeemed without any legislation. After a good deal of consultation and investigation, a plan was matured by Mr. Windom, on suggestions from the President, for the extending of the bonds at a lower rate of interest—three and one-half per cent. The plan was acceptable in a high degree to the country, and the loans were paid when due by new bonds, issued at this lower rate, thereby saving the country many millions of dollars. The first great problem was thus most satisfactorily disposed of.

The remaining problem was a far more serious, far more difficult one—the feeding of the army of placemen. The tremendous rush for appointments, to pay for work done in the cause, had so grown during the last twelve years as to amount, when President Garfield assumed office, to almost a revolution. The President had in his gift about 100,000 offices, for which there were about 500,000 applicants. It was, therefore, necessary to offend

400,000 men and their friends, or at least a million of people. To apportion out these 100,000 offices amounted, therefore, almost to a social revolution; and the incurring the enmity of a million of men meant danger, great danger. It would produce a diseased political atmosphere; the atmosphere of discontent, that at any moment might discharge some thunderbolt to do an ineffaceable national damage.

With this before him, can the reader wonder that President Garfield began his appointments in peril? His first struggle with political opponents was, as it had been predicted from the previous November it would be, with the Grant, or stalwart, faction of the party to which the President belonged. On the 22d of March, Stewart L. Woodford was renominated for his old place of District Attorney for the Southern District of New York. On the same day several other nominations were made that were agreeable to Senator Conkling's feelings and desires. The day following, William H. Robertson, of Westchester, N. Y., a State Senator and President of the New York Senate, was appointed Collector of the Port of New York, in place of Edwin A. Merritt, transferred to the Consul Generalship of London.

This was the spark that fired the waiting train. Mr. Robertson was the active organizer and leader of the bolt in the New York delegation to the convention that nominated Mr. Garfield. This

bolt aided considerably in the defeat of General Grant, and placed Mr. Conkling in the light of a leader powerless to manage his own State, a position that not only injured his prestige, but hurt his vanity. Every one predicted an immediate fight between the Senator from New York and the President. There seemed to be no help for it. Mr. Robertson's nomination was in the last degree distasteful to Mr. Conkling, as it dealt a fatal blow to his power in his own State, and wounded his personal pride. The nomination was reputed to be—falsely, I think—the work of Secretary Blaine. This was enough of itself to throw Mr. Conkling into a rage, and he promptly worked himself into one.

Before speaking of the immediate results of the Robertson nomination, it will be necessary to go back a few months. General William Mahone, of Virginia, a champion of repudiation, had, during the winter, been bargained with by some of the stalwart Republicans, including Senators Cameron and Conkling. It was agreed between them that General Mahone would, in the organization of the Senate, vote with the Republicans, in consideration of being allowed to name the sergeant-at-arms. It so happened that this little bargain, while it enabled the Republicans to organize the Senate Committees in favor of the Republicans, produced, from a variety of causes, a dead-lock, which at the outset was most fiercely maintained

and which either side was afraid to break. This prevented going into executive session, and so precluded, as long as the dead-lock lasted, any action upon the nominations sent to the Senate.

With the opening days of April, it was fairly well understood at Washington, that the country was disgusted at its senators and their paltry wrangling over the spoils of victory. The earnest-minded of them endeavored to break the dead-lock, which, by this time, had become exceedingly embarrassing to the President, owing to the inconvenience of having several hundred nominations unconfirmed. After a good deal of talk, it was finally decided to hold a caucus of Republicans, and thereafter abandon the question of the re-organization of the Senate until all the nominations of the President had been acted on. By this time the fight between the President and Mr. Conkling was an open one. It was perfectly understood, that Mr. Robertson's confirmation would be opposed by every means in the power of the senior Senator from New York. An attempt was made to get the President to withdraw Mr. Robertson's name, but with no avail. Several meetings of the Republican caucus were held, and on May 2d, the caucus resolved that executive sessions be held immediately —the Democrats being willing to go into executive session, but unwilling to organize the Senate in the interests of the Republicans, and adopting dilatory

motions to prevent it—and that contested nominations lie over. A nomination was said to be contested if it was opposed by one Senator from the State from which the nominee was appointed. The effect of this was, of course, to force Mr. Robertson's nomination to go over until December next, and to obtain for Mr. Conkling a victory over the President. With this result, Mr. Conkling was highly pleased, for he had succeeded in driving the senators into a support of him without making an open rupture between them and the President. Mr. Conkling, it seemed that night, had the best of it.

The President, however, was not yet beaten. With magnificent pluck, that was hailed by the people everywhere with applause, he dealt Mr. Conkling a fatal blow. The next morning, May 5th, all the nominations that were pleasing to Mr. Conkling were withdrawn. That of Judge Robertson was not. This defined the issue sharply. It was very easy for the stalwart Senators in the Senate to wish Mr. Conkling well, and to do what they could to aid him in calling the President a liar—for Mr. Conkling maintained that the President lied to him—but it was quite another thing when they were obliged to call the President a liar in chorus with the offended Senator. Senators Dawes, Ingalls, Allison, Jones, of Nevada, and others went to the White House and endeavored to persuade the President to with-

draw the nomination of Mr. Robertson. The interview was a long and stormy one. The President expressed his opinion of the action of Mr. Conkling and of the Republican caucus in carrying out what he termed Mr. "Conkling's plan" very freely. He absolutely refused to withdraw Mr. Robertson's nomination. The Senators returned, and reported the results of their conference to a number of Senators at the Capitol. On the day previous, the caucus had decided to consider all but contested nominations, and the President asked if certain nominations had been singled out for immediate confirmation and others for vexatious delay. He was told the result of the caucus decision. His reply is reported to have been, "Then I will take my own course. I am determined to learn who are my friends, and such as fail me will hereafter require a letter of introduction."

There could now be no doubt that Judge Robertson would be confirmed and Mr. Conkling defeated. Caucuses were called, and Conkling defended his cause as best he could. Senator Frye upheld the administration. To Mr. Conkling it was perfectly clear that he was to be defeated. He cast about him for a new expedient. He found it. On May 16th, like a spoiled child, that cries because he cannot have own way, Mr. Conkling offered his resignation as a Senator from New York. His colleague and tool, Mr. Platt, did likewise. This move was undoubtedly made be-

cause Mr. Conkling thought he would be re-elected promptly by his own Legislature, and thus "vindicated" in his course by his own State. He had had no difficulty in having Mr. Platt elected a short time before, and he of course could imagine nothing that would interfere with his own triumphant and prompt re-election. Mr. Robertson was confirmed on May 18th.

The fight was now transferred to Albany, a city much more completely under Mr. Conkling's thumb than Washington. But even here his very first move was checkmated. By the law of New York an election to fill a vacancy, if the Legislature is in session, must be held the *second* Tuesday after the announcement to the Legislature of a vacancy. Mr. Conkling forwarded his resignation to Governor Cornell on Monday the 15th, but the governor failed to announce it to the Senate before an adjournment was had, and the election was, in consequence, postponed for a fortnight. This was a defeat. It gave the country time to speak, which it did, so unmistakably that when the balloting for successors to Messrs. Conkling and Platt began on May 30th, Mr. Conkling was already beaten, and he found pitted against his claims 119 votes out of a total of 154. The defeat was specific and actual. Mr. Conkling went in person to Albany, accompanied by ex-Senator Platt and Vice-President Arthur. All three of these gentlemen labored with the desperation of

a lost cause, and it was, in the case of the Vice-President, a disgusting exhibition of pot-house politics. Everything known, good or bad, was tried to secure the result; but Mr. Conkling was beaten. The people were against him and for the administration.

Were they justified in this? the reader will ask. Let us see. In organizing his administration, President Garfield gave the strongest proof of his earnest purpose to unite and consolidate the Republican party. He was careful to recognize all its distinctive elements. He had been nominated by the triumph of one wing over the other; but he had been elected by the hearty union of all, and in entering upon his trust he remembered his obligations to each. His success represented the united strength of the party, and the purpose apparent in the construction of his Cabinet and in his subsequent appointments was to perpetuate this good feeling. The one thing which his first acts illustrated above all others was the determination to treat all sections of the party with fairness, and call them all to his support. Such a policy was peculiarly in harmony with his public career and character. He had never been known as a factionist. Though long eminent as a Republican leader, he had not been conspicuous in the internal conflicts of the party. His shining plume had often been foremost in the charge against the common foe, but had never waved in

the thick of internecine strife. His impulses and sympathies naturally identified him with the independent and progressive elements of the party, but he had not vehemently antagonized the other side. In the battles which raged between different wings he took no active part, but rather exerted his influence to moderate passion and compose dissensions. He had not participated in the struggle for patronage; he did not represent a State which was divided between the contending factions, and so was not compelled to join in the war; and no prominent leader was more exempt from factious affiliations and prejudices or more free to do justice to all sides. This course was equally the natural outcome of his career and the manifest dictate of his position.

But in the practical steps he had taken to execute this purpose, he had been confronted with an onerous task. It was the independent Republicans of New York and Pennsylvania that opened the way to his nomination. But for their action General Grant would have swept the field at Chicago, and General Garfield would not even have been mentioned as a candidate in the Convention. The President was indebted to their attitude for his selection as the standard-bearer, and he could not well be insensible to the obligation thus imposed upon him. More than that, as a Republican leader and as a member of the Convention, he sustained the principle of independent

district representation upon which they acted, and justified their course in disregarding the instruction of the State Conventions and separating from the majority of the State delegations. Under such circumstances he could not permit them to be proscribed on that account. He knew and appreciated the great services of General Grant, ex-Senator Conkling, and other aggressive leaders. He recognized Mr. Conkling not only as a master spirit of the Senate, but as the powerful Republican chief of New York, who was justly entitled to consideration. With his direct obligations to the independents for his nomination, and to the stalwarts for the fiery and successful energy which they imparted to the campaign, it would be strange if he did not feel a deep sense of gratitude to both, if he did not recognize the claims of each, and if he did not seek to unite them in a common support of his administration.

This is precisely what he undertook to do. He nominated a number of conspicuous officers for New York because they were the friends of Mr. Conkling. He nominated Judge Robertson for Collector because he was the foremost representative of the independents. Mr. Conkling accepted the twelve nominations made in his favor with silence, as his right. When Judge Robertson was nominated he flew into a temper, denounced the President as a liar, and declared war to the knife. Was this just, fair or honest?

It was, however, to have been expected of him. For he has ever since his entry into public life—in 1854—won his greatest notoriety as a quarreler. As District Attorney in one of the rural communities of New York, and as Mayor of the city of Utica, he early disclosed his pragmatic disposition. Elected to the Thirty-seventh Congress, he first engaged public attention by his dandified attire and coxcombical appearance, and then by the facility with which he precipitated himself into petty quarrels with the members of his own party in the House of Representatives. Indeed, it may be said that what first drew public attention to Mr. Conkling, was the terrific onslaught which he invited from Mr. James G. Blaine, then a Representative from Maine. It was absolutely true, as was then said of Mr. Conkling, that he was pompous, insufferable in manner, and arrogant in his pretentions. He held himself to be too good for association with the common herd of Representatives and Senators. If there was anything to be asked of President Lincoln, which demanded a concert of action among the Representatives, Mr. Conkling invariably refused to join any embassy to the White House. He went in solitary state, scorning his companions and colleagues, and impressed his views upon the President in his own magniloquent fashion. As soon as he was strong enough to form a faction inside the Republican party, he organized a Conkling wing, the Repub-

licans of New York being thenceforth divided into two sections, one of which was composed of those who had been driven off in consequence of their refusal to perform the *kotow* to the new rising chief.

He quarreled with Andy Johnson, and for a long time he could not get along with Grant Grant quarreled with Greeley and Fenton in order to satisfy him, and even afterwards, when he was getting everything, he asked the administration was in a perpetual spasm to keep the peace with him. With Mr. Hayes he quarreled for four years. And Mr. Garfield had hardly made himself at home before Mr. Conkling was making war upon him.

Mr. Conkling, too, has constantly exhibited himself to the American people as shaken by childish resentments, and spurred on by the most ignoble of passions. The god whom he adores is none other than himself, and, with unfounded arrogance, he has always posed as a great leader of his party. If he has ever done the Republican party any service, he has performed that service only as an incident of his own advancement. In 1872, and in 1878, when he was a candidate for re-election to the Senate, he threw himself into the canvass with unbounded enthusiasm. In 1874 he was silent. In 1876, when he had been defeated for the Presidential nomination, he refused, for a long time, to take the field for the Republican

ticket, and only consented to speak once or twice, when the Republican chiefs had worked over him, adjuring him to do something for his own reputation. After the defeat of Gen. Grant, at Chicago, Mr. Conkling hid himself in a pet; and when, after much premonitory trumpeting, he emerged from his ill-advised seclusion, he made a few speeches, of which he subsequently boasted—as he did of his addresses in 1876—that the name of the Republican candidate for the Presidency could not be found in them, although one might search for it with a microscope. When the Senate was agitated over the Louisiana election matters, after the Presidential election of 1876, Mr. Conkling forsook his seat and took no part in the business before the Senate. When Congress was engaged in a wrestle with the heresy of Greenbackism, Mr. Conkling made no sign that he regarded the contest with even a passing interest. Except in matters personal to himself, he has studiously avoided every responsibility of the high office into which he has fought his way. It was indeed fit, that such a man should, at the last, fly out of his Senatorial chair, screaming with anger.

The voting at Albany, as June wore on, rapidly degenerated into a dead-lock, and the country looked on at first amazed, interested, then apathetic, and finally, as the atmosphere became charged with the most vicious political corruption, disgusted. Bribery showed its hideous head. A

professional lobbyist, Senator Sessions, gave $2,000 for a vote to Assemblyman Bradley, a Conkling supporter, who was undoubtedly sufficient of a rascal to accept it. At Mr. Conkling's direction, Vice-President Arthur personally carried on such a campaign of dirty lobbying as had never been seen before in the career of any public man of so high rank. The days passed rapidly. There was nothing creditable, nothing even honest that came with them. The influence of the disgraceful struggle was felt as most corrupting all over the country. The spectacle of loose political morality, of looser political faith, of the basest passions used as factors in a fight to elect United States Senators, was an unparalleled one in the history of the Republican party and the United States. For it Mr. Conkling was largely responsible. For when he found that he was beaten irrevocably, it was in his power to have saved the nation a lasting disgrace, and ended the dispute that caused it, by withdrawing his name. By his direction the fight went on. The lower classes of political beats and fanatics were infected with the degeneracy of the fight. For many of that class gathered at Albany to do Mr. Conkling's bidding. June wore away, and still Mr. Conkling forced the fighting. July came, still the fight went on. Mr. Conkling said no word, made no sign that would have ended what had become a disgrace to New

York, and an infamous stain on Mr. Conkling's career. His ringing words to J. H. Griswold, in 1871: "Every one knows that the fittest step toward remedy and reform is to nominate the best men in the Republican party, and elect them to the Legislature and to the executive offices of the State; and yet men stand talking about Federal patronage, and differences among leaders, and personal feelings between individuals and the like. What have such things to do with the duty of this hour? What do the people care about them? What should they care? Of what public consequence are the personal aims and objects and mishaps of individuals?" had been utterly forgotten. It was war to the knife and knife to the hilt. On July 1st the relations of the factions had become strained to the last degree. And they so continued until the month was three weeks gone. Mr. Conkling was permanently retired from political life—at least for some time by the election of Eldridge G. Lapham to succeed him. Mr. Warner Miller was elected to succeed Mr. Platt; and the long, brutal, disgraceful struggle came to an end, leaving a stain of infamy on those who precipitated it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A TIME OF TRIAL.

SATURDAY, July 2d, was as fair a day as usually comes with an American summer. Though the heat was somewhat noticeable in Washington, as in most cities, and the sun that gilded the head of Columbia on the dome of the Capitol, and stole softly into the awakening streets, was not unkindly in its fervor. At the White House that morning the President was early astir. He had many matters that needed attention before he left the city, which he intended to do on an early train. His son Harry, who is quite a young athlete, came into his father's room and deftly turned a hand-spring across the bed.

"Don't you wish you could do that?" asked the boy.

"Well, I think I can," replied the President, and with a moment's consideration he was on his hands and over the bed, in a fashion almost as neat as that of his son.

At breakfast, the chat turned on the approaching trip to New England, that the President had planned with such pleasure. He was going to attend the commencement exercises of his Alma

Mater, Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts. There had been arranged, in connection with this visit, a somewhat extended trip through Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, in which he was to be accompanied by Mrs. Garfield and two or three of his children, several members of the Cabinet, with their wives, and other particular friends. All the arrangements had been carefully completed, and every one of the party was anticipating a delightful ten days' jaunt. Those who were to start from Washington were to take a special car attached to the limited express train for New York at 9.30 o'clock that Saturday morning. They were to be joined at New York by Mrs. Garfield and two or three others of the President's family, who had been sojourning at Long Branch, where Mrs. Garfield had gone to recover from a severe attack of malarial fever. The President had looked forward to the trip with eagerness and delight, and in view of it had been in the best of spirits since his return from Long Branch.

Breakfast was over. Secretary Blaine had come to accompany the President to the station. A few last words to Private Secretary Brown, a kiss to Harry, and the carriage, driven by coachman George, started rapidly along the magnificent avenue leading to the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, at Sixth and B Streets. The President was in the best of humor, and chatted

with many a light-hearted laugh. The few pedestrians who paid sufficient attention to the passing carriage to recognize the occupants, smilingly lifted their hats to the Executive. The station was soon reached and the carriage halted at the B Street entrance. This admits to the ladies' room, a pleasant, carpeted apartment, furnished with fixed wooden settees, so arranged as to leave a broad passage-way about twenty feet long, directly from the outer door to the opposite side of the room. Two doors opened from the side of the room opposite the outer door into the gentlemen's waiting-room, which is a large room. It is necessary to pass around the ends of benches, either to the right or left, to reach one of these doors. By entering the general waiting-room and passing directly across it, you reach the guarded gates which lead to the train. As the carriage drove up to the door, the President said to Officer Kearney, who was on duty there:

"How much time have I?"

"About ten minutes, sir," was the reply, whereupon the President and Secretary Blaine continued their earnest conversation. After about five minutes they were warned that they must be moving. They alighted from the carriage and passed quietly through the door into the ladies' room.

There was no crowd about. There were few ladies in the room, and but a few people in the

general waiting-room beyond. There was nothing stirring, nothing of note, nothing to attract attention. Of the people about, no one was waiting for anything more than usually occurs on a sunny morning at a railway station. Most of those who were to take the train were already on board. Of those in the room beside the railroad officials, there was a slender, light-complexioned man, about forty years of age, who walked up and down rather nervously, occasionally glancing out of the door in a vacant fashion, as if his mind was bent upon some strangely fascinating picture. This man bore the rather euphonious name of Charles Jules Guiteau, and though he had been noticed by the railroad employés, still his was not a face or figure that would have attracted attention in a crowd. And no one paid any attention to him or his movements.

He walked up and down the room without ceasing, as the slow minutes passed away, moving the length of the settees with short irregular steps. He had just reached the end of the room as the President entered arm in arm with his Secretary. Guiteau turned about, set his teeth, and quietly inserted his hand within his pocket. The President passed beyond him, he advanced one step in the same direction, drew a heavy revolver from his pocket, pointed it steadily and fired deliberately at the man he had come to murder.

The President made no sign he was hurt, but

turned with gentle, yet surprised look to see whence came the murderous bullet. Secretary Blaine sprang to one side, Guiteau who stood on his right re-cocked his revolver and with the deliberation of death fired at the President again. The President fell to the floor, the blood spurting profusely from a jagged wound in his side. Guiteau fled. The pistol was dropped and the smoke of the powder drifted innocently upward to the ceiling.

Before almost the echo of the report had found its way out to the open air, the President was surrounded. A terrible deed had been committed. Assassination for the second time had stricken the Chief Magistrate. For an instant those nearest to him could not believe their senses. Then ensued a moment of terrible agony and confusion. Secretary Blaine sprang after the assassin, who, finding his way barred in one direction, turned in another only to run into the arms of the law. Seeing he was caught, Mr. Blaine turned again to the wounded man. Mrs. Sarah E. V. White, who had charge of the ladies' waiting-room ran to the President as he fell, knelt down and gently took his head in her lap. The shock of the bullet had been very great. He was very pale. He neither stirred nor spoke. In a minute vomiting began, all color faded from his face and he leaned heavily on those who were supporting him.

By this time had gathered about the wounded

THE ASSASSINATION.

man a horror-stricken crowd. Secretary Windom, Secretary Hunt, Postmaster-General James and others of the party that had met to accompany the President north, were all in and out of the room sending hither and thither messengers and messages for doctors. The President's own carriage dashed off at a gallop to the White House, to the astonishment of the people on the avenue who had not yet learned the direful news. A local physician was first to arrive of those summoned. He came in breathless, in response to the awful summons, just as a mattress was brought on which to lay the wounded man. The room being uncomfortably crowded with men—in whose eyes stood tears, gathered in the first pause of their terror to offer any, every aid in their power—it was decided to remove the President to the room above.

Hardly had the mattress been laid upon the floor, when the wounded man, ever thoughtful of those nearest to him, ever forgetful of self, even while his life blood was oozing from him, turned to his friend and said:

"Rockwell, I want you to send a message to 'Crete'" (the pet name used for his wife, Lucretia). "Tell her I am seriously hurt, how seriously I cannot yet say. I am myself, and hope she will come to me soon. I send my love to her."

Was there ever anything more ineffably tender, more wonderfully gentle than this? History does not contain a similar tenderness in all its many

thousand pages! Stricken down by the assassin's bullet, in the most powerful and prosperous moment his country had known for half a century, uncertain whether he was then and there to renounce the crown he had so lately won, so proudly worn; his whole heart was turned to her, who for years had been his helpmate and his life, and he sent his love to her! As his messenger wrote down that immortal sentence, tears fell fast and free from those around who knew now, if they had never known before, how noble a man was the President—how true, how brave, how good.

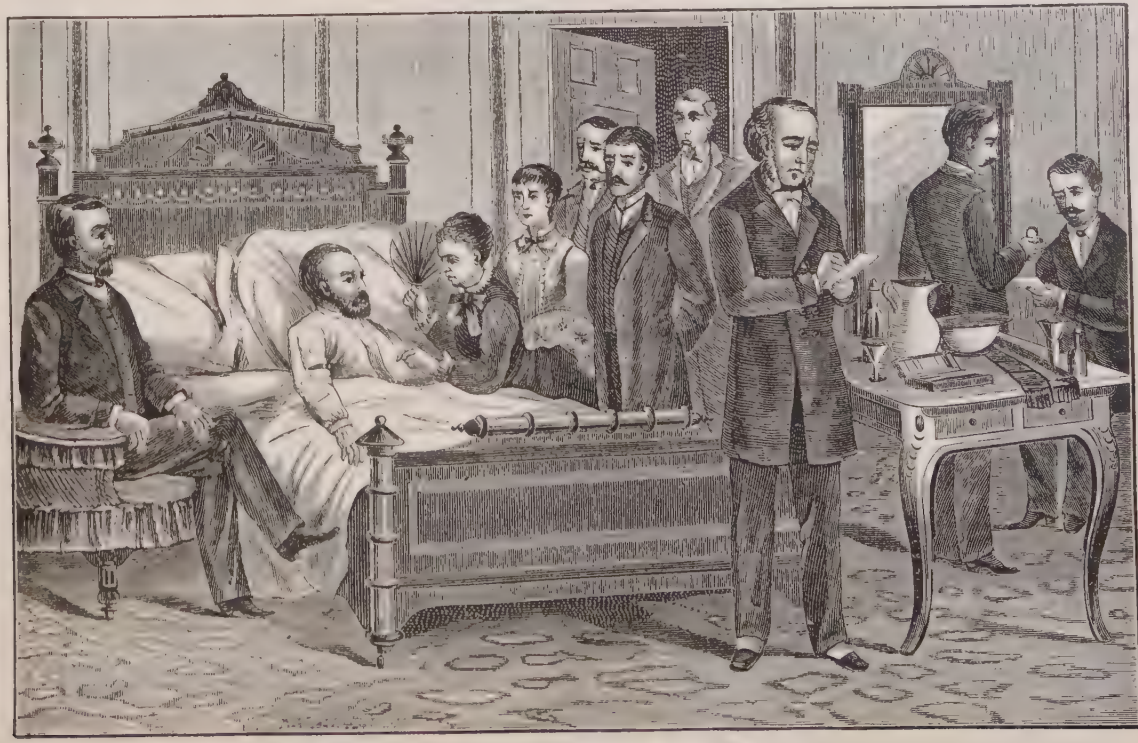
During the dictation of the dispatch, Dr. Bliss, who had come from the White House, and several other physicians arrived. A minute's inspection of the wound by Dr. Bliss, an experimental probing with his finger, demonstrated that the President was terribly wounded. It was imperative he should be removed to the White House, where he could receive every attention his case demanded. An ambulance was speedily summoned. The President was brought down-stairs as gently as loving hands could carry him, and laid within it. The doctors got in, and the horses started off at a dead run for the Executive Mansion, which was reached in less than ten minutes. The members of the Cabinet and immediate associates of the President who were at the station had already reached the White House. As the President was lifted out of the ambulance, the pallor of

death stamped upon his face, he glanced upward to the windows; there were his friends, waiting, sadly, silently, fearing their beloved friend would be borne home to them dead. As he recognized them, he raised his right hand, and with a smile, which those who saw it will never forget, gave the military salute, as if he would say to them, "Long live the Republic." He was carried swiftly and gently to his own bed in an upper chamber at the south-east corner of the Executive Mansion.

Close upon his arrival, followed some friends, who hurried to the White House with blanched faces and aching hearts, fearing the worst. Soon afterward Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. James and Mrs. Windom were joined by Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. W. T. Sherman. Other friends of Mrs. Garfield quickly arrived, but were denied admittance, and the ponderous gates which lead to the Executive Mansion were closed, and armed military sentinels, as if by some fearful magic, silently took their places about the house and grounds. These troops were ordered from the garrison at the Washington Arsenal in order to relieve the regular police, whose services were needed in the city, where the crowds were rapidly increasing, angry with excitement. There was only one company of soldiers, but the glance of their bayonets flashing in the sunlight, as they walked with measured tread the several paths to which they were assigned, seemed portentous of an awful fate hanging over the Re-

public, and recalled the last hours of President Lincoln, when the same astonishment and horror were reflected on the faces of the people who surged about the Executive Mansion, and watched similar silent sentries pacing under its leafy trees.

In the room above lay the President, surrounded by the most eminent physicians in Washington. He at first complained of pain in his feet more than in his arm or body, and at his own request his feet were undressed and rubbed. The doctors cut away his clothing to get at his wounds. The shot in the shoulder had passed around the bone without breaking it. The bullet which entered the back over the hips did not pass through the body, and, although the doctor probed the wound with his finger, he could not make out, with any certainty, what direction the ball had taken, nor where it was lodged. The nervous prostration, seemingly, was passing away, and the President assumed his usual composed manner, greeting members of the Cabinet, and other intimate friends who called, with a warm pressure of the hand, and with cheerful words. This cheeriness excited the strongest hopes of the surgeons that the ball had not touched any vital part, and that when he had gained sufficient strength and composure an effort might be made to find the ball. Directions were given that he should see as few persons as possible, and that he should be kept from conversation, or making any



BY THE BEDSIDE OF THE SUFFERING PRESIDENT.

particular effort whatever. After consultation, it was determined by the surgeons that at three o'clock, if his condition would permit, they would probe for the ball. When this hour arrived it was found that he was not in condition to undergo the operation, and it was again postponed.

At no time, however, did the spirits and courage of the wounded man fail him. His genial good-nature, his gentle disposition never forsook him, even in his agony. Turning to his Secretary, about half-past two in the afternoon, he said:

"Blaine, what motive do you think that man could have had in trying to assassinate me?"

"Indeed I do not know, Mr. President. He says he had no motive. He must be insane."

"I suppose," came back the answer with a smile, "he thought it would be a glorious thing to be a pirate king."

A little later, James, his own son, sat sobbing by the bed. His father turned to him, and said:

"Don't be alarmed, Jimmy, the upper story is all right; it is only the hull that is a little damaged."

To Dr. Bliss, who had been requested to take charge by the President, he was at times quite jocular, the vein of conversation being of a light character, and keyed so as to encourage his friends and attendants. He informed the Doctor that he desired to be kept accurately posted as to his exact condition. "Conceal nothing from me, Doctor; for remember, I am not afraid to die."

Toward four o'clock, when evidence of internal hemorrhage became unmistakable, and all the indications seemed to point to death, the President spoke again:

"Doctor, what are my prospects? Are they bad, Doctor? Don't be afraid; tell me frankly I am ready for the worst."

"Mr. President," returned the physician, "your condition is extremely critical. I do not think you can live many hours."

"God's will be done, Doctor; I'm ready to go if my time has come," firmly answered the sick man.

Thenceforth his anxiety for the arrival of his wife increased with every hour. She was at Long Branch, for her health. On that eventful morning, General Swaim announced to her, as gently as he could, that the President had been shot. She immediately began preparations for her departure for Washington. Before she started, General Swaim received the following dispatch:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2d, 1881.

"*General Swaim, Elberon, New Jersey:*

"We have the President safely and comfortably settled in his room at the Executive Mansion. His pulse is strong and nearly normal. So far as I can detect from what the surgeons say, and from his general condition, I feel very hopeful. Come on as soon as you can get special. Advise me of the movements of your train, and when you can be expected. As the President said, on a similar occasion, sixteen years ago, 'God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives.' "A. F. ROCKWELL."

At 12.45 P. M. the special train furnished by the Pennsylvania Railroad was ready, and sped away to Washington, at sixty miles an hour. A little latter, Colonel Rockwell told the President Mrs. Garfield had started, when he replied, with evident feeling, "God bless the little woman! I hope the shock won't break her down." Impatiently her arrival was awaited through the long hours of that awful afternoon. Her arrival was delayed somewhat by an accident to the engine, and it was not until almost seven o'clock that the sound of carriage wheels was heard upon the gravel driveway. "That's my wife," said the President, and his face brightened with a cheery smile.

Mrs. Garfield was so fatigued by her hasty trip, taken suddenly and in such a state of health, that she grew faint, and felt herself obliged to go to the dining-room below for some refreshment. She went down-stairs, accompanied by Colonel Rockwell. They had scarcely seated themselves at the table, when an attendant rushed in and told them the President was sinking fast, and that they should at once hurry to his bedside. He had kept himself up largely by will-power, and now that the suspense and necessity were over, had shown signs of a physical collapse. From this moment he failed fast, his voice sinking to a whisper, and his whole aspect being that of a dying man. The persons present in the room, except the family and personal attendants, retired, in order to allow

the family to meet around the bedside alone They remained together about fifteen minutes—fifteen minutes that will live forever in their memories; fifteen awful minutes, when death seemed to hold all under the spell of his terrible presence, as he sat in patient earnestness at the President's side; between them and him. At the end of that time the doctors were again admitted to the room. They found the President perfectly conscious, but much weaker, his pulse being 146. From this time he seemed to sink slowly, as the minutes were told off by the solemn clock, never to come again. How slow they seemed to go to the agonized, yet silent watchers in that sick room! They would look at the clock; they would pass in review all the eventful hours of that long horror-laden day, all the eventful days in the career of the man before them; they would think over and over the little kindnesses of his life, and glance again at the clock, to see that only a minute had been added to eternity! Was he to die? Was he to leave them in the flower of his manhood, in the hour of his country's pride, at the height of his well-won honor? They knew not, and shuddered!

This was the sad scene within the White House walls. Outside and beyond, the world was in a fever. Hardly had the President fallen by the assassin's bullet before the telegraph had winged the news to all parts of the land. As the dispatch flashed along, "The President has been shot, the

assassin arrested," those who heard it could not believe the words. The thing was too terrible to be true, on such short notice. By and by it came to be believed, and yet not comprehended. That the good and able President had been, on this bright, sunny second of July, shot down in the nation's capital—assassinated! No, no; it could not be true.

Rapidly the terror spread, as the full measure of the deed came to be comprehended. In every city, in every town, in every village of the United States groups formed about the telegraph and newspaper offices and other centres of information, and discussed in excited fashion the terrible news. In the great cities the telegraph carried it to all the principal hotels, and from these common centres of information, it radiated to the smallest side streets in the crowded tenement-house districts. Before noon there was scarcely a man, woman or child who did not know that the Chief Magistrate had been shot, and probably killed. Groups formed on the sidewalk, in hotels, clubs, parks; wherever there was opportunity for men to gather together, they assembled in crowds, and talked over the tragedy which had been enacted at the capital of the nation. But little of the details of the crime were known at this time, and speculation had full swing, not only in debating upon the probable results of the attack on the President, but in seeking some plausible motive for

the act of the assassin. If President Garfield should die, Vice-President Arthur would become the Executive of the nation; and the effect of his accession to the power and patronage of the Executive office was the subject of grave discussion among business men of the community, many of whom were alarmed at the prospect of President Garfield's death. The only confidence displayed was the belief in the innate strength of our popular institutions; and men went about their business with sad faces, but still hopeful that the worst to be feared might not be realized.

After 11 o'clock the news came slightly more in detail; and, with the absolute knowledge that the President was still living, and that Dr. Bliss gave great hopes of his recovery, men breathed more freely; but still there was a sad and subdued look upon the faces of all as they passed on the street or met in the public places. The newspapers everywhere were receiving dispatches every few minutes, and, as fast as they came, they were promptly bulletined. These bulletin boards were the centres of attraction, and the sidewalks and streets in front of them were soon crowded with men, who stood in the broiling sun and forgot the heat in their intense eagerness for the latest scrap of information. Between eleven and noon, the crowds became so great that traffic was impeded, and the efforts of the police to keep clear the passageways gradually grew less and less

successful. These men were very quiet and orderly, and talked in low tones of the tragedy. The excitement was too deep to display itself in the ordinary noisy way, and the sadness of the people too genuine to expend itself in loud talk. There were men of all shades of political opinion in every group, but they had but one sentiment in common about the great crime which had been committed; and the invectives heaped upon the murderer were bitter and terrible.

At noon the "extras" appeared, and the demand for them was so great as to be beyond the power of the press to supply. The information given in these early dispatches was very brief, but it was of a reassuring nature. The President was conscious, the doctor thought he might live, while the assassin was in jail under strong guard. The hopes held forth by this news were eagerly grasped at by the excited multitude, and all began to feel somewhat reassured. Dispatches continued to be received every few minutes, and the news which they contained was posted on the bulletins and issued in extras during the entire afternoon. Up to three o'clock they were favorable to the recovery of the President. The feeling began to prevail that, after all, it might yet be well, and people began to congratulate themselves on the safety of the Chief Magistrate, now their idol.

This feeling of security, however, was short-lived. At three o'clock the information was

flashed across the wires that hemorrhage had set in, and that the President was sinking slowly, but surely. At the same time a dispatch was posted, announcing "President Garfield has just died." This heart-piercing intelligence spread rapidly, and its effect was to cast a gloom over the entire country. In some places it was known that this announcement was false, but it was felt to be absolutely certain that the President could not live, and the crowds in the streets waited silently and mournfully for the dispatch which should confirm their fears and announce that all was over. Policemen were little needed to keep the crowd in order. It was composed of all classes of citizens, from the merchant prince to the common laborer. There were rough-looking men, too, standing in the sun side by side with the wealthiest and most refined. There were men who, in ordinary times and in an ordinary crowd, would be regarded as dangerous companions, but they were not dangerous now, and they gave the police no trouble. They were watching, like their more respected fellow-citizens, at the death-bed of the President of their country, and from many an eye, which for years had been unmoistened by emotion, were roughly wiped the tears as the telegrams stated the President to be sinking—sinking—sinking; that the doctors had given up all hope of saving his life! The faces of the men were sad and subdued. They spoke to each other in a half breath. The scene was

one which impressed itself so deeply that it can never be forgotten. There was pushing and edging forward to get better views of the bulletins, but the pushing was done gently and quietly, and there was none of the fierce, impatient struggling which usually characterizes street crowds. Had the men been actually participating in the funeral services over the President, or one of their own blood, they could not have conducted themselves with more propriety.

At last darkness fell; the expected announcement of the President's death had not, thank God, been made. The crowd still lingered about the bulletin boards, and eagerly read the dispatches. Extras were still being issued, and bought by the expectant multitude as fast as the presses could turn them out. The dispatches up to 9 o'clock were all of one kind. The President is sinking, they said, and there is no hope of his recovery. They struck upon the crowds gathered in the streets with a mournful effect. At 9 o'clock it was announced, in a telegram from Postmaster-General James, that the sufferer was sleeping, and that his pulse was not so high as it had been. This was at least a ray of sunshine among the shadows, and expressions of hope that he might yet survive were indulged in, although few really believed that there was any chance for his recovery. In times of great calamity men are apt to build hopes upon very slight foundations, and the dispatch of

the Postmaster-General was hailed with heartfelt gladness. It was speedily followed by other telegrams which chilled the joy to silence, and restored the aching pain. At 10 o'clock the notice was again posted that there was no hope, and the crowds in the street settled down to wait, with mournful patience, for the announcement which was certain to come sooner or later—certain to come sometime during a night of sorrow and sadness such as they had never passed before.

Now announcements were made with less rapidity than in the earlier hours of the evening, but the people still waited patiently, conversing in groups on the possibilities of the President's recovery. Expressions of sincere sympathy for the sufferer, and maledictions against his ruthless assailant escaped from all lips. Telegrams bearing discouraging tidings from the White House were greeted with low, deep murmurs of hopelessness.

Just before 11 P. M. was posted the fact that Mr. Garfield had rallied, and could converse freely with his attendants, on reading which the crowds gave vent to such expressions as "Thank God for that," "Good; give us some more like that." "The crisis is now over," said some, "and the President will recover." And yet this was said more because they wished it so than because they believed it. Still they lingered, and the same scenes that had so distinguished that Satur-

day evening from all other evenings in their lives, continued into the early hours of Sunday, only to diminishing numbers of watchers, for one by one, sad and disheartened, they drifted away, until the last of them was greeted by the dawn of a cheerless day pushing its way into the dolorous streets.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOURS OF SUFFERING.

THE night of July 2d, 1881, will forever mark an era in the history of the Executive Mansion—an era of faint hope and fell despair. The particulars of that night of anxious watching and fearful forebodings will probably never be written. The actors in the scene were too busy and too much excited by their fears to remember half of the little incidents which go to make up the story; but some dim picture of the terrible life drama which was enacted in the President's chamber, while the whole world was awaiting with breathless anxiety its culmination, may be drawn at this time, while the actors of it still hold its prominent features fresh in their memory.

The symptoms of death, which had seemed so sure, so evident during the long reaches of the afternoon and the early hours of evening, grew fainter by 7.40. Shortly after, the patient slept naturally for half an hour. When he awoke, he said to Mrs. James, the wife of the Postmaster-General, whose hand he was holding: "Do you know where Mrs. Garfield is now?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. James answered, "she is close by, watching and praying for her husband."

Then he looked up to the lady with an anxious face: "I want her to go to bed. Will you tell her that I say if she will undress and go to bed, I will turn right over, and I feel sure that when I know she is in bed, I can go to sleep and sleep all night? Tell her," he exclaimed, with sudden energy, "that I *will* sleep all night, if she will only do what I ask."

Mrs. James conveyed the message to Mrs. Garfield, who said at once: "Go back and tell him that I am undressing."

She went back with the answer, the President turned over on his right side and dropped into a quiet sleep almost instantly.

He rallied a little about 9.20. Feeling more like himself, he said to Dr. Bliss: "Doctor, what are the indications?"

Dr. Bliss replied: "There is a chance of recovery."

"Well, then," responded the President, cheerfully, "we will take that chance."

At 10.20 the symptoms were more favorable, and afforded a ground for hope. The temperature was normal and the pulse had fallen four beats in the hour. The change was certainly marked and gratifying. At 11 P. M. the symptoms were still favorable, and when midnight came, the sufferer was in a deep and restful sleep.

About the White House and all around the White House grounds there was no sleep. There watched *the people*, for the heart of the Nation was

with its President. That morning none of them knew just how they had heard the news. They could not trace the source of the rumor. It came in subdued whispers. It seemed to come from everywhere, and spread with the morning breeze. With a wild rush, they had followed the ambulance that bore the wounded man to the Executive Mansion, only to be halted at the gates. This was their place, and this position they never left or abandoned for days and nights, through storm and sun. The people could not give up their loved President. So they stood guard over him, without noise, without commotion, but faithfully, silently, holding fast to the palings of the iron fence, as if they would with their own hands keep back Death. Hour after hour they waited in the hot sun for news. They were not content with the brief official bulletins, but importuned every one who came from the White House. They begged for fuller information. "What do they think the prospect is?" "What is said in conversation among those near the President?" "Do they look discouraged?" These, and a multitude of similar questions were eagerly asked. Cabinet officers, foreign ministers, high officials, physicians and surgeons, and persons who held cards of admission were going and coming constantly. All were spoken to, all were besought for one morsel of good tidings. But the utmost quiet prevailed. The faithful people moved and spoke as in the shadow of a great calamity and in presence of an awful tragedy. There was

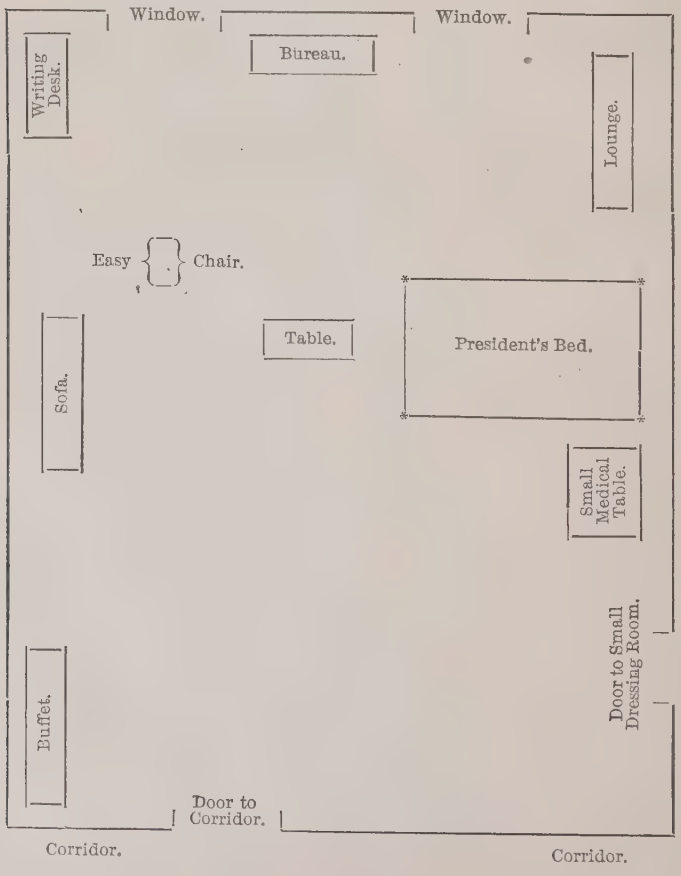
no louder noise than the playing of the fountains. And even this was stilled at last, as the sun sank with the color of blood across its face. Yet the people waited unmoved. Night came calm and still. And yet no one went away from the gates. The people were still with their President.

Sunday dawned, cloudless and fair to see. During the day, which repeated many of the features of the day before, better arrangements were made concerning the management of the case, and the recovery from the shock permitted more attention to be paid to details.

The arrangements which secluded the President from noise or disturbance of any kind, were very complete. Only privileged visitors were allowed to go up-stairs at all. These were received in the private secretary's room, made memorable by the fact that the emancipation proclamation was signed therein. It opens by a door-way to the left into a room in the south-east corner of the building, occupied by the executive clerks. Here the bulletins from the physicians were brought, and a telegraph instrument in the end of the corridor just ouside, sent the tidings round the world. To the right of the private secretary's room, is the room where the members of the Cabinet sat. Next in the suite beyond the Cabinet room, comes the family sitting-room, of polygonal shape, with book-cases in its recesses and alcoves. Beyond this, is the room known as the State bed-chamber, and next to this, comes two rooms in the north-

west corner, which are the President's sleeping and dressing apartments. In this south-west corner the wounded President lay, remote from noise or bustle, while in the south-east corner rooms, his friends awaited in anxious suspense intelligence of his condition.

The following plan of the room will give an idea of its arrangement:



The room is known as No. 17. No. 18 was the room given up to the Cabinet.

There were rarely more than two or three persons at a time in the sick room. Mrs. Edson, the nurse, who so faithfully waited upon Mrs. Garfield, during her illness, in May and June, stayed in the room, and Mrs. James, Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Hunt took turns sitting at the bedside of the President and fanning him. One of the physicians remained in the room; the doctors alternating in this service. The others sat in the adjoining room, within call, in case any change of symptoms in the patient needed their collective attention. No conversation was allowed, and the scene was hushed and still.

The patient furnished frequently, throughout Sunday, evidences of his extraordinary moral courage, his good temper, cheerfulness and regard for the feelings of others. At times he would express anxiety for those who were attending him, and inquired whether they had had proper rest. Occasionally he asked to be informed of the general news of the day, and requested that the leading editorial articles of certain newspapers might be read to him. He expressed a desire to be informed as to what was being said about the attempted assassination, and, at his earnest request, Mrs. Garfield proceeded to read to him from the newspapers. When a paragraph was read hinting that the crime which had prostrated

him was the result of a conspiracy, he shook his head, and said, with emphasis, "I do not believe that." So the day wore on. The hours passed with slow monotony, with alternating hope and fear.

An incident occurred which showed, as the night settled down upon Washington, at once the great good-nature of the President, his utter abnegation of self, and his intelligent recognition of the importance of the physicians' order for remaining quiet. Gen. Swaim was sitting by his bedside, fanning him, and to him the patient persisted in talking. Gen. Swaim remonstrated several times about continuing such efforts against the order of the physicians. The remonstrances failing to produce the desired effect, then Gen. Swaim said, in a petulant tone: "I won't talk to you and won't listen to you. Why don't you keep quiet?" The President laughed at this outburst, and said: "What is the use of your getting mad with me, Swaim? You know sick people must be indulged." To this, Gen. Swaim returned: "I will get mad if you don't stop talking now. You must keep quiet. If you don't, I won't take care of you, and won't let any one else do it." Again the President laughed at his old friend's bluntness, and, grasping his arm, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I will make a treaty with you. If you keep my mouth filled with ice, I will keep quiet." "It is a bargain," responded Swaim, as he proceeded to carry out the terms of the treaty.

At another time during the night, when Col. Rockwell was watching by the bedside, the President moved uneasily and uttered a slight groan. Col. Rockwell asked if he was suffering much pain, to which the President responded: "Yes, I suffer some. I suppose the tigers are coming back; but they don't usually stay long. Don't be alarmed, old boy."

The night was, in spite of the President's cheerfulness, to every one at, or connected with the White House, a night of suspense and agony. It seemed as though the shadow of death had settled there, and that death itself might come before morning. The President's pulse was accelerated by a fever which would have burned his life away if not reduced. Those ominous prickly sensations in the feet and legs, characterized by the patient himself as "tiger clawing," showed that the nerves were protesting at some great injury done to one of the largest of them or to their centre, the spinal cord. It was a grave, critical time. The silent physicians, as they bent over the bedside, testing the pulse, the respiration and the temperature of the blood, knew that medical skill was of little avail. Restoration from relapse was to be the work of nature alone.

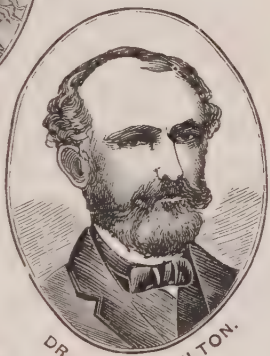
Nature did what was hoped she would do, though for three hours or more she struggled terribly with death. At length death was vanquished; but for how long? Would there be another

struggle, when, taxed beyond the power of resistance, nature must succumb? The physicians, as they silently moved from the sick chamber to the adjoining darkened room, where sat the members of the Cabinet, strangely mute, expressed this idea to them. It was needless for them to inquire. They glanced up with imploring look, and their glance asked the question more eagerly than words could ever do.

At midnight the White House doors were closed, and all the door-keepers departed but one, who seated himself at the open window on the west side of the corridor, on the lookout to admit privileged visitors. Thereafter nobody, except the physicians and Cabinet Ministers, was allowed to go up-stairs. A fat colored policeman kept patient watch at the iron gate in front of the grounds, before which a large crowd still lingered wistfully. A regular soldier, with fixed bayonet, paced silently on the path behind him. His comrades, wrapped in blankets, lay sleeping under the trees upon the eastern greensward, their rifles stacked in front of them. A long-bearded police sergeant sat, club in hand, upon the White House porch, surrounded by a dozen waiting newspaper men, beginning their weary all-night vigil. In the shadow of the turn in the pathway stood a hack, its negro driver fast asleep upon his box. At intervals, the white helmet and military short cloak of the officer in command of the troops appeared

DR. D. W. BLISS.

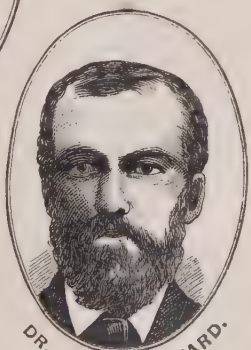
DR. D. HAYES AGNEW.



DR. F. H. HAMILTON.

DR. J. K. BARNES.

DR. ROBT. REYBURN.



DR. J. J. WOODWARD.

SURGEONS IN CHARGE OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

out of the darkness, as he walked softly by on his rounds. The leaves of the trees were unstirred by the slightest breeze, and hardly a sound broke the stillness.

At 1 o'clock there was a subdued stir, caused by the arrival of a bulletin from the four physicians on guard in the sick-room. It was hastily perused by the reporters, who instantly flitted off to the telegraph office. Their appearance at the gate had an electrical effect upon the waiting crowd, who ran along with them, eagerly plying anxious inquiries. The message they threw right and left was of hope and improvement, and was received with sighs of relief and fervent "Thank Gods."

Alone in the hushed city, the great Western Union Building blazed with light, and buzzed with the hum of instruments. The receiving-room was thronged by message-senders, and on the operating floor a double force of perspiring operators were working at high tension. At 1.30 it was announced by the physicians that no further bulletins would be issued until 7.30 in the morning, and soon afterward the members of the Cabinet took their departure, for the purpose of obtaining a few hours of needed sleep. Secretary Lincoln said, in passing out, they had been assured that no change was likely to occur before morning. Secretary Blaine, when asked in a whisper regarding the probabilities, mournfully shook his head and hurried away. Secretary Windom

paused to request the door-keeper to summon him immediately should anything serious happen. All were grave and silent, and the impression they left was one to deaden hope. All the physicians, except Dr. Woodward, retired at 1 o'clock, and the President was reported to be sleeping quietly.

At 3.30 a messenger emerged from the White House and aroused the sleeping hackman in the shadow, and the vehicle rattled out of the gate, returning soon afterward with a tall, thin, white-whiskered gentleman in black, who was immediately ushered up-stairs. This was Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, who had been telegraphed for. A few minutes before 4 o'clock the muffled boom of the arsenal gun called attention to the fact that the skies were brightening with the coming dawn —the dawn of Independence Day, the glorious Fourth, now shrouded in silence and clad in mourning. As if they had awaited the signal, the robins and other birds immediately began to chirp and whistle all over the spacious grounds, and two tiny sparrows, who had a nest in front of the centre of the White House porch, flitted busily to and fro, conveying food to their brood. The sun quickly mounted the heavens. The soldiers on the lawn aroused themselves one by one, and crept sleepily off for a wash and breakfast. An ancient servant appeared from the cellar-depths with a long ladder and put out the lights in the grounds. People began to pass in the streets, and life gradually returned to the sorrowing city.

At 6 o'clock, Secretary Hunt's coachman drove up, and a messenger descended the White House stairs and informed the yawning watchers that the physicians had arisen, and had made a cursory examination of the President. Their conclusion was that he had held his own during the night. The messenger added that they were preparing to hold a consultation with Dr. Agnew, and that a thorough and exhaustive examination would take place at once. This was received by the crowds at the gates with joy—it presaged some little hope. How grateful these people were for even a little! Certainly nothing more touching than the faithfulness of these crowds in front of the White House gates was witnessed in connection with the affair.

Let me cite the messenger's experience that morning. As he passed the gates he was eagerly questioned for news by a colored man, who had stood guard there since the first. He was emphatically what is called "a poor nigger." He was hatless, shoeless, shirtless. The few worn garments which invested his spare frame wanted only an apology for going to pieces. His frizzed hair and thin gray beard were disheveled, but they seemed to gain a glory from the tints of the bright warm sunshine, whose heat was almost overpowering. Like an ancient servitor, stood the old man close to the sentries, and peered through the iron gates, whose portals he could not pass. When the messenger told him the

doctors had great hopes of saving the President, he said, simply but with fervor: "Thank God for that!" and turned again to his post by the palings, resuming his patient watch.

And so it was everywhere about the city. Men were tearful, prayerful and quiet. High and low shared in the feelings of sympathy and devotion. The Cabinet officers and their wives, men of mark who had won renown in battle, debate, or in the marts of trade, all had the sense of personal bereavement. Even old army veterans, some of them battle-scarred, to whom wounds were mere child's play in war-time, cried outright as the varying bulletins told the ebb and flow of that most precious life.

And this was the way in which the dawn of our National holiday came in at our National Capital. It hardly need be said there was no celebration. No one had the heart to do more than grieve. For the first time in the history of the American Republic the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was passed in the capital of the nation with no signs of recognition except the hoisting of the National flag. As it fluttered to the breeze, announcing life to the people, there were within the White House, pale faces and aching hearts. The President was again sinking. His life hung upon a thread. Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, of New York, was in consultation with the regular surgeons and Dr. Agnew. A

crisis had been reached. The consultation gave but little hope. As the heat of the day grew more pronounced, the President's condition became worse, and unfavorable bulletins carried all over the land gloom and mourning.

The heat was a bad omen for the wounded President; but his chamber was darkened, and Mrs. Garfield sat by his side fanning him. The ladies of the Cabinet relieved her from time to time, and there was no lack of loving hands to minister to the wants of the illustrious patient. Mrs. Garfield was the only member of the family allowed to enter the sick room. She sat by the bedside holding her husband's hand, and refused the surgeon's request, to leave him a moment, that she might take much-needed rest. The ladies of the Cabinet were excluded from the room, except at such time as some one of them was needed to attend to the President, and no person, except those who were called for actual service, was permitted to enter. Absolute quiet was imperative.

Secretary Blaine was early at the White House, and was present during the closing minutes of the consultation of doctors. After it was ended, he paced the library thoughtfully, battling manfully with the belief he couldn't overcome, that the President must die. Secretary Kirkwood and Postmaster-General James, with Mrs. James, entered the White House after the consulta-

tion was ended. Secretary Hunt and Attorney-General McVeagh followed soon after. All the gentlemen looked sad and weary from long watching; but most of them were hopeful of the future, or at least tried to be. Not one of them saw the President, but they watched silently in the library, catching eagerly every piece of news which came from the sick man's chamber.

At noon, the physicians made another examination of the wound. The result of this examination was not unfavorable in any sense. It did not show any change for the worse, but it did not indicate any change for the better. During the last hour the sick man had been seized with several attacks of vomiting, but no serious consequences were anticipated from them. The surgeons, by careful treatment, had succeeded in alleviating the pains in the feet and legs, and the patient rested much more easily than he had since the shooting. After noon, a great part of the time up to 3 o'clock was passed in sleeping. The naps were short, seldom exceeding five minutes, but they were refreshing, and they were relied on by the physicians to do much good. The President would awake from them, remain with his eyes open for about five minutes, and then doze off again. After one of these short naps, while Col. Rockwell was holding his hand, he suddenly asked: "What is the feeling in the country?" Col. Rockwell replied: "The country is full of sympathy

for you. We are saving all the papers so that you can see them when you get well; but you must not talk now. You can rest assured that all the people are greatly concerned about your condition." The President smiled, pressed his arm, turned over, and dozed off again.

The hours dragged themselves along on leaden feet. The heat grew more intense, ever exciting the gravest apprehensions in the minds of everybody as to its effect upon the sufferer. Yet the multitude of patient waiters in front of the gate grew larger constantly, until, to effect an entrance, one was obliged to make a detour of a half a block through the middle of the broad avenue. There were well-dressed men and women, laborers and negroes, all quiet, sober and silent, with deep anxiety depicted on their countenances, patiently awaiting the issue of the next bulletin, which it seemed would never come. It required a strong effort of memory to recall the anniversary that was passing away. Hundreds of privileged persons crept solemnly in and out of the White House, as though attending a funeral. All conversation was in whispers. Very little information was to be had, and that not of a reassuring character. Nobody was admitted to the sick chamber. The ante-rooms were sweltering, but everybody lingered until 7.30 o'clock, when another official bulletin was issued, describing the President's condition as worse, and stating that

the dreaded tympanites had increased in spite of the efforts of the physicians. The announcement fell like a pall upon the listeners, and, quickly spreading through the city, deepened the gloom that everywhere prevailed. It was of no avail that sanguine persons were to be found, who said that it was only natural that ailing persons should become depressed at nightfall. The extension of the tympanites was regarded as indicative that the sufferer was worse than at the same time the night before. The next two hours were the most anxious and miserable that the country had yet passed through. The awful suspense, the heavy hours of the Saturday before came back more horrible than ever. Then came another bulletin, full of unexpected cheer. "The President's condition," it said, "has greatly ameliorated." With lightning rapidity these words passed from mouth to mouth, followed by a train of brightening faces, and such exclamations as "That's good!" "Thank God!" and "Bless the Lord!" In an incredibly short space of time, the encouraging story was the topic of excited conversation everywhere—on the streets, in the hotel corridors, in homes, and in the cars all over the United States. Other reports, many of them well authenticated, came quickly after, each promising better things than the other, and the Fourth went out in a condition of universal thankfulness and rejoicing befitting the nation's birthday.

The scene within the White House during that evening is thus described by an eye-witness:

"There was a crisis. For the first time after his recovery from the shock of the bullet, the President seemed to lose hope himself. Part of the time he was delirious. He slept a little, but it was a sleep largely produced by frequent doses of morphine. He suffered pains; he moaned and tossed in his bed. The cheerful look departed from the eye. There were no jests upon his lips. The wives of the Cabinet officers were constant in their attendance. Everybody was already worn out when the result of the early evening consultation was announced. As is already known, it was unfavorable. Tympanites had again appeared, and apparently in a more threatening form than before. Grave men shook their heads, and Mrs. Blaine came from the President's room weeping. Even the brave Mrs. Garfield lost somewhat of the splendid courage which had sustained her throughout her trying ordeal. She almost fainted; and as the hot breath of the night and the gloom of the twilight entered the apartments, it seemed as though they foreboded a tragic ending of the crime of the fanatic.

"The chief men of the country were grieving with the nation. I sat in the great East Room with the Attorney-General. The last time I had been there it was at Mr. Hayes' last diplomatic reception, when thousands of elegantly dressed people thronged it, and music and lights and flowers made it, for that evening at least, the handsomest room in the country. Last night there were no lights. The great spaces were gloomy with what seemed to be the gloom of coming death. Through the open windows on the south side the summer air stole lazily, and the shadows of the draperies seemed to add to the darkness. There was no music now—only the sound of whispered conversation as people went up or down the stairs. Secretary Blaine came down alone. He looked worn out physically, and his face was the picture of unutter-

able grief. He spoke to no one, apparently saw no one. His eyes were on the floor as he passed out upon the porch fanning himself. That sick man's fate meant a great deal to his first Secretary; but there has been no talk of that, and for all that the world knows there has been no thought of it. The spectacle of the strong man of the White House struck down in an instant without warning, for no reason, and only to gratify the whim of a madman, absorbed everything else. The highest public duty, to save the life of the President, seems to be the thought of everybody connected with the government. Justice Field seemed constantly present at the White House, nervously moving here and there, talking with many of the attendants, and evidently finding it impossible to be at ease when he could not be in constant receipt of news from the President.

"Sitting in the room with Mr. McVeagh, I learned the state of mind of all about the White House. It is the fact that for at least two hours there had been no hope of the President's recovery. The doctors, the attendants, the ladies about the house and those who visit the family had given up. It was not thought that the patient would die during the night, but it was conceded that at least all hope had left. It is wonderful how strongly the President has attached to himself all those about him. Great, big, bluff, hearty Ingersoll, who has loved Garfield many years, but who has been somewhat estranged of late, walked through the upper halls with tears streaming down his cheeks. The members of the Cabinet seemed to feel as though they were losing a lifelong, personal friend. No one could doubt that who listened to the discouraged tones of Mr. McVeagh, as he said that he had no longer any hopes. Men cannot give their voices the quality of sympathy that comes from within and cannot be counterfeited. 'Ah,' said he, 'he was never a better President than he was at the moment when Guiteau's bullet struck him down. He never saw more clearly, and he never had a firmer or better purpose. He was going to be all that the best-thought of the

country ever expected of him. He was going to be a great President.'

"Suddenly there was a change for the better. Toward midnight, the troubled slumbers of the President became peaceful, and he soon sank into the best sleep he had enjoyed since the shooting on Saturday morning. His pulse and temperature became better; there were signs of an improved vitality; the breathing was easier; the pains ceased; there was no longer any appearance of dangerous inflammation or of peritonitis; hope began to dawn where despondency had been; the faces that had been full of gloom began to look hopeful; there was yet some encouragement; recovery flung out her signals in the steady breathings and the peaceful slumber of the President. The improvement continued, and soon it was certain that the patient would at least survive through the night, and that it could again be said that there was hope of final recovery. It seemed as though the strong will and constitution of the man had made one more effort for life. The struggle all along has been one of ups and downs. Now the wound appears to have its way, and then again the man of vim, will and frame asserts himself. This ought to be borne in mind in considering the relative importance of the bulletins that are issued by the attending physicians. They simply indicate a struggle and the existence of a possibility that the President may live. That is all."

The next morning there seemed to be more sunshine in life, more beauty in nature, more goodness in the world—the President was better. During the day and the next night he held his own. On Wednesday, Washington returned to its normal condition. All business, which had been so rudely interrupted, went on again as usual, and the bulletins that appeared from time to time, were encouraging.

The President had all along been impatient

to see his children, who up to this time—July 9th—had been excluded from his bed-room. He was, however, so well on that day, that it was decided to allow them to come in one by one. The three children were called together—Harry, Jimmie and Mollie—and each was told that a visit was to be paid to their father. Before being admitted to the room they were cautioned not to talk and not to allow their father to converse with them. As Miss Millie entered the sick room she stood on the threshold a moment, and brushing away a few tears that would show themselves, she advanced firmly up to the bed on which her father lay. The President was turned the other way when his daughter entered, but he heard her light step and at once guessed it was she.

"My dearest girl," he said, moving near where his daughter was standing. He clasped her hands in his and was about to speak further when she disengaged one of her hands and placed a finger across his lip. He playfully attempted to bite the finger and then smiled.

"You are a brave, good child, Mollie," he said; "and you must hope that your papa will get well."

"You will get better, papa; I know you will," Miss Mollie replied, trying to keep back the tears; "but you must not talk."

The father held his daughter's hands in his until the latter quietly slipped out of the room, knowing that her brothers would be impatient for the favor she had already enjoyed.

The meeting between father and sons was affecting. He grasped the right hand of Harry, the elder, and was evidently greatly agitated. The youth bore himself well and showed no signs of the storm that must have been raging within him. He said a few cheery words to his father, and the latter responded a trifle sadly that he hoped he would get better to be with his wife and children once more. Seeing that his presence seemed to affect his father Harry withdrew and Jimmie was admitted. He was detained by his father for a long time, but the President did not talk much, as his son would not allow him to do so. The President asked him what he had been doing all the morning, and Jimmie answered that he had been waiting to see his papa. "That's a good boy, my son," said the father.

From that day until Saturday, July 23d, there was nothing, apparently, but a steady march to convalescence. While the hearts of the people watched eagerly, closely, always, for the slightest change, they had come to the conclusion that Providence was on their side, and the President would get well. Aided by the physicians, he was rapidly doing so. That morning, however, there was a relapse. This is told in the story of the bulletins, to which the next chapter is devoted.

CHAPTER XL.

THE STORY OF THE BULLETINS.

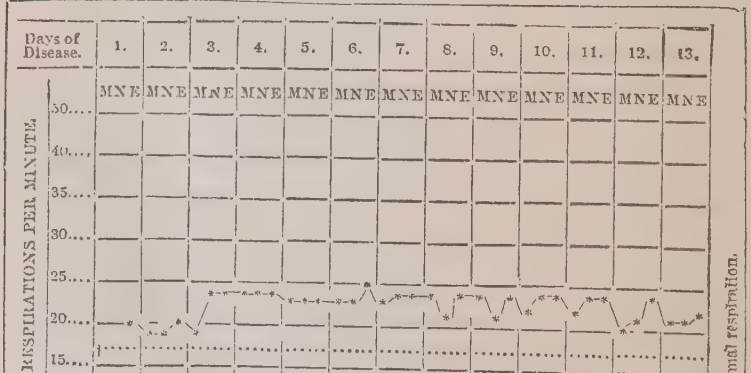
WHEN the President lay wounded in the railway station, the first physician to reach his side was Dr. Smith Townshend, Health Officer of the District of Columbia. Dr. Townshend, on arriving, found that a faint and slight vomiting had just occurred. There was no pulse perceptible. Aromatic spirits of ammonia and brandy were immediately administered. The clothing having been loosened, Dr. Townshend examined the wound, and was impressed with a belief that it was necessarily fatal. Dr. Townshend was succeeded by Dr. D. W. Bliss, whom the President immediately asked to take charge of his case. A number of doctors answered the summons for medical aid with promptness, and from those who came, three more were selected to assist Dr. Bliss, namely, Surgeon-General J. K. Barnes, of the army; and Doctors J. J. Woodward and Robert Reyburn. During Saturday and the ever-eventful Sunday, these gentlemen decided that the best thing to do was to do very

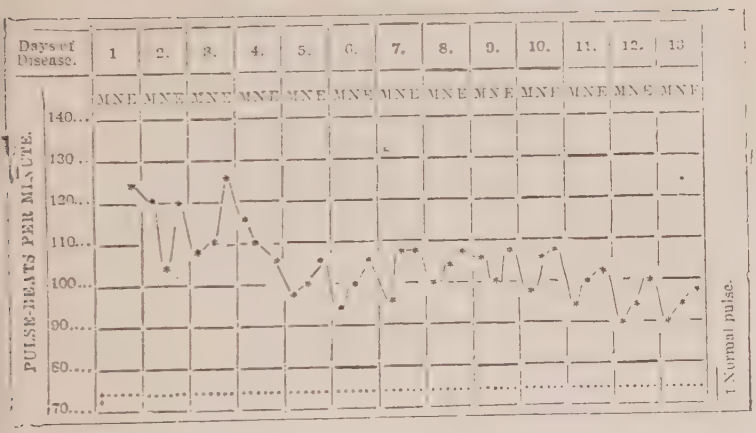
little. The wound was situated on the right side, four inches from the spine, and passed between the tenth and eleventh ribs, fracturing the upper edge of the latter. The ball then passed apparently through the liver, and lodged in the abdomen. The wound was dressed antiseptically (*i. e.*, the preventing of putrefaction of the wounded parts)—quinine was administered to prevent malaria seizing on the system, and a hypodermic injection of morphine was also given to induce sleep and quiet the bowels. It was deemed advisable to send for further medical advice, and Doctors Frank H. Hamilton, of New York, and D. Hayes Agnew, of Philadelphia, were summoned by telegraph. They arrived Monday morning, and with the surgeons already in attendance, held a consultation. They fully approved the course of treatment that had been adopted, and urged its continuance.

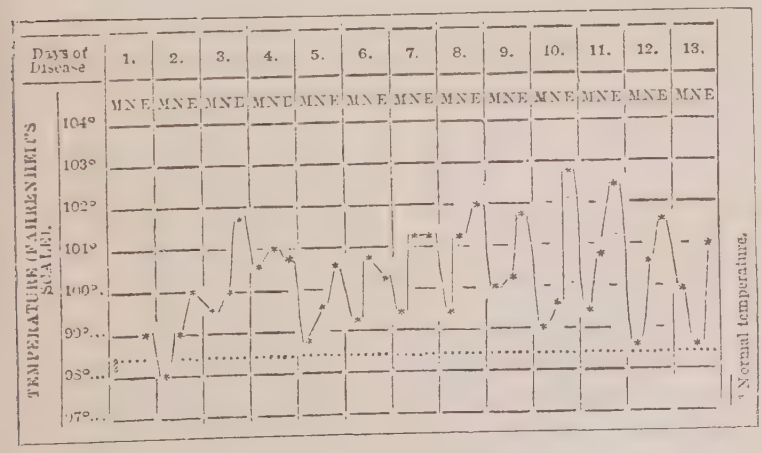
It was then decided, in order to satisfy the extreme anxiety of the public, to issue official bulletins three times daily. The use of technical terms in these bulletins could not be avoided, especially when the necessity of condensation, in order that they might be quickly prepared and frequently issued, is taken into consideration. It is but natural that very many persons should be unfamiliar with these terms, and, with the view of rendering the bulletins intelligible to all, the surgeons accompanied the figures showing

temperature, pulse and respiration with a brief remark, to the effect that "the President's condition continues favorable."

The following tables will enable the reader to obtain a correct diagnosis of the case on three points—pulse, temperature, respiration—from the first day until July 15th, on which day, convalescence seemed so sure that I stopped compiling the tables. The letters M, N and E, stand for morning, noon and evening, and the positions of the dots on each square of the diagram show the upward and downward fluctuations from better to worse and from worse to better during each day of the President's illness, the normal condition being shown by the horizontal lines of dots in the tables of respiration, pulse-beats and temperature.







A word in explanation of these tables. "Pulse," on a bulletin, means the number of beats per minute of the patient's pulse. This, as every-

body understands, is determined by counting the pulsations, watch in hand. "Temperature" means the degree of heat, Fahrenheit, of the patient's body. This is ascertained by placing the bulb of a small thermometer, specially arranged and adapted for the purpose, in the mouth of the patient, or under the armpit, as the attending surgeon may see fit. The highest degree registered by the mercury shows the temperature of the body. "Respiration" means the number of breathings per minute, and these, like the pulsations, are ascertained by watching and counting the times the chest rises and falls per minute. In good health, the natural beats of the pulse vary in different persons. The average of adults is from 60 to 70 per minute. There are, however, very wide differences, even in healthy persons. For instance, Bonaparte's natural pulse-beat was only about 42, while that of one of the lord justices of England was as high as 128 per minute. These, however, are extremes. Then, too, the pulse-beats of healthy persons vary at different times of the day, or, according to the position of the body, or to the activity or quiet of the person. The greatest frequency of the beats occurs during the middle of the day, and the least about midnight. As a rule, in health, the pulse is quicker in the morning than in the evening; but in fever, especially in warm weather, this is reversed, and the increase is in the evening.

The President's pulse, since the hopeful symptoms of his case set in, has invariably quickened in the evening and decreased in the morning. The doctors attributed the increase to the heat, stir and bustle incident to the daytime, and the decrease to the cooler atmosphere and the general quiet which prevailed at night. President Garfield's natural pulse, when in good health and quiet, is about 70 beats per minute. The highest pulsation reached in his case was 126. For several days it ranged from 108 to 96. In cases of extreme lethargy, the pulse has been known to go down to 17, and the other extreme on record is 200; the latter occurring in children afflicted with water on the brain. The average temperature or natural heat of the human body, in good condition of health, is 98½° (98.5° Fahr.). The 98th degree is marked on the thermometers as "blood-heat." Cases are on record in which the temperature rose to 108° in children and 107° in adults; but 105° is regarded as almost certain death, and 104° as extremely dangerous. Raving yellow fever patients are said to rarely go above 105°. The President's temperature has been as low as 98.9°, only four-tenths of a degree above normal. On the 12th it reached 102.8°. The surgeons ascribed this unusual rise—it had not been going above 101°, and fractions—to excitement of the patient, produced by the hammering and other noises and stir necessary to the intro-

duction of the pipes for compressed air. In cases of cholera, the temperature of the body has been known to fall to 77°; but the icy hand of death already had hold of the patient. The President's respiration varied from 19 to 24. In health, and when entirely free from any exciting influence, the natural respiration (number of breathings per minute) of an adult is from 14 to 18, but, in cases of sickness and wounds, it has been recorded as low as 7 and as high as 100 per minute.

The story of the bulletins through these thirteen days is further elaborated from their text. The most important question presented the doctors, was, Where was the ball? Surgeon-General Wales, of the Navy, after an examination on Saturday evening, located it as lodged in the abdominal cavity. Drs. Hamilton and Agnew concurred in this opinion. On Sunday, the appearance of tympanites gave rise to alarm. Tympanites is a swelling of the abdomen, like a drum (tympan), from an accumulation of air or gases in the intestinal tube or in the peritoneum. It happily disappeared before it developed to any very serious extent. The President, from the first, complained of pains in his feet and ankles, which Dr. Agnew ascribed to the laceration of the liver and severing of certain nerves thrown out from the spinal column. On the evening of the 4th, the tympanites was again more noticeable, while the pains in the feet had been alleviated.

During that day, there was some slight vomiting, but it ceased by midnight. Milk and lime-water was given in small quantities, from Saturday till Monday afternoon, when a little chicken broth was administered. The intestinal functions were normally performed, and there was no attempt made to force food upon the patient, in order that the pelvic organs might be as little disturbed as possible. Brandy and cracked ice were administered on Saturday in small quantities, but it was found that the patient could not retain it. On Sunday night, a glass of champagne was given, with excellent effect. On Monday, it was decided to give as little as possible of anything. On Tuesday, the patient was able to retain an ounce and a half of chicken broth every two hours. The wound was dressed again, as it had been each day, antiseptically. It took only half a grain of morphia to induce the necessary sleep.

The bulletins of July 7th, noted the continuation of the favorable symptoms. The night before, a quarter of a grain of morphia sulphate was administered. That morning oat-meal gruel and milk were taken, at intervals of two hours, with apparent relish. The slight yellowishness of the skin, indicating a wound in the liver, which appeared the night before, had disappeared. The bulletin of July 8th, stated that during the afternoon and evening of the day before, the President was troubled with acid eructations, and the

administration of nutrients was suspended for several hours. One quarter of a grain of morphine was administered hypodermically at 8.30 P. M., and followed at once by tranquil sleep. Toward midnight, however, restlessness was noticeable, and a good deal of muscular soreness in the feet and of pain in the ankle joints. After 1 o'clock A. M., the patient passed the night tranquilly, sleeping composedly most of the time. At intervals after that hour he took an ounce of albumen chicken broth, alternating with an ounce of milk, to which a teaspoonful of very old and excellent rum was added. All this was retained, as well as five grains of sulphate of quinia, taken the next morning at 8 o'clock. The yellowish tinge of the skin had sensibly diminished. When the antiseptic dressing was renewed that morning the wound was found to be discharging a small quantity of a healthy looking pus. The reaction accompanying the establishment of suppuration was, as might be expected, marked by a slight rise of temperature and pulse as compared with the corresponding hours of the day before. This, however, was not regarded as unfavorable under the circumstances.

That night the patient became restless, and seemed anxious for the morphia. A quarter of a grain was administered under the skin. The next morning, the 9th, he took 10 grains of sulphate of quinia, which did not disturb the stomach. This thereafter was about the usual course, a little

morphia at night, and quinine in the morning; dressing the wound antiseptically, the pus discharging itself through a small drain-pipe inserted in the wound to the depth of three and a half inches. Rum and milk with a little milk toast was the general diet. On the 13th, he had for breakfast the breast of a woodcock, which he chewed, but did not swallow. On the 14th, there was a decided improvement in the appetite, and in addition to the diet just mentioned, he was given a small sandwich made of bread and scraped raw beef, a small quantity of beef juice, with an ounce of Tokay wine, all of which he appeared to relish. The effect of this increase in the quantity and variety of the food was plainly visible in the additional strength exhibited soon after partaking of it, as the digestive organs continued to perform their functions in a healthy manner. On the 15th, the improvement was so marked, that although the consulting surgeons did not say so, it was believed that the patient was convalescing. The craving for food was quite marked on that day, and a beefsteak asked for, which was naturally refused. The condition of the wound was now very favorable, and it was evident that it was healing rapidly, the ball being lodged in the abdominal wall. It could be removed by an operation, or it might be inclosed in a sack of membrane and stay in the system without producing the least deleterious effect during the remainder of the President's life.

On the 23d, came a relapse. That morning, about 7 o'clock, the President was taken with a severe chill while the physicians were examining and dressing his wounds. They detected a tremor before he complained, and instantly replaced the bandages. The patient clenched his hands, and his face became white. He looked anxiously at the physicians, but said nothing. Slight contractions of the muscles then appeared and later on his jaws moved convulsively. Presently the muscles softened, and he breathed heavily. The chill seemed to have passed away, but in less than a minute he was again suffering. The same symptoms appeared as during the first attack, but remaining longer. After another interval of relief, they appeared for the third time. The three spasms lasted twelve minutes. Morphia was then administered, and the President became quiet, but for more than an hour afterward he was restless, in some pain, and in constant apprehension of another chill. It thus happened that it was 10 o'clock before the physicians felt justified in removing the bandages to complete the examination. The result was that the President's condition changed from pulse 92, temperature and respiration normal, at 7 o'clock, to pulse 110, temperature 101, and respiration 24 at 10 o'clock. This change thoroughly alarmed the physicians. They had said, during the earlier days of the President's confinement, that his safety depended largely upon

the prevention of a chill, and that in case of a chill there would be little hope for him. Of late, while not positively declaring him out of danger, they have given it to be understood that recovery was practically assured. The appearance of a chill at this time was, therefore, wholly unexpected. Their first thought was that the indication pointed to a fatal termination, and dispatches were at once sent to Drs. Hamilton and Agnew, the consulting physicians, urging their immediate attendance. This was at 9 o'clock, when the pulse leaped to 130. It subsided rapidly during the next hour. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, however, fever set in strongly, and there was a second chill at 11 o'clock. Nothing having, up to that time, been heard from the consulting surgeons, a second dispatch was sent to them, and replies were received early in the afternoon. The pulse took an upward turn, and by 1 o'clock a partial examination showed a pulse of 125, and a temperature at 104, or five and a half degrees above normal. The temperature had reached so high a point but once before since the shooting. At this time, under an increased dose of morphia, the President fell asleep. Thereafter during the afternoon he slept fitfully. The pulse had fallen to 106 at 3 o'clock, and to 100 shortly before 4 o'clock. During the night the President rested well up to midnight, under the temporary relief afforded by the resumption of the discharge from the wound, and the increased hyp-

notic administered. The recurrence of a slight chill at midnight, however, showed that the difficulty was not all removed.

As soon as it was possible next morning, an examination by the six surgeons was had. This showed that a pus cavity had formed in the track of the ball, near and beyond the point where it glanced from the rib, and that this cavity could be reached by a direct incision three inches below the mouth of the wound. It was decided at once to perform the operation. No anæsthetics were used, but the part to be operated upon was benumbed by a spray of ether, and a wide cut was made into the pus cavity, which was reached at a depth of little more than an inch. With the aid of a probe and a pair of forceps, a drainage-tube, which is a small flexible tube of rubber, perforated with holes, was then introduced into the wound made by the ball, and, after being carried through the pus cavity, was brought out through the newly-made incision. One end of the tube then projected from the cut made by the surgeon's knife and the other from the mouth of the original wound. As the pus oozed into the tube through the perforation, it could escape from either end, and was repeatedly washed out with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water, which was thrown through the tube in a stream. The discharge which followed the opening of the pus cavity was entirely satisfactory to the surgeons,

and was soon followed by relief to the patient. The operation was performed by Dr. Agnew. The formation of this cavity was quite natural, when it is remembered that the direction taken by the ball after it entered the body was forward and slightly downward, until it struck one of the ribs. It was thence deflected still further downward and a little to the right, so as to make an acute angle with the line of the back. In other words, when a probe was introduced into the wound to a depth of three or three and a half inches, its direction was such that its inner end was only about an inch and a half from the outside of the body at a point lower down. The operation was most successful, and, by the evening of the 25th, the President was again himself, though, of necessity, rather weak. The operation relieved him greatly.

One of the difficulties encountered by the physicians, was the question of temperature, the intense heat of the early days of July threatening to become a danger. It was decided to attempt to lower the temperature of the patient's room, by artificial means. At first a simple apparatus was attempted, an idea borrowed from India. It consisted in a number of troughs of galvanized iron, about ten inches in width and fourteen feet in length, placed on the floor along the walls and filled with water and broken ice. Over these troughs, and corresponding with them in length, were suspended sheets of flannel, the lower edges

of which were immersed in the ice-water which filled the troughs. The water was absorbed and carried upward by capillary attraction in the flannel, as oil is in the wick of a lamp, until the sheets were saturated. This cold water by direct contact with air and by the rapid evaporation which takes place over the extended surface of the saturated flannel, lowered the temperature of the room. It did not, however, produce sufficiently good results, and was abandoned in favor of other methods.

All sorts of systems were proposed and brought to Washington. The White House cellar was turned into a machine shop, and exhibited all the features of a machinery exhibit. Mr. Dorsey, a skillful mining engineer, was placed in charge of the plans. Whereupon Secretary Hunt issued the following order addressed to Commodore Patteson, commanding the Washington Navy Yard:

"You will place under the disposal of Mr. Dorsey every article of machinery for which he may make application to you; you will also assign to duty a skillful and efficient engineer and machinist, with such other assistants as he may require from you; you will obtain all necessary transportation of material and men Mr. Dorsey may require. They must be furnished without delay, as they are for the use of surgeons at the Executive Mansion, and are deemed necessary to the health and comfort of the President during his present critical illness."

Mr. Dorsey's plan was based on the system used to cool the air in mines. The air is compressed by means of a stationary engine. This

air, when crowded into smaller space, gives out a great amount of heat, which is carried away by running water. As soon as the air is again set free, it becomes refrigerated by expansion, just in proportion as it has before been heated by compression. The system worked very successfully, and by its means the temperature of the room was kept at 75° to 76°.

It was not to be supposed that the country at large would allow the doctors in charge to conduct their case unmolested. The opportunity was too magnificent for the American letter-writer to forego. Said one of these gentlemen: "Among the valuable contributions we have received is an electrical probe, from Boston, very flexible, and the insertion of which will show the track of the wound, completing the circuit when it comes in contact with the ball. From Brooklyn a surgeon has sent a pair of bullet forceps of the latest improved pattern. From Milwaukee we have received the finest lot of antiseptic dressing that could be found in the United States, and which is in constant use in the dressing of the wound. Besides, the drainage tubes, used in drawing the pus from the wound, are the contributions of the same firm. Rare wines, old wines, valuable suggestions from eminent surgeons, and advice that is worthless, and which comes by the cubic foot from every part of the country, are among the daily receipts. Most of the remedies

recommended are what are known as 'old women's' remedies. One man gives this sage advice: 'If inflammation sets, apply hot towels as hot as they can be borne.' Another man sends an instruction that, if followed, will result in a certain cure. He sends with it a group picture of his entire family, eight in all, 'who pray day and night for the President's recovery.'"

The cure was very largely assisted by the President himself. With a noble will-power and a splendid courage he fought disease for every minute, and defied Death to win. All the while he was cheerful to every one. One day, on awakening from one of his short naps, he was given two ounces of chicken broth. After he had eaten it, Mr. Crump, the White House steward, took the bowl away, and, seating himself by the bed, began to fan him vigorously. The President at this time was thirsting for water, and, after looking at Mr. Crump quizzically for a few moments, he said: "Crump, after the chicken broth what comes?" The steward made no answer, apparently forgetting for the moment that the President was accustomed to drink after eating. After a brief silence, General Garfield said, interrogatively: "Medicine water?" Crump took the hint, and gave him a sip of water, and after drinking it the President gratified the steward by clapping his hands in applause. Saturday morning, the 9th, Dr. Boynton, his old family physician,

went in to see him. The President, with a smile, said to him:

"Boynton, I am glad you are here yet. What do you think of my chances to-day?"

"Oh, I think you are getting along very nicely indeed, Mr. President. Everything seems favorable for your recovery."

"I will recover, Boynton; but I've had a terrible struggle with prostration for several days."

"But you seem to have conquered."

"Do you think so?"

And then glancing up at the clock, whose hands pointed to 9 o'clock, said: "In fifteen minutes it will be a week—a long week, Boynton."

His eyes closed, and then he said: "Boynton, have you any idea where that ball is?"

I told him I thought it was lodged in the interior wall of the abdomen, and he said he thought so too, and added: "It is lucky it struck the ribs. If this wound can be kept open I will get well."

When first wounded, his thought was of his loved wife and little ones, and how to spare them pain. I have related elsewhere how he sent a dispatch to his wife in the earliest minutes of his trial. After her, his mother's anxiety was uppermost in his mind, and, by his direction, care was taken to send the old lady messages of cheer and hope. This was done by Harry, the President's eldest son, in the following telegram:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
"July 2d, 1881.

"*To Mrs. Eliza Garfield, Solon, Ohio:*

"Don't be alarmed by sensational rumors; doctor thinks it will not be fatal. Don't think of coming until you hear further. HARRY A. GARFIELD."

When those good, kind-hearted women, Mrs. James, Mrs. Hunt, and others, sat up during the long watches of Saturday night, when all was gloom, and not one bright ray of hope appeared, and when he was told he had only a single chance of life, he repeated that he was not afraid to die. During this time, there was, on his part, the most tender consideration for others. He moved his arm, while in a paroxysm of pain, and just touched a little rudely one of his kind-hearted watchers. Instantly he lost all feeling for himself, and his lips parted with a heart-felt apology for having been guilty of brusqueness toward the lady who had not even given the circumstance a thought, and would not have done so had it not been for the innate manliness of the one who lay on his bed of pain. His demeanor toward his noble-hearted wife was chivalrous in its best sense. He ever sought her ease and welfare and to keep her from anxiety and suspense. When she first entered his room, he met her with a smiling face; and he had a smile and a word of cheer always afterward, even though his sufferings were at times very great.

Next to the good effect of his own spirits as a

curative agent, must be placed the invincible faith and devotion of his wife. Her cheerful, hopeful demeanor did much to free from care her husband's mind. She had just risen from a bed of sickness, and he was afraid that she would have a relapse. She, poor woman, knowing his fear, steeled herself by a mighty effort. Conquering everything, she took up her new burden with the strength of a devoted heart, and carried it with the bravery of a martyr. To no one did she complain; to no one did her husband say a word of aught except kindness. They were a model husband and wife, under circumstances most trying to their natures. Each brought solace to the other; and the wife ministered at the bedside of her liege with an intelligence none the less powerful and efficient than the love she showed. The few persons who were admitted to the chamber of pain—the doctors, the watchers and the nearest of kin—bore unconscious testimony to the conduct of the first gentleman and first lady of the land. Words were let drop, kind expressions were repeated, and bit by bit came out the heart-history of the loving pair. Such stories spread. All were only too willing to help embalm in the memory of friends the ministry of love and gentleness, of kindness and of devotion which the national Executive Mansion disclosed. People took the stories to heart, and they fashioned inwardly portraits of the President,

which did no injustice to the kindest and best of men the earth ever saw. There was a hero worship that was carried out to a surprising extent; but the people knew and felt there was a good basis for much of what they believed, and the glamour of devotion added bright and attractive colors to the picture, and gave it a frame of affection.

One more glimpse of Mrs. Garfield to close the chapter. The New York Chamber of Commerce inaugurated, as the reader knows, a subscription of $250,000 for Mrs. Garfield, and after her, her children. When the announcement was made to her, she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion: "If it were only possible," she said, "for my husband and me to go around and see all those dear people who have been so grateful in their remembrance for us here of late days, I would be so happy; and I know he would, too. I want to thank them—to tell them all how kindly I feel toward them for what they have said to me. I never could understand anything about politics, and if I liked a person, it made no difference whether they were Republicans or Democrats; and now I have grown to think that there is not much difference between the two great parties, for one says just as kind words in our present affliction as the other. It makes me feel like forming an opinion as to what I would do were women permitted to vote as well as men. I believe I would get two tickets, fold them together so as to look like one, and drop both in the ballot-box."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WORLD WITHOUT.

AFTER the first moments of amazement, incredulity, horror and suspense, the people—the world—offered condolence. The emotion and spectacle were without parallel. In every household there was a hushed and tender silence, as if one long loved lay dying. The public festivities of the Nation's birthday were stayed, and the crowds that had gathered to form festivals were transformed into praying congregations, earnestly petitioning the Throne of Grace for mercy for the President. Abroad, American gayety was given over. In the British Parliament, Whig, and Tory, and Radical listened to catch from the lips of the Prime Minister, the latest tidings from the sufferer. From the French republic, from the old empire of Japan and the new kingdom of Bulgaria, from Parnell, the Irish agitator, and from the Lord Mayor of Dublin, came messages of sympathy and sorrow. Sovereigns and princes, the people and the nobles, joined in earnest hope for the life of the Republican President. The press of all Christendom told the mournful story, and moralized,

as it told. At home the popular grief was absolutely unanimous. One tender, overpowering thought called a truce even to party contention. Old and young, men and women of all nationalities and of all preferences, their differences forgotten, waited all day for news, watched the flags and every sign that might be significant, and lay down to sleep, thanking God that as yet the worst had not come.

It was a marvelous spectacle. It was—this feeling of millions for that one man—profoundly touching. It blessed him with great distinction among mankind. It blessed the country in that it stirred the people with a great overmastering emotion. I have not space to chronicle all the words of sympathy that went on the wings of the wires to Washington. They would fill several volumes as large as this. In London, the shooting of the President excited the profoundest sensation of consternation and grief among the American residents. The greatest anxiety was everywhere manifested to hear further news. The offices of newspapers and news agencies were visited by crowds to gain information. Crowds gathered at the American Exchange in the Strand. As the news spread among the theatres and other places of resort, the Americans left the buildings, and many ladies and gentlemen, in evening dresses, went direct to the American Exchange for the latest details. There were numerous callers at

United States Minister Lowell's private residence, to inquire concerning the President. Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary, received a telegram from the British Legation at Washington, announcing the sad affair, and he at once cabled his condolences. The Queen, who was at Windsor Castle, immediately, on receipt of the news, personally telegraphed to Minister Lowell a message expressing deep regret and concern. The Town Councils of many inland towns passed resolutions of sympathy. In the British Parliament allusions were made to the affair amidst profound silence and regret. The Poet Laureate telegraphed his condolences. The members of the Royal Family sent to our Minister to know all he knew. The Cobden Club forwarded a letter to Mrs. Garfield, expressing the earnest wish for the President's early recovery. Prayers were ordered daily in Westminster Abbey. The Lord Mayor of London telegraphed his condolences. Mr. Gladstone sent the following letter to Mrs. Garfield:

"LONDON, July 21st, 1881.

"DEAR MADAM: You will, I am sure, excuse me, though a personal stranger, for addressing you by letter to convey to you the assurance of my own feelings and those of my countrymen, on the occasion of the late horrible attempt to murder the President of the United States, in a form more palpable, at least, than that of messages conveyed by telegraph. Those feelings have been feelings, in the first instance, of sympathy, and afterward of joy and thankfulness almost comparable, and, I venture to say, only second to the strong emotions of

the great nation of which he is the appointed head. Individually, I have, let me beg you to believe, had my full share in the sentiments which have possessed the British nation. They have been prompted and quickened largely by what, I venture to think, is the ever-growing sense of harmony and mutual respect and affection between the countries, and of a relationship which, from year to year, becomes more and more a practical bond of union between us; but they have also drawn much of their strength from a cordial admiration of the simple heroism which has marked the personal conduct of the President, for we have not yet wholly lost the capacity of appreciating such an example of Christian faith and manly fortitude. This exemplary picture has been made complete by your own contribution to its noble and touching features, on which I only forbear to dwell because I am directly addressing you. I beg to have my respectful compliments and congratulations conveyed to the President, and to remain, dear madam, with great esteem,

"Your most faithful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

To this Secretary Blaine replied by cable:

"WASHINGTON, July 22d, 1881.

"LOWELL, Minister, London: I have laid before Mrs. Garfield the note of Mr. Gladstone, just received by cable. I am requested by her to say that among the many thousand manifestations of interest and expressions of sympathy which have reached her, none had more deeply touched her than the kind words of Mr. Gladstone. His own solicitude and condolence are received with gratitude. But far beyond this she recognized that Mr. Gladstone rightfully speaks for the people of the British Isles, whose sympathy in this national and personal affliction has been as quick and as sincere as that of her own countrymen. Her chief pleasure in Mr. Gladstone's cordial letter is found in the comfort which it brings

to her husband. The President is cheered and pleased on his painful and weary way to health by the many messages of sympathy which, in his returning strength, he safely receives and most gratefully appreciates.

"BLAINE, Secretary."

On the Continent, the head of every country hastened to offer sympathy. The Emperors of Russia, Austria, Germany; the Kings of Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, and Spain; the Sultan of Turkey; the Presidents of France and Switzerland, hundreds of statesmen and distinguished men, sent, through various channels to Washington, kind words and wishes from sympathetic hearts.

At home, the universal expression of sympathy found appropriate channels in the governors of states, mayors of cities, legislatures, boards of trade, clubs, associations, and conventions of every description, grand juries, churches, etc., etc. The South particularly manifested a most noble sympathy. Governor R. W. Cobb, of Alabama, telegraphed:

"Reports of the favorable indications gladden the hearts of Alabamans, who profoundly sympathize with the President and his family, and bitterly denounce the cowardly and brutal attempt on his life. The great peril through which he is passing draws all men to him, and he will resume his duties with a more generous and patriotic support from the people of the whole country."

Congressman E. W. Robertson telegraphed from Baton Rouge, Louisiana:

"The heartfelt, outspoken sorrow of our people at the late dastardly attempt upon the life of the President, prompts me to express their prayerful hopes for his speedy recovery."

Jefferson Davis wrote the following letter:

"BEAUVOIR, MISS., July 5th, 1881.

"MR. FINDLEY S. COLLINS—Dear Sir: I have received yours of the 4th inst., and thank you for the kind expressions it contained. The evil influences to which you refer as causing the bitterness felt toward Southern men, it may fairly be expected, will give way to the sober sense of the people, if they shall, like yourself, detect the sordid motives for which the stimulants are administered. I well like the telegram you cite in regard to the attempted assassination of the President. I am thankful the assassin was not a Southern man, but will say I regret that an American crime, black enough in itself, has a deeper dye from the mercenary motive which seems to have prompted it. I sincerely trust the President may recover, and that the startling event will arouse the people to the consideration of a remedy for the demoralization which a wild hunt after office is creating. With best wishes for your welfare, I am, very truly yours,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic promulgated the following order:

"HEAD-QUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
"BOSTON, July 7th, 1881.

"[General Order, No. 42.]

"Awaiting the fateful issue which hangs like a pall over our land, grateful for the glimpse of sunshine through the dark cloud, the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic tender their old comrade in arms, the stricken President, their sympathy and love. What lies behind the veil of the future

we may not seek to know; but remembering that the same Almighty which guided us to victory is beside our fallen comrade, let us cast out all our fears and send to the throne of grace, not a cry of despair, but a prayer of hope and faith in the Divine wisdom and love.

(Signed),

"GEO. S. MERRILL, Commander-in-Chief.
"WILLIAM M. OLIN, Adjutant-General."

The bench took notice of the national calamity. Said Judge Ludlow, of Philadelphia, in charging the Grand Jury for the July Term:

"We meet to-day under adverse circumstances; we are under the shadow of a great cloud, and our hearts beat with alternate hope and fear; we do not yet know what the end will be, but this we all understand, that law and order must prevail; that the constituted authorities must be respected and sustained, and woe betide the man who dares to raise even so much as his little finger against the integrity of the Republic or against the life or lives of its lawfully elected officers. I care not what may be your politics, faith or religious feelings. I know this, that as Americans, you represent not only the citizens of this country, but, in a sense, Americans everywhere all over this land, and you will join with me in as severe a condemnation of this anti-American crime as can be uttered in human language, and in a devout prayer to the Almighty that the life of the legally elected and inaugurated President of the United States may be spared to the nation and to his family."

The church was equally as ready. Prayers were offered in every pulpit in the land. Special services were held, imploring the Almighty to spare the President's life.

The Archbishop of Baltimore, the Most Rev. James Gibbons, issued the following to his clergy:

"Rev. and Dear Sir.—You, in common with all others, have heard with amazement and horror of the late attempted assassination of His Excellency, the President of the United States. It is scarcely possible to imagine a deed more appalling to men or more iniquitous before God; for if it is such a crime to slay even a private citizen, what an enormity is it to attempt the death of one who, while representing the whole nation, is also, as to matters temporal, the highest vicegerent of God Himself in the land; and the act of the assassin is the more heinous, since he had neither a private grievance to avenge nor the semblance of a public wrong to redress. And our detestation of the wretch who has stricken down our head is yet more increased when we add to the official dignity of the sufferer his accessibility and affability to all, and his committing, like all his predecessors, his personal safety entirely to the good-will and good sense of those over whom he presides. Well may we stand aghast when, in this crime and in another like crime perpetrated a few months ago, we see the mischief of which a single individual is capable when he has ceased to fear God, to value man or to dread the consequences of giving free scope to his own passion. In the fact, then, of this most hideous deed, we are called upon to express at once our loathing of the crime and our deep sympathy with him whom this crime has placed in such great suffering and such imminent peril, for while the Catholic Church is happily above all our parties, and is far from the wish to take to herself the decision of the very transient, and, as a rule, not very momentous questions as to which of these parties are at issue, yet none more than the Catholic Church inculcates respect for every duly constituted authority, or more reprobates or threatens everything by which such authority is assailed.

"You will, therefore, with all the power at your command,

urge our people to pray during Mass, and at other times, for the recovery of His Excellency, and on Sunday next, should he then still survive, you will say in his behalf, before or after Mass, and together with all your people, the Litany of the Saints, as at once entreating God to spare his life, and also as making an act of expiation for a crime which appertains to us as a nation, and not only concerns, but tarnishes us all.

"Very faithfully, your friend in Christ,

JAMES,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

In Kentucky and Arkansas the 14th of July was made, by proclamation, a day of fasting and prayer for the President's recovery. Governor Foster of Ohio telegraphed the governor of every State, asking him to join in a movement to hold a day next autumn as a day of National Thanksgiving for the President's recovery. Every governor except Governor Roberts of Texas, who is a crank, answered gladly. The movement of sympathy was indeed universal from more than one hundred millions of men. It was to have been expected, as a matter of course, that those closely identified with him by long years of personal and political association, would, out of the fullness of their affection, mingle their tears with those of his kindred; but that so eager inquiries and tender messages of sympathy should come from all over the world, is the most welcome evidence that all the world's akin. From every nook and corner of our land were messages sent freighted with loving regard, and even the cables, which lay beneath the

ocean, were kept busy night and day transmitting the sympathy of the rulers, and princes, and peoples of all civilized nations of the globe.

Here we will take a hasty glance at one of the remarkable features in the attempt on the life of the President, before continuing our direct narrative. I refer to the development of the extraordinary resources of the press at Washington. It came suddenly and without warning in the middle of the dull season. The winter force of correspondents had dwindled down one-half, and those who were left were dawdling away the first hours of the heated term in a semi-demoralized condition. Many newspapers had discharged their specials for the summer and were running short-handed. Within twenty minutes on Saturday, the sleepy-looking reserve was thoroughly awake, had thrown out its pickets, patrols and videttes, and had begun the task of gathering in the details of the great crime and preparing it for the press, Recruits came flying down, twelve hours later, from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other contiguous cities, and these, under the veterans of the Row, did veterans' duty. The cry of the home officers was "send unlimited." The response was in accordance therewith. Every newspaper man was worth two, three or four of ordinary occasions, for he not only developed twice the energy but worked all day and all night. The result was astonishing, and it is told with mathe-

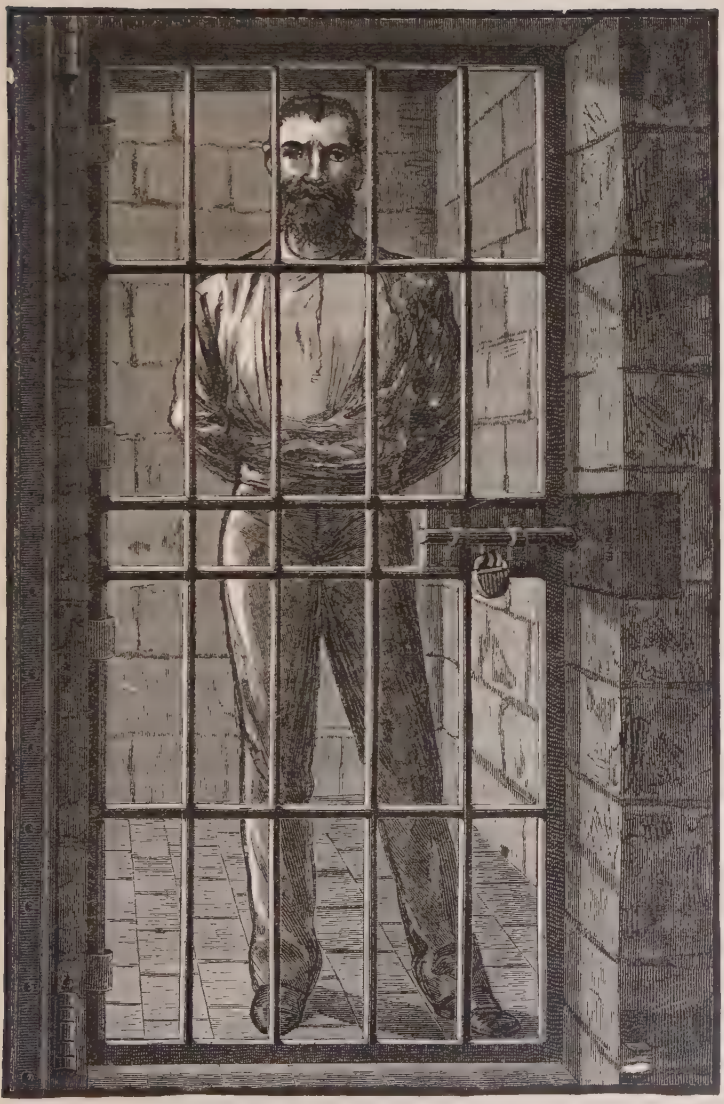
matical accuracy by the figures of the telegraph offices. On Saturday, alone, 275,000 words were wired from the Western Union office. This was the highest record of newspaper work ever done at the National Capital. On last Inauguration Day, 190,000 words were handled, the highest number up to the event of July 2d. But the press and telegraph companies had full warning and had made every preparation previous to the fourth of March. It was in a busy season, and a full corps of experienced men were at work. Previous to the Inauguration record, the highest score was during the Credit Mobilier excitement, in 1873, and this was only 113,000 words. The highest record at the Capital on sensational days has not gone over 50,000 words. It will be seen, then, that Saturday, July 2d, was an era in Washington correspondence and telegraphy, both of which reached a point of excellence and capacity, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, hitherto unknown. The record of words at the Western Union does not, however, tell the whole story. Several of the most prominent newspapers, and notably those which take the most matter, have private wires, and each of these, alone, sent from twenty to thirty thousand words. The second of July, 1881, will long be remembered as a black spot in American history, but it will also be remembered as a bright one in the annals of American journalism.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE MISCREANT.

ALL this time possibly the reader has asked what of the assassin? I have purposely reserved any notice of this miscreant as long as convenient, for I do not deem him deserving of any more notice than is rendered absolutely necessary to comprehend the full story.

Charles Jules Guiteau, the would-be assassin, is a man of about forty years of age, and of French descent. He is five feet five inches in height, has a sandy complexion, and is slender, weighing not more than 125 pounds. He wears a mustache and thin chin whiskers, slightly tinged with gray. His sunken cheeks and widely separated eyes give him a sullen, or, as the jailer described it, a "looney," appearance. He has for some years been a person of disordered mind and restless habits. Nominally he is a lawyer, although it does not appear that he ever had any practice except among persons of the lowest social and moral rank. His reputation was bad wherever he went. He was at times a religious enthusiast, and in the summer of 1880, turned his attention to politics, apparently in the hope of gaining some political preferment.



THE ASSASSIN IN HIS CELL.

One who knew him gave this account of him: "His father, J. W. Guiteau, was an old resident and respected citizen of Freeport, Illinois, where he held many offices of trust. Some years ago he became deranged on the subject of 'Perfection,' and lectured extensively through the North and West on that subject. He married a very beautiful woman, with whom and the younger children he joined the Oneida Community. He afterward returned to Freeport, where, from 1864 up to last September, the time of his death, he served as cashier of the Second National Bank. There were three children. An older brother, Wilkes Guiteau, for a long time practiced law at Davenport, Iowa, but is now practicing his profession in Boston, Massachusetts, where also he is at the head of large insurance interests. A younger sister, Flora, was a very promising girl, having a decided talent for music. Charles Jules Guiteau, who to-day is in jail for the murder of the President, was an odd boy. He appears to have been the only one of the children tainted with his father's eccentricities. When the family left the Oneida Community, Charles, then fifteen or sixteen years old, was left behind. He afterward went to Chicago, where he studied law, being cared for and supplied with money by his father. After completing his studies, Guiteau went to Europe, where he traveled several years, imbibing Socialistic and other eccentric doctrines. A few years

ago he returned to this country, and lectured on the second advent of Christ. He published a pamphlet on the subject, in which the egotism of the man was plainly shown. He spoke of himself as a messenger of God to announce His coming. His lectures on this subject were a failure. Jules—we used to call him Julius, but I see he has dropped that part of his name—is now about forty or forty-two years old. From what I knew of the boy, his education in the Oneida Community, and his utterances on religion, I was not at all surprised at his committing the act. I understand from people employed at the White House that Guiteau had forced himself upon the President several times. He was an applicant for the consulship at Marseilles, and one day obtained access to the President, and acted so rudely that the President had him removed. I have no doubt that, feeling offended by this act, he determined on the course which culminated in the terrible tragedy of July 2d. Guiteau was hanging around the Republican head-quarters, No. 241 Fifth Avenue, New York, during the campaign last fall. He made a few speeches, but his efforts did not seem to be appreciated by the committee. He was poor and seedy-looking, and borrowed some money from Mr. Jewell after the election, and a few days before the committee broke up he asked Governor Jewell for a recommendation for a consulate. He specially urged that if he could secure

a consulate, a certain rich lady would marry him. It is not known whether the Governor recommended him or not, but one thing is certain—he was looked upon as a person who was not exactly right in the upper story."

When the prisoner arrived at the jail, he was neatly attired in a suit of blue, and wore a drab hat, pulled down over his eyes, giving him the appearance of an ugly character. It is worthy of note, that some days previously, Guiteau went to the jail for the purpose of visiting it, but was refused admittance, on the ground that it was not "visitors' day." He at that time mentioned his name as Guiteau, and said that he came from Chicago. When brought to the jail by the police, he was admitted by the officer who had previously refused to allow him to enter, and a mutual recognition took place, Guiteau saying, "You are the man who wouldn't let me go through the jail some time ago." The only other remark he made before being placed in his cell, was that General Sherman would arrive at the jail soon. The two jailers who guarded his cell, stated that they had seen him around the jail several times, and that on one occasion he appeared to be under the influence of liquor. On one of his visits, subsequent to the first one mentioned, these officers said that Guiteau succeeded in reaching the rotunda of the building, where he was noticed examining the scaffold from which some murderers had been hanged.

The assassin's reasons for the dastardly deed are given in the following letter, found in his possession:

"JULY 2d, 1881.

"*To the White House:*

"The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party, and save the Republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little where one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear.

"I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I had no ill-will toward the President. His death was a political necessity.

"I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men, in New York, during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews, and his co-journalists, at 1420 New York Avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

"CHARLES GUITEAU."

The following letter was found on the street soon after Guiteau's arrest, with the envelope unsealed, and addressed, "Please deliver at once to General Sherman, or his first assistant in charge of the War Department:"

"*To General Sherman:*

"I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician.

I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men, in New York, during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops, and take possession of the jail at once.

"Very respectfully, CHARLES GUITEAU."

Detective McElfresh, who took the prisoner to jail, reported the following conversation as occurring between Guiteau and himself while being conducted thither:

"I asked him, 'Where are you from?'

"'I am a native-born American—born in Chicago—and am a lawyer and a theologian.'

"'Why did you do this?'

"'I did it to save the Republican party.'

"'What are your politics?'

"'I am a Stalwart among the Stalwarts. With Garfield out of the way, we can carry all the Northern States, and with him in the way, we can't carry a single one.'"

Upon learning that McElfresh was a detective, Guiteau said: "You stick to me, and have me put in the third story, front, at the jail. General Sherman is coming down to take charge. When you go back to the depot, you will find that I left two bundles of papers at the news stand, which will explain all."

"Is there anybody else with you in this matter?"

"Not a living soul. I have contemplated the thing for the last six weeks, and would have shot

him when he went away with Mrs. Garfield, but I looked at her, and she looked so bad, that I changed my mind."

Further light was thrown upon Guiteau by a statement from District-Attorney Corkhill, who, after a patient investigation, issued the following:

"The interest felt by the public in the details of the assassination, and the many stories published, justify me in stating that the following is a correct and accurate statement concerning the points to which reference is made: The assassin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington city on Sunday evening, March 6th, 1881, and stopped at the Ebbitt House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and had boarded and roomed at various places, the full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18th, 1881, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Meara's store, corner of Fifteenth and F Streets, this city, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest calibre. He was shown two similar in calibre, and only different in the price. On Wednesday, June 8th, he purchased a pistol, for which he paid $10, he having, in the meantime, borrowed $15 of a gentleman in this city, on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening, about 7 o'clock, he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth Street, and practiced firing at a board, firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding place and wiped the pistol dry, and wrapped it in his coat, and waited his opportunity. On Sunday morning, June 15th, he was sitting in Lafayette Park, and saw the President leave for the Christian Church on Vermont Avenue, and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his pocket and followed the President to church. He entered the church,

but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed that the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window, and found he could reach it without any trouble, and that from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and the window, and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose. He determined to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday. Learning from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, the 18th of June, with Mrs. Garfield, for Long Branch, he, therefore, decided to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about 5 o'clock Saturday morning, June 18th, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventeenth Street, and fired five shots to practice his aim, and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot, and was in the ladies' waiting-room of the depot, with his pistol ready, when the presidential party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence, and, as he knew he would have another opportunity, he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail. On Wednesday evening, the President and his son, and, I think, United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them, and watched them for some time, in hopes the carriage would stop, but no opportunity was given. On Friday evening, July 1st, he was sitting on the seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to Fifteenth Street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street upon Fifteenth, until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He waited at the corner of Fifteenth and H Streets for some time, and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention, he went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary

Blaine came out together, and he followed over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon. On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he breakfasted at the Riggs House about 7 o'clock. He then walked up into the park, and sat there for an hour. He then took a horse car and rode to Sixth Street, got out and went into the depot, and loitered around there; had his shoes blacked; engaged a hackman for $2 to take him to the jail; went into the water-closet and took his pistol out of his hip-pocket, and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the purpose of preventing the perspiration from the body dampening the powder; examined his pistol; carefully tried the trigger, and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting-room, and, as soon as the President entered, advanced behind him and fired two shots.

"These facts, I think, can be relied upon as accurate, and I give them to the public to contradict certain false rumors in connection with the most atrocious of atrocious crimes."

The pistol used by him was a double-acting five-chambered revolver, of 44-100 of an inch calibre, known as the "British Bull-dog" pattern. In regard to his trial, the Grand Jury for July, in the District of Columbia, were discharged on July 8th, the District-Attorney not presenting Guiteau for indictment, because of the following letter from the White House physicians:

"SIR: In reply to your inquiry as to the condition of the President, we would say that up to the present time he has done exceedingly well for one who has received so dangerous a wound; but while we anticipate recovery, it is not yet possible to assert with confidence that his injuries may not terminate fatally. "Very respectfully,

"D. W. BLISS, J. K. BARNES,
"J. J. WOODWARD, ROBERT REYBURN."

If the President should not die for a year and a day, Guiteau, under the common law, cannot be tried for murder.

His crime was, of course—as all particularly noticed crimes are—followed by a slight epidemic of crime. Several lunatics appeared in Washington almost immediately that Guiteau's deed was known, and wanted to shoot some one or other, fully bearing out what President Garfield said a year ago concerning himself and attempts on his life: "I have always supposed that a man who occupies so exalted and powerful position, as does the President of the United States, must exert a fatal fascination over a man of morbid mind, who seeks his life for revenge or any other motive."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LESSONS OF THE HOUR.

THERE are always timid men in a nation, men who feel inclined to adopt some temporary, easily suggested device to bridge over any disaster. Such device is usually superficial and wanting entirely in adequateness, while it too often does more evil in principle than it accomplishes good in fact. The terrible crime that darkened our land and shadowed to sadness our national birth-day, brought naturally to the front our timid innovators—those who were ready to consent to anything that satisfied their feelings, and suaged their honor, in order that it might not "happen again."

Two propositions emanated from these well-meaning citizens, one with reference to Guiteau—an expression of national desire; the other with reference to the President—a measure of national safety. The first partakes of the nature of revenge. Guiteau's offense under the law is shooting "with intent to kill," punishable with eight years' imprisonment for a first offense, and with fifteen years for a second offense. Insanity, according to

the law of the District of Columbia, which follows the old English law, cannot be pleaded in defense of his crime, because insanity is held not to exist where there is premeditation. Guiteau, therefore, will be tried for shooting "with intent to kill." Possibly, by a liberal construction of the law, he may be sentenced to twenty-three years in the penitentiary, the first shot fired at the President being counted a first offense, and the second shot a second offense. Possibly, also, the court in its discretion may make the sentence one of solitary confinement. This then, twenty-three years in solitary confinement, is the utmost possible, but not the probable, penalty that can be meted to Guiteau for a crime that made the world shudder.

How inadequate! is the prompted thought in the reader's mind. That a dastardly villain who sought out the life of the beloved chief of fifty millions of people, who in cowardly fashion and with cold-blooded purpose shot down the liberties of those people, should be guarded by even Justice with gentle hands against the clutches of the masses, should be shielded from the vengeance he so richly deserved and sentenced only to twenty-three years—what a mockery it seems on our sympathy for the President, what a travesty upon our love for the victim! And yet, the very inadequacy of the law's sentence to satisfy our condemnation of the deed should "give men pause" and recall all their senses to deal with the case in exact ac-

cordance with our institutions and in strict compliance with our legal code.

The proposition has been made, and by even so distinguished a man as ex-Senator Conkling, that the law in Guiteau's case be altered in order that the punishment may in some slight degree, at least, voice the deep horror of the people. This, doubtless, would gratify every man, woman and child in America, save the isolated wretch who has won the hatred of each honest human being on this globe. Him it would affect by the rapid shortening of his life. Greatly as this would gratify the people, every man must disapprove of any such attempt. The law is the law, and Guiteau must meet the exact measure of his crime as there defined, no more, no less. The glory of our institutions—the pride of our people, the strength of our nation, lies in our great declaration that holds

All men equal before the law.

Guiteau, in shooting the President, shot only a man—who at the moment happened to be our President. The law makes no distinction between the President and the humblest citizen he rules over, except in exemption from arrest for debt. And it is well that it is so. Alexander Hamilton, when he prepared and presented the germs of the Constitution, avoided as far as possible the slightest leaning to imperialism. We should never have lived had he not intermingled everywhere, in his

life-work, the paramount doctrine of our perfect equality. It is not the time now to abandon this principle, nor would the President, the chief sufferer from the attack, countenance such a move. It is not to be thought of for an instant. We may regret it, but Guiteau must be sentenced only as the law would direct had his assault been committed upon the least known citizen of the National Capital.

The second proposition that has emanated from the timid men of the nation does full justice to their love for our President, but little credit to their belief in our institutions. They would have the President surrounded by a body-guard, by men able to prevent the approach of lunatics and dangerous persons. This proposition should be opposed with urgency, as unpatriotic and harmful in a land where republicanism has found its fullest, most noble growth. I remember hearing an orator, during a campaign of some years ago, draw from his vast audience a cheer, that in intensity, spontaneity and heartiness, surpassed anything I had ever heard before. The words that brought it forth, quick from the hearts of his listeners, were those of his reply to a visiting Englishman, who expressed strong doubts of the stability of republican institutions, and asked what guarantee there existed that these institutions would not soon be overthrown. "The guarantee that exists in the fact," replied the American, "that the President of fifty millions of people sleeps to-night without

a single guard! And there is nothing to be argued from the present case that should prompt us to place a guard about the President. His person is safe in the fifty million hearts of his people, of those who gladly consented that he should rule over them, and who will fly to his rescue if there is a danger. That something should be done to lessen the chances, to prevent almost certainly the recurrence of such a deed, I hasten to admit. But it should be done by removing the causes that gave rise to a state of affairs that made Guiteau possible, rather than by attempting to prevent another Guiteau from reaching the same measure of success as that attained on the second of July, this year. It is wiser to remove all inclinations to be an assassin than to attempt to thwart his blood-thirsty desires. Remove the cause of disease rather than attempt remedies to check it when it shows itself. To do this, something is needed that shall cure the evils bred of the spoils system, and the constant elevation of party to the inevitable degradation of country. The press of the land is unanimous on this point. Indeed, the President, possibly discerning disaster in the future, called attention to the matter in his inaugural address. There he said:

"The civil service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis until it is regulated by law. For the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power against the waste of time and obstruc-

tion of the public business, caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong. I shall, at the proper time, ask Congress to fix the tenure of the minor offices of the several executive departments and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during terms for which incumbents have been appointed."

There can be no question but what the mind of the people is made up to brook no delay in this matter, and whatever recommendations the President shall see fit to make to Congress in his first annual message next December, will doubtless be speedily acted on. Two bills were introduced into the last Congress dealing with the subject of civil service reform. Neither of them was pronounced unconstitutional or impractical, and yet neither was ever debated, because Congress supposed the people were not in earnest or ripe for this matter. There can be no doubt now. The Ohio Democratic Convention has led the way with a tenure of office plank in its platform, and before another June is here the President will undoubtedly be relieved by law from filling the 100,000 offices at present in his gift. Nominations to all the smaller offices should be in charge of the heads of those departments under whom the appointees will serve, reserving always to the President the right of veto upon any appointment. Tenure of office should be enforced during competency and good behavior. Such a law would

relieve the President from being saddled personally with the entire debt of the campaign that elected him.

The necessity of this is one of the lessons of the hour. Another is that of a more earnest charity, a greater brotherly love, a stronger bond of fellowship between political parties, between leaders, between men, between each one with his neighbor. Guiteau's bullet, in the mercy of Providence, has done more to make us a nation than has been accomplished in all the years past since 1850. There is no longer any South, North, East or West. We are all brothers; all filled with a common purpose. There is already a warmer feeling, a greater respect among Republicans for Democrats, a stronger sympathy among Democrats for Republicans, a more perfect political charity, a more magnificent brotherhood. Were the campaign of last year to be fought over again this, the bitterness of it, the disgrace of it, the contemptible things of it, could never be reintroduced. Guiteau's bullet will accomplish much to better our political life, to make purer our political purposes. And it will do, also, a good deal to win respect for that high office which Guiteau's victim occupies, the elevation of which has already brought to two men the sufferings of the assassin's purpose.

That victim is now a great saint in American story. Before July 2d he had the respect of

most of his people. To-day there is not one so poor as does not homage to his memory For there never has been in our history a man who so drew together the hearts of the American people. As Garfield once said, "one great, generous passion stimulates another," so our love for him has stimulated the love, charity and good-fellowship of the whole American people.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

AFTER the 25th of July, for several days the President seemed once more on the road to recovery. The doctors reported him as progressing favorably, and people believing, as President Garfield had himself said earlier in the case, "The heart of the nation won't let the old soldier die," had dismissed the question of recovery or death as certainly decided in favor of recovery. By August 6th, more unfavorable symptoms and a rise in temperature and acceleration of pulse were noticeable. These could not be accounted for, except on the supposition that another pus cavity was in process of formation or had already formed. It had been manifesting itself for six days. On August 8th, the surgeons decided to operate again. In the 10.30 bulletin of that morning, the doctors said:

"It having become necessary to make a further opening to facilitate the escape of pus, we took advantage of the improved condition of the President this morning. Shortly after the morning bulletin was issued he was etherized. The incision extended downward and forward, and a counter opening made into the track of the ball

below the margin of the twelfth rib, which, it is believed, will effect the desired object. He bore the operation well, has now recovered from the effects of etherization and is in excellent condition."

The necessity for the operation was apparent to the surgeons the day before, when they found that a drainage tube of the size hitherto used could no longer be passed along the track of the ball between the ribs. The process of granulation at this point had gone on so far as to partially close the orifice, and the ribs prevented the pushing aside of the flesh, which was healing between them, enough so that the tube could be introduced. The result of this state of things was that pus formed in the deeper parts of the wound rather faster than it could escape through the half-obstructed opening between the ribs, and its gradual accumulation began to cause disturbance. It was, therefore, decided to make a new opening into the track of the ball, below the last rib, so that the ribs should no longer prevent the keeping open of the wound by the solid backing which they afforded to the granulating flesh between them. The operation was performed, at the request of the other surgeons, by Dr. Agnew. As soon as the patient had been put under the influence of ether, a long and slightly-curved instrument was introduced into the wound, pushed between the ribs and carried downward along the track of the

bullet until its end could be felt below the last rib from the outside. Holding this instrument in the wound as a guide, Dr. Agnew then made a counter incision below the twelfth rib, cutting directly through the integument until his knife met the end of the first-mentioned instrument at the point where he wished to intersect the track of the ball. The operation was not a difficult or dangerous one, and the patient bore both it and the etherization extremely well.

Then again there were perceptible signs of recovery, some steps toward the dawning of certain health. The doctors spoke hopefully, indeed encouragingly, and the old confidence of the people, that the Lord would save their beloved President, returned in full force. On the 12th, feeling somewhat brighter, with exceeding difficulty the President wrote a letter to his aged mother, a few sentences of cheer and hope.

By the 15th, it was all changed again. Once more a waiting, praying nation was plunged in despair. The President had entered the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The symptoms of his case were aggravated, nausea had set in, the stomach refused to hold its food. Hypodermic injections of morphine were administered. The vomiting was very debilitating in its effects and if long continued threatened most serious if not fatal consequences. All day on the 15th the prospect was dark and dreary. The only nourish-

ment given was by food injections, an always precarious method of sustaining life. By the 17th he had in his own miraculous way rallied a little, an improvement that was pronounced the next day. The surgeons agreed that the stomach had not been sufficiently looked after, and that it was necessary to pay more attention to diet. And yet though the patient was undeniably better, still it was hard to believe he was very much better. Death seemed so near him, disputing every effort to win him back to health.

Two days later another complication became apparent. The right parotid gland (situated in the face just forward of the ear), began to swell. At first nothing was thought of it, and the surgeons did not see in it any cause for apprehension. One of the doctors thus described the patient's condition on the evening of the 22d: "The President to-night is somewhat better, but the improvement is relative, and scarcely means more than that he is no worse. With a single important exception, the signs of improvement are of a negative character. The important exception is the stomach. During the day the President has been able to take and to retain a considerable quantity, twenty-two ounces, of liquid nourishment without any uneasiness or any recurrence of vomiting or nausea. The indication is a good one in that it shows that the stomach has not altogether failed him; that it is beginning to resume its functions,

and that, so far as they dare try it, it has assimilated a small quantity of very delicate nourishment. Of course this scantily nutritious fluid has not done much to give strength to the patient. It has served little purpose, except to show that there is hope that the stomach may regain its tone and do the work of building up that is essential to the recovery of the patient."

The general public felt no more sanguine of the result on the 25th than on the day preceding. Dr. Agnew, the senior consulting surgeon, however, spoke hopefully. The public, he said, had been led within a day or two to magnify the new danger the President was in, and to fear a sudden change for the worse, which the physicians had not looked for. It was equally true that many people had hardly realized before now that the President was very badly wounded, and that the injury might, almost at any time, have caused his death. It was only within a short time that the wound had passed its most aggravated stage, a stage which was inevitably attended with great weakness and debility, followed by a period of almost complete prostration. It is necessary for a patient so wounded to reach the bottom of the ladder before he begins to ascend it again to the high ground of restored health. That period of complete prostration through which he is passing was complicated by the failure of the stomach. That has been partially restored to strength, and

now it is a question of the staying powers of the President and of his recuperative forces whether he shall advance toward convalescence.

The extreme weakness was to be accounted for by the stomachic trouble and septicæmia. The amputation of a limb is followed by a sort of wound fever, which is sometimes called surgeon's fever. The President's wound has caused this same continued low fever, which the whole system is fighting against, and which will decrease if the stomach continues to receive necessary nourishment. There were no traces of malaria at the White House, nor could he find that any one who had ever lived near the Executive Mansion had been affected with it in the past. The sick-room was perfectly comfortable and healthy. The temperature could be reduced almost to any degree by the refrigerator apparatus, and the chamber where the President lies was by far the most comfortable place that he had been in at all. It might become necessary to open an abscess if the inflammation developed to that point, but it would hardly be called an operation. The soreness came from the impoverished condition of the blood, but the danger of the present inflammation from that cause had been magnified by unofficial dispatches.

In spite of these encouraging opinions, the public pulse was very low. The poor President suffering as he did, did not seem to be progressing. And all the time the black figure of death

kept his silent place among the watchers in the sick-room. The fears of the people were based largely upon the pulse temperature and respiration, all of which, had been growing steadily worse since the 13th, as the following table will show:

	Pulse.			Temperature.			Respiration.		
	Morn.	Noon.	Eve.	Morn.	Noon.	Eve.	Morn.	Noon.	Eve.
Saturday, 13	104	102	104	100.8	99.2	100.7	19	18	19
Sunday, 14	100	96	108	99.8	99.3	100.8	18	18	19
Monday, 15	108	118	130	100.2	99.0	99.6	20	19	22
Tuesday, 16	110	114	120	98.6	98.3	98.9	18	18	19
Wednesday, 17	110	112	112	98.3	98.7	98.8	18	18	18
Thursday, 18	104	108	108	98.8	98.4	100.0	17	18	18
Friday, 19	100	106	106	98.4	98.8	100.0	17	17	18
Saturday, 20	98	107	110	98.4	98.4	100.4	18	18	19
Sunday, 21	106	108	108	98.8	99.4	99.2	18	18	18
Monday, 22	104	104	110	98.4	98.4	100.1	18	18	19
Tuesday, 23	100	104	104	98.4	98.9	99.2	18	18	19
Wednesday, 24	100	104	108	98.5	99.2	100.7	17	17	19

The situation was thus described by one of the watchers at the bed-side on the evening of the 25th.

"The long and painfully anxious watching for sure and permanent signs of convalescence, and the several discouragements caused by relapses, have made the public extremely nervous, and have had an effect upon the President's surgeons and attendants. These discouragements, however, have not destroyed their confidence in recovery, but naturally make them regard each new feature of the case with increased apprehension. The inflamed gland is now the chief object of

solicitude. There was no material change in it to-day. There was some little discharge of pus, but little subsidence of swelling. The fact that the gland is not improved, compared with yesterday, and does not give indications of yielding to treatment, has no significance at this stage, for the reason that the affection has not had time to reach maturity or that point when the force will be expanded and where it will break up, to the benefit or injury of the patient. It is true that the gland is not doing as well as the surgeons would like, but nothing in addition to what is now being done can be devised to hasten its action. What will be the effect of its culmination on the President's case is not known and cannot be conjectured with certainty, but everything known to the surgeons will be done to prevent it from producing serious damage. It will require two or three days for the swollen gland to reach that stage where it can be decided with certainty what will be the result, and in the meantime, as previously explained in these dispatches, high pulse and temperature may be looked for. All other features of the case are favorable and of minor importance. The wound is causing no trouble whatever, and if that was the sole feature the President's recovery could be assured. The stomach continues to improve, and sufficient quantities of liquid nourishment are being administered to supply the wastage of tissue and have a surplus

to repair the general debility of the system. This continued steadfastness and improvement of the stomach is the one great cause for encouragement in the case, and if it is maintained, the surgeons believe that, unless the afflicted gland should seriously interfere by developments that are possible, the President will be sustained through the period of prostration arising from the septic taint of the blood, and that he will ultimately recover.

"Measured by the figures contained in the official bulletin, the day cannot be considered as favorable, and, on the other hand, it may be considered as a favorable day if for the patient to hold his own be regarded as a good indication. The pulse was a few beats higher than yesterday, but the temperature was at 7 o'clock to-night one degree lower than at the same hour last night. The slight frequency in pulse over yesterday is unimportant and without significance, while the decrease of 1° in temperature, which was nearly 101° last night, is regarded as a favorable indication by the surgeons, particularly in view of the irritation of the inflamed gland. It is apparent, however, notwithstanding the fact that the President seems to be holding his own in the terrible struggle in which he is now engaged, that the prevalent feeling is one of uncertainty, and this feeling is attributable mainly to the apprehension entertained as to the termination of the glandular trouble and the effect it may

ELBERON HOTEL. OCEAN. FRANCKLYN COTTAGE. TEMPORARY RAILROAD. SURGEONS' COTTAGE.

have on the wasted and debilitated patient. To-night the President is reported to be resting very well, with less frequency of pulse and lower temperature than when the evening bulletin was issued."

Friday he was worse; and, as he seemed sinking, slowly yet so surely, that no mortal hand could save, the people gave up all hope. The physicians on Friday night gave him up. Only Mrs. Garfield continued to believe he would get well. But it was certain that nothing stood between him and death except the prayers of the people. And how the nation prayed! It was a wonderful fact. They prayed as never people prayed before. And it pleased the Greater Magistrate to lend a heeding ear. Saturday morning there came a change for the better; Sunday and Monday it was maintained, and by Wednesday, hope was fully restored to a praying people, that the President was once more out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

By Wednesday, the nation realized that prayer alone had been the means of bringing the President out of the death weakness that had settled upon him. Science had given him up, prayer had saved him. And glad indeed were the people. It was, however, recognized that the beloved sufferer was still in a most precarious condition, and that to pull him through the dangers that still beset his path to recovery, he must be taken away

from Washington. At the National Capital he never could recover. The malarial influences of the Potomac flats were growing daily in virulence, and threatening to complete quickly what the assassin had attempted. Consultations were entered into by the doctors, and it was decided to remove him, as soon as he was able to stand it, to some northern place, where he could have the benfit of a sea breeze. Pure and invigorating Long Branch was unanimously chosen, and it had no sooner been definitely selected than the preparations for the removal began.

By Monday night, September 5th, everything was in readiness. He was to be taken from Washington the next morning. Was he ever to return? Ah, that was a question. And the answer was with Divine Providence.

Early on the morning of the 6th, the indications around the White House pointed out that something unusual was about to happen. By 4.45 it began to grow light, and the crowd that had lingered at the gates all night had swollen into a multitude of silent, anxious spectators. The carriages that were to convey the Presidential party to the train filed in and took their places before the White House doors. Just before the sunrise gun announced the dawn of day, the removal was effected. The President had slept well, and was amply prepared. He was, indeed, anxious to be off. The removal was begun by

carrying the bed on which the President lay from the room into the hall, and moving it along to the glass doors, which cut off the long hall running east and west from the balcony at the head of the main stairs along to the office. When ready to be started down the stairs and out into the balcony, the mattress on which he lay was placed upon a litter, which had been constructed at the Government shops, and taken up-stairs the evening before. The mattress consisted of a rubber bag filled with water, and had been placed under him in the usual way by raising him upon the sheets, as had been done every morning at the change of the bed and clothing. The litter was so constructed, that when he was placed upon it and carried down the main stairway into the lower hall, it maintained a horizontal position as they proceeded. From the foot of the stairs to the wide doorway was but a few seconds' journey, and the worst of the trip, as far as the White House was concerned, was over. When the President was almost down-stairs, the family hastily entered the carriages to precede the wagon bearing the wounded man to the dépôt.

In the first carriage that led the mournful procession to the dépôt rode Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie Garfield, Mrs. Edson and a female attendant. In the next carriage came the servants, and then others of the party. No sooner had these driven away than Drs. Agnew and Reyburn came out on

the portico to see if all was well. The final survey was satisfactory, and a moment later the party bearing the litter appeared in the doorway, carrying what looked like a bier covered with a white sheet. It was the President released at last. He was carried by Dr. Boynton, Colonel Rockwell, Dr. Bliss, General Swaim and Colonel Rockwell's brother. It took but a moment to place the litter on the spring platform arranged for its reception. Colonel Rockwell guided the burden at the head and the stalwart form of Colonel Corbin steadied it at the foot. "Easy," said Corbin. "There; now let it down," and without a jar or quiver all was arranged. The bed of the wagon was wide enough to allow the litter-bearers to sit on the edge of the boards, and they took their places within the vehicle. Colonel Rockwell sat at the right side of the President, near the head, and fanned him gently to keep away the flies. Next on the right side sat Dr. Bliss, and at the foot stood Colonel Corbin and Warren Young, one of the Executive Clerks. At the left of the patient's head sat Dr. Boynton, and next to him the ever-faithful Swaim.

Then the horses were attached and the wagon moved slowly, gently, between two lines of reverent, hatless, silent people, who had gathered to show their profound respect. The station was reached, and without accident the patient President was transferred to the special car that had

been prepared by the thoughtfulness of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Then the train started on its most memorable trip. First came the engine No. 628, with Engineer Page in charge, then the President's car, then Colonel Scott's private car. Without a sound, as gently as one could step away, the train, with its precious burden, at 6.46, A. M., started away for Long Branch. The schedule of the run, which will live in our history for all time, was as follows:

Distance.	Stations.	Time.
	Washington	6.46 A. M.
5	Benning's	6.56 "
9	Wilson's	7.04 "
12	Seabrook	7.11 "
17	Bowie	7.18 "
24	Odenton	7.29 "
27	Severn	7.34 "
34	Winans	7.48 "
37	St. Agnes	7.54 "
40	Fulton Junction	7.59 "
42	Baltimore (Charles Street)	8.02 "
46	*Bay View, arrived	8.10 "
	Departed	8.22 "
57	Chase's	8.33 "
60	Magnolia	8.40 "
68	Perryman's	8.49 "
73	Aberdeen	8.54 "
78	Havre-de-Grace	8.59 "
79	Perryville	9.09 "
88	Northeast	9.22 "
94	Elkton	9.31 "
100	Newark	9.39 "
106	Stanton	9.46 "
112	Wilmington	9.55 "

* Stopped to dress the President's wound.

Distance.	Stations.	Time.
117	Bellevue	10.03 A. M.
125	*Lamokin, arrived	10.12 "
	Departed	10.21 "
126	Chester	10.25 "
130	Moore's	10.30 "
134	Paschall	10.35 "
137	Gray's Ferry	10.39 "
139	West Philadelphia	10.52 "
140	Mantua	10.58 "
145	North Penn Junction	11.05 "
147	Frankford Junction	11.08 "
150	Tacony	11.14 "
156	Cornwell	11.19 "
159	Schenck's	11.26 "
165	†Tullytown	11.38 "
170	Morrisville	11.47 "
172	Trenton	11.48½ "
181	Princeton Junction	11.59 "
187	Monmouth Junction	12.07 P. M.
189	Dayton	12.10 "
192	Jamesburg	12.14 "
204	Freehold	12.28 "
212	Farmingdale	12.37 "
220	Sea Girt	12.48 "
233	Elberton Station (Long Branch)	1.09 "
233¼	Francklyn Cottage	1.20 "

The cottage selected for the President's use is that owned by Mr. C. G. Franklyn, hardly a hundred yards from the sea. When he was placed in his room, fronting the ocean, his pulse was 102, when he left Washington it was 114, showing that he had stood the journey extremely well. Indeed, the people felt that he had only to get to the seaside to start on his way to recovery. During the day, prayers were offered in many States, and in

* Stopped for coal and water. † Stopped for water.

hundreds of churches, by proclamation of the different Governors, upon Gov. Hoyt's initiative. Thousands upon thousands knelt in supplication to the Almighty as the President was borne along on the wings of prayer to the haven where he would be. Wednesday morning the first bulletin for the day seemed indeed a justification of the people's hopes and prayers. The President had slept well, taken his nourishment successfully, his fever had left him, and the fatigue of his journey had disappeared under the influences of the breeze that swept from the Atlantic's waves to the sufferer's room.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE AGONY ENDED.

THE eyes of all the world bent upon Long Branch discovered soon that there was something wrong. The physicians stated from day to day that there was no change in the patient's condition, a statement that could only mean that he was getting worse; and for him not to gain in his condition indicated the worst. The distrust of the official bulletins had grown stronger with each day. Everything the doctors did was discredited, everything they said doubted. For evidence of a strong and dismal character was rapidly accumulating. The President's cheerfulness had given way; he had no more courage left. Disease had dragged it from him during the eleven weary weeks he had lain prostrated upon the bed of pain. During the early hours of the morning of the 15th, he plaintively called to his attendant, "Save me; don't let me sink!" A cry of agony. The pulse had touched, during the night, 120. The lung trouble, formally announced on the 12th, was increasing. The next day, Tuesday, there was a rally, and the President sat in a reclining chair for some time. On Thursday, however, his condition was somewhat worse, and on Friday this

was admitted. He was weaker both in body and mind and a crisis was announced as approaching.

Saturday, the beginning of the twelfth week of the President's agony, was another critical day. He had a chill shortly before noon, when his pulse ran up to 137. Subsequently he rallied and passed a comparatively comfortable night. Sunday was apparently a more comfortable day up to the hour of the evening dressing of the wound, when his pulse was 102. Shortly after, however, he had another chill, lasting ten or fifteen minutes. It was short, sharp and severe, according to Dr. Bliss, though not as bad as that on Saturday. When it passed off he fell into a quiet slumber, and though the apprehensions of those around him had perceptibly deepened, there was nothing to warrant a speedily fatal result.

Monday morning it was admitted that all hope was over. During the morning dressing of the wound another violent chill came on, and the pulse leaped to 143. The surgeons admitted that there was no hope for a change for the better, and poor Mrs. Garfield, for the first time in all these weary weeks, felt that hope had fled her heart and its place was taken by grim despair. In spite of all the discouraging symptoms, however, such was the sufferer's extraordinary vitality, that he rallied somewhat, and the afternoon passed with no further chills or other bad features, and by 9.30 P. M. he was sleeping quietly. This was,

however, but the pause before the final act of the President's life.

Some of the incidents of this—his last day on earth—should be told here. The day opened gloomily at Elberon. The night had been one of comparative comfort, and at daybreak the physicians thought the President was a little better. He seemed to have some appetite and no indications of an approaching chill were noted. The insidious nature of these attacks was again made manifest soon after 8 o'clock. The President had been very quiet and seemingly comfortable. Suddenly he complained of chilliness. His body was wrapped in warm flannels, and he was sponged with hot alcohol, but the rigor could not be averted. He shivered, and every muscle in his body was rigid. The pulse went up to 140 and even higher, but it was so thready and feeble that it was impossible to count the beats after they had passed that figure. There was great danger that he would sink into a comatose state after the rigor had passed, and every exertion was made to induce reaction. Hot flannels were applied to the feet, and a poultice of raw onions cut fine and steeped in alcohol was placed upon his stomach. In addition, cooling lotions were applied to the head, and the arms and limbs were rubbed vigorously. The result was that a reaction was established much sooner than the physicians expected. After fifteen minutes had elapsed Dr. Bliss noticed

increasing warmth in the feet and at the same time the rigidity of the muscles was observed to be relaxing. It was evident that the rigor was passing away in about half the time which the first one had lasted. That one, in spite of the most vigorous treatment, had only yielded after half an hour.

The vitality of the President once more astonished the physicians. Dr. Agnew said, when he came from the sick chamber, "The vitality of the President is something more remarkable than I have ever met with in all my practice." This was said to Mrs. Garfield and Private Secretary Brown. The doctor added that if it was not for this wonderful evidence of constitutional strength he should feel as though it were folly to cherish any hope.

After the rigor had passed the President fell asleep, and although his pulse was still beating about 120, yet his temperature had not decreased more than a tenth of a degree or so below the normal point. He awoke in about twenty minutes, and said to Dr. Bliss, "Doctor, I feel very comfortable, but I also feel dreadfully weak. I wish you would give me the hand glass and let me look at myself."

General Swaim said: "Oh, no. Don't do that, General. See if you cannot get some sleep."

"I want to see myself," the President replied.

Mrs. Garfield then gave him the hand glass. He held it in a position which enabled him to see his face. Mrs. Garfield, Dr. Bliss, Dr. Agnew, Gene-

ral Swaim and Dr. Boynton stood around the bed, saying not a word, but looking at the President. He studied the reflection of his own features. At length he wearily let the glass fall upon the counterpane, and, with a sigh, said to Mrs. Garfield: "Crete, I do not see how it is that a man who looks as well as I do should be so dreadfully weak."

In a moment or two he asked for his daughter Mollie. They told him that she would come to see him later in the day. He said, however, that he wanted to see her at once. Thereupon Don Rockwell went to the beach, where Miss Mollie was sitting with Miss Rockwell, and told her that her father wanted to see her. When the child went into the room she kissed her father and told him that she was glad to see that he was looking so much better. He said, "You think I do look better, Mollie?" She said, "I do, papa," and then she took a chair and sat near the foot of the bed. A moment or two after Dr. Boynton noticed that she was swaying in the chair. He stepped up to her, but before he could reach her she had fallen over in a dead faint. In falling, her face struck against the bed-post, and when they raised her from the floor she was not only unconscious but also bleeding from the contusion she had received. They carried her out where she could get the fresh breeze from the ocean, and after restoratives were applied, she speedily recovered. The room was

close, the windows were closed, and Miss Mollie has not been very well, and all these causes, combined with anxiety, induced the fainting fit. The President, they thought, had not noticed what had happened to his petted child, for he seemed to have sunk into the stupor which has characterized his condition much of the time. But when Dr. Boynton came back into the room he was astonished to hear the President say: "Poor little Mollie! She fell over like a log. What was the matter?" They assured the President that the fainting fit was caused by the closeness of the room, and that she was quite restored. He again sank into a stupor, or sleep, which lasted until the noon examination. This stupor was not healthy sleep. The President frequently muttered and rolled and tossed his head upon the pillow.

Dr. Agnew came from the cottage at about 11 o'clock, and when he reached the veranda of the Elberon he found a gentleman with a personal note from General Grant. The ex-President had been to Elberon earlier in the morning at the time of the rigor and had been unable to see any of the physicians. As he came back across the lawn a personal friend met him and asked him if he had heard any news. He said that he had just seen Mrs. Garfield for a moment, she having come down from the sick chamber to speak to him, and that she had said that General Garfield had been seized with another rigor, and that she was very

much afraid that the benefit which they had observed for the first two or three days after his arrival was not permanent. General Grant added that the indications at the cottage were such as to give very slight hopes, and that he should not go away, even to New York, until he had heard more favorable news.

After the noon examination there was very little change in the President's condition, except that it was noticed that there was mental confusion. At the same time the President was doing so well, comparatively, that the physicians entertained a slight hope that the evening, and possibly the night, would pass without any recurrence of rigors.

No better picture of peace could have been imagined than that which was seen from the President's cottage during the hours of the terrible morning. The wind of the last few days had died away. The waves were rolling against the bluffs more gently. The horizon was dotted with the sail of vessels starting out to sea after the storm. The air, which it was hoped would drive the fatal poison from the President's blood, moved in a gentle breeze about the Francklyn cottage. But neither medicine nor sea air had the power to give new strength to the suffering President.

Mrs. Garfield sat for a part of the day at the window. Her face was pale and pinched, but it was full of strength and resignation. She had been told of the doctor's fears, and she was pre-

pared for the worst. A member of the household during these anxious morning hours sat in front of the cottage. He was rebellious at the fate that seemed impending. As he looked gloomily before the sea he said: "All life-giving conditions seem to be here—pure air, bright skies, kind friends—yet they seem to be of no avail. All that medicine can do has been done. There is not a rational hope. He has a faithful home circle, faithful attendants, and a faithful country. One moment we feel disposed to rend Guiteau, at another we remember that that miserable life could not help the poor President."

"Has he been told his own condition?" was asked.

"He does not need to be told. He knows it well, and has for weeks, but he says little about it. He knew it when he took the hand glass this morning."

A little after 9 P. M., Dr. Bliss entered the sick room and found Mrs. Garfield alone with her husband. He asked how he was, and Mrs. Garfield replied that he appeared to be comfortable. "Just before he fell asleep," she said, "he told me he felt quite easy. He did not cough much and did not have much difficulty spitting out what came into his throat." Dr. Bliss timed the President's pulse, which was 106. A minute later he awoke, and Dr. Bliss asked him: "General, how do you feel now?"

"Pretty well."

"Do you fell any discomfort anywhere?"

"No." And he dozed off to sleep.

General Swaim and Colonel Rockwell came in to begin the night watch and Dr. Bliss left. Mrs. Garfield also retired to her room.

Not many minutes after, the weary sufferer woke and said sadly: "O Swaim, there is a pain here!" and he put his hand upon his heart.

General Swaim stooped over the patient to do something, when he spoke again:

"Oh! oh! Swaim."

The name which began so strong on his lips died into a death-whisper before it was finished.

Dr. Bliss coming in at this moment recognized the seal of death had been set. Sending hurriedly the family and physicians were summoned. Mrs. Garfield was the first to arrive. By the side of the unconscious dying man she knelt, his hand in hers, just in the old loving way of years ago, over which her tears fell fast. Around the bedside with overflowing hearts were Dr. Bliss, Dr, Agnew, Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim, Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Rockwell and Private Secretary Brown. Miss Mollie Garfield was beside her mother, convulsed with a great passionate grief.

The doctors attempted to revive the dying man but to no use. Though unable to feel the pulsations of his heart, it could be heard. With his

eyes open, but greatly extended, and his body stretched, he died. Death, that had sat a silent, patient watcher by his bedside, arose, passed between the weeping, powerless mortals who had for weeks defied him, and wrapping the black winding sheet about the life of the beloved President, bore him in triumph away.

This was at 10.35 P. M., Monday, September 19th, 1881. And so closed the saddest story in the history of the American nation.

Slowly, as if it was not possible to realize the awful calamity just visited upon a sorrowing people, the witnesses of the death passed out and gave the news to the world beyond. On the wings of the lightning it spread north, east, south, west; it flashed its pregnant way, leaving a broad track of universal gloom. Never was message so bitter, so hard, so sad. No one could realize that the President was dead — that the bright face, the brave words of James Abram Garfield should be seen and heard no more. Death had taken the most shining mark in all this great Republic.

The sad news winged its way westward only to carry grief into every household. The dead President's mother was at the home of her son-in-law at Solon. The family had retired to rest with but little hope. Very early in the morning a messenger appeared with the fatal news. Mother Garfield was not awake, and it was at once concluded to wait until she had arisen and taken her breakfast

before telling her that her boy, the pride of her life, had gone home to his Maker. The rest of the relatives were informed and then the query arose, "Who will break the news to mother?" Mrs. Larabee's sister, Mary, was finally chosen to impart the sad tidings, but her heart failed her. About 8 o'clock Mrs. Garfield arose, and after dressing, spent some time in reading her Bible, as is her custom. Then she went into the dining-room, where her breakfast was ready. Refreshed by a night of rest she was more cheerful than she had been for several days. Mr. Larabee, unable to conceal his emotion, left the room. Finally the old lady turned to her daughter, Mary, saying:

"Is there any news yet this morning, Mary?"

Mrs. Larabee's heart failed. She could not blast the hopes expressed in that voice and exhibited in that dear old face.

"Eat your breakfast, mother," she said.

"But I want to hear from my James first," said the loving mother.

The telegram that was so soon to bring grief and anguish to her hopeful mother lay on the shelf, and seeing it, she took it and was about to read it, saying: "Here it is now. I must read it before I eat." Her granddaughter, Ellen Larabee, fearing that so sudden a shock would be fatal, took the dispatch from her hand and said:

"I will read it to you, grandma. Are you prepared for—for—bad news?"

"Why, no," said grandma; "I am not prepared for bad news, and there isn't any bad news this morning, is there?"

"Yes, grandma."

"O Nellie, he is not—he cannot be dead?"

"Grandma, his spirit passed away last night."

"Oh, it cannot be. It must not be. I *cannot* have it so. My James, my James dead. No, I cannot believe you; let me see the dispatch."

She read it, and then that grand old heart broke. Dropping the white paper, which fell to the floor, its terrible mission performed, she fell backwards into a chair, moaning and wringing her hands, while the bitter tears coursed down her pale cheeks. There was an agony that speech cannot express or pen portray, a mother in Israel weeping for her son, who was not, and refused to be comforted. The boy who had been her hope and pride, the idol of her heart, was dead.

"To-morrow I will be 80 years old, but I will not see the beginning of another year. James has gone, and I shall not be long after him."

But hours of grief have their duties no less than the hours of joy. Those at the head of the government immediately took steps to see that the government continued in the regular way. At 12.25 A. M., Tuesday morning, Attorney-General MacVeagh sent to Vice-President Arthur the following dispatch, Secretaries Blaine and Lincoln being absent:

It becomes our painful duty to inform you of the death of President Garfield, and to advise you to take the oath of office as President of the United States without delay. If it concurs with your judgment, we will be very glad if you will come here on the earliest train to-morrow morning.

WILLIAM WINDOM,
Secretary of the Treasury.
THOMAS L. JAMES,
Postmaster-General.
W. H. HUNT,
Secretary of the Navy.
WAYNE MACVEAGH,
Attorney-General.
S. J. KIRKWOOD, Secretary of the Interior.

The Vice-President returned this answer:

NEW YORK, September 19th.

HON. WAYNE MACVEAGH, *Attorney-General*, LONG BRANCH: I have your telegram, and the intelligence fills me with profound sorrow. Express to Mrs. Garfield my deepest sympathies. CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Mr. Arthur then sent messages requesting their presence—in accordance with a dispatch from the Cabinet—to the different Judges of the Supreme Court present in New York. The first to arrive was Judge John R. Brady, closely followed by Judge Donahue. The party, comprising the Vice-President and the Judges named, District Attorney Rollins, Elihu Root and the eldest son of President Arthur, assembled in the front parlor of Mr. Arthur's residence, and the oath of office was then administered.

This brief, significant ceremony took place at five minutes after two on the morning of September 20th. The country had again a President, and the government its constitutional head. And so the eventful, sorrow-burdened night closed in a morning that was all gloom for fifty millions of freemen.

The next day the official autopsy took place.

This autopsy is the final official bulletin in this awful history. To the corps of doctors who had been in attendance on the wounded man were added, for this event, Dr. Andrew H. Smith, of Elberon, and Acting Assistant Surgeon D. S. Lamb, of the Army Medical Museum, at Washington. The operation was performed by Dr. Lamb, and these gentlemen then signed the following report:

"It was found that the ball, after fracturing the right eleventh rib, had passed through the spinal column in front of the spinal canal, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts and lodging below the pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine, and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted.

"The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum, and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. This hemorrhage is believed to have been the cause of the severe pain in the lower part of the chest, complained of just before death.

"An abscess cavity, six inches by four in dimensions was found in the vicinity of the gall bladder, between the liver and the transverse colon, which were strongly adherent. It did not involve the

substance of the liver, and no communication was found between it and the wound. A long suppurating channel extended from the external wound between the loin muscles and the right kidney almost to the right groin.

"This channel, now known to be due to the burrowing of pus from the wound, was supposed during life to have been the track of the ball. On an examination of the organs of the chest evidences of severe bronchitis were found on both sides, with broncho-pneumonia of the lower portions of the right lung, and, though to a much less extent, of the left. The lungs contained no abscesses and the heart no clots. The liver was enlarged and fatty, but free from abscesses. Nor were any found in any other organ, except the left kidney, which contained near its surface a small abscess about one-third of an inch in diameter.

"In reviewing the history of the case, in connection with the autopsy, it is quite evident that the different suppurating surfaces, and especially the fractured spongy tissue of the vertebra, furnish a sufficient explanation of the septic condition which existed."

Wednesday morning was as lovely an autumn morning as Long Branch had ever known. Until 7 A. M., the scene at Elberon was one of profound quiet. Only the uniformed guards slowly pacing the grass surrounding the Francklyn cottage gave signs that there was life about. Soon after that

hour, some of the doctors appeared, on their way to Washington; and, as though their coming was the signal, the place was at once peopled. The guard was doubled. Carriages began to arrive, and their occupants gathered on the hotel porch. Servants, and undertakers' assistants came out of and went into the cottage. By eight o'clock about five hundred persons, in holiday attire, had assembled on the grass in a long, dense line, close up to the beat of the outermost sentries and the roadway bordering the hotel grounds was packed with vehicles. The utmost good order prevailed. All faces were sad and no loud words were spoken, the grief was too respectful for demonstration. There were occasional incidents that testified strongly to the depth of popular feeling. Among the crowd were many country people—farmers and fishermen and their wives. One of these, a lank, ungainly Jerseyman, in ill-fitting store clothes, with long, faded locks, a consumptive bend to his shoulders, and a thin goatee that stuck forward almost horizontally half a dozen inches from his pointed chin, sauntered aimlessly into the hotel office. In one corner upon an easel stood a large framed steel portrait of the murdered President, heavily draped in black. After awhile this attracted the Jerseyman's attention. Instantly his slouched hat came off, and, approaching reverently, he gazed upon the picture for a few moments. Then, noticing that several flies

had settled upon the glass, he whipped a large bandanna handkerchief from his coat-tail pocket and whisked them away. For fifteen minutes he stood thus keeping the flies off the portrait. His demeanor was simply solemn and respectful. There was nothing ludicrous in his action, it was highly pathetic, and moved all hearts—that one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin!

At 8.45 o'clock a signal was given to allow the people to come forward and take a last look upon the dead face of the nation's chief. Instantly they began to stream toward the north-west entrance to the cottage between files of soldiery stationed at intervals to keep them in line. The casket had been placed upon a bier in the centre of the room leading off the veranda at that corner of the edifice. It was a plainly-furnished room, with ingrain carpet upon the floor and chintz curtains in the windows. The furniture had all been removed. The closed blinds made the light dim, particularly on suddenly entering from the outer air. A soldier stood guard in each corner. The upper half of the coffin-lid was absent, disclosing the head and chest of the President only. Two crossed sago palm-leaves lay upon the lower half. There were no flowers. As the people entered, they divided and passed by on both sides of the coffin at once, going out of a door leading toward the sea. Those who were disposed to linger were hurried on by the guards. The President's face

was ghastly. The skin was drawn tightly over the projecting bones, except on the forehead, There it was deeply corrugated. The lips were apart, disclosing the set teeth. The hair had whitened perceptibly. No signs of the parotid swelling or incisions were visible, but the face was blotched and covered with black specks—the result, partly, of the taking of a plaster cast of the face. A similar operation on the right hand had disfigured it so that it was deemed best to conceal it. It lay stiffly along the side. The left hand was thrust partly within the buttoned coat in the attitude which was a favorite one with General Garfield in life. The body was attired in the same suit of black clothing which he wore at the inauguration ceremonies last March, and the same black satin tie was knotted under his collar points.

For an hour the people passed in and out, with occasional breaks in the steady stream. At 9.30, carriages containing Chief-Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court; Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, Secretary and Mrs. Windom, Secretary and Mrs. Hunt, Postmaster-General and Mrs. James, Secretaries Lincoln and Kirkwood, Ridgly Hunt, son of the Secretary of the Navy; C. F. James, son of the Postmaster-General; Chief Clerk John R. Van Wormer, of the Post Office Department; Mr. Jay Stone, Private Secretary of Secretary Lincoln, and Superintendent John Jamison, of the Railway Mail

Service, drove up from the West End, and the sentries threw forward their muskets and refused to allow any more to enter. The family and intimate friends took a last and affecting look at the remains, and then the undertaker shut out the light from James A. Garfield's face forever.

At Mrs. Garfield's request, the Rev. Charles J. Young, of Long Branch, held a short funeral service. Opening the Scriptures, he read from Revelation, xiv, 13:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

"We know," he said, "that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Therefore we are always confident, knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better; there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain. And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever. Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality; so when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us pray.

".O Thou who walked through the grave of Bethany, that open grave of the brother in Bethany! O Thou who hadst compassion on the widow of Nain as she bore her beloved dead! O Thou who are the same yesterday, to-day and forever, in whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning, have

mercy upon us at this hour, when our souls have nowhere else to fly! But we fly to Thee. Thou knowest these sorrows that we bow under. O Thou God of the widow, help this stricken heart before Thee. Help these children and those that are not here. Be their father. Help her in the distant State who watched over him in childhood. Help this nation that is to-day bleeding and bowed before Thee. O sanctify this heavy chastisement to its good. Help those associated with him in the Government. O Lord, grant from the darkness of this night of sorrow there may arise a better day for the glory of God and the good of man. We thank Thee for the record of the life that is closed, for its heroic devotion to principle. We thank Thee, O Thou Lord, that he was Thy servant, that he preached Thee, Thy noble life and example, and that we can say of him now, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, their works do follow them.' Now, Lord, go with this sorrowing company in this last sad journey. Go, bear them up and strengthen them. O God, bring us all at last to the morning that has no shadow, the home that has no tears, the land that has no death, for Christ's sake. Amen."

A short prayer followed, impressive, solemn, an appeal to the Great Creator for guidance and help, to bless the blow that had struck the nation, and the service was over. During its continuance, the funeral train backed up around the curve of the temporary track, until the side door of the second of the four cars was directly opposite the cottage balcony, fronting the sea. This was the one destined to carry the President's body. It was numbered 497. The seats had been removed, and the entire interior, except the windows and the floor, which was carpeted, had been covered with black cloth. This was relieved by a cornice composed of small flags festooned closely together, their points of jointure being covered with black rosettes. The exteriors of all the cars were paneled with black cloth, plaited toward the centre,

and there set off with rosettes. Very little of the dark red wood-work was visible. The end car was another sectional car for baggage and passengers. It was numbered 248. On the other side of the hearse car was a first-class passenger car—not a parlor car—intended for President Arthur, the members of the Cabinet and their friends. It was numbered 395. The first car on the temporary track was President Robert's special drawing-room car, No. 120, in which Mrs. Garfield and her household rode to Long Branch, and in which she was to return to Washington. Behind it was attached engine No. 4, on the sides of which black drapery fluttered in the breeze.

At 9.46 o'clock the Governor of New Jersey and his staff marched into the cottage in double file. They were accompanied by several members of the Legislature and Representatives of the State in Congress. Hardly had they disappeared through the rear door, than another procession, also in double file, walked out of the front door in the opposite direction. Every head was bared instantly. General Swaim led the way. Next came Mrs. Garfield, with her arm through that of her son Harry. Her long crape veil concealed her features, but she walked with a quick, springy step, and mounted the steps of the parlor car without assistance. Behind her came Miss Mollie Garfield and Colonel Rockwell's daughter. Miss Mollie's eyes were red with much weeping, but

her manner was entirely composed. Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, Dr. Boynton, and C. O. Rockwell, and Private Secretary Brown and Executive Secretary Young followed, and all entered car No. 120. A moment later, six undertaker's assistants, slowly carrying the coffin, appeared upon the cottage balcony. They took it into car No. 497 and placed it upon a draped dais in the centre. A tall cross of yellow and white rosebuds, carnations, tuberoses and smilax stood on the carpet in front so that its top leaned against the head of the casket. A large pillow of similar flowers was laid upon the floor at the foot. Four regular soldiers seated themselves on guard, one in each corner. The members of the Cabinet and their wives entered the second car, as did also Chief-Justice Waite, the sons of Secretary Hunt and Postmaster-General James, Messrs. Van Warner and Jamison, of the Post Office Department; Colonel Corbin, ex-Sheriff Daggett, of Brooklyn; Dr. Reyburn, and the late President's attendants. A squad of ten soldiers and a Corporal of the First Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Patterson, marched around the cottage with arms reversed, and took seats in the first car. A little delay followed, but at length, at 10.01 o'clock, the train moved slowly forward. At the same instant the little Elberon church bell began to toll, and the multitude doffed their hats in silence. The train stopped on the main track, about 300 yards to the

north of Elberon depot, and engine No. 658, which had brought the sick President to Long Branch, backed up and was made fast to it. The same engineer, conductor and other employés of the Pennsylvania Railroad who officiated then, were in charge now. At 12.12½ the conductor shouted "all right," and the train started on its melancholy journey to the capital so different from that strange wild ride to the sea, when the dying President was borne away from the capital on the hopes and prayers of all nations.

The journey from the ocean to Washington was sombre in the extreme. The drapery of mourning was almost everywhere to be seen. Flags were flying at half-mast, and festoons of black hung even from the roofs of great factories. In the sparsely settled country, farmers and women and children were standing in the fields. At Princeton Junction the students had covered the iron rails with beautiful flowers in great profusion and the bells were tolling. All along the line the people had gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead and silently offer sympathy to the stricken relatives and friends. At Philadelphia there were great crowds at every spot from which the train could be seen. The bridges which span the track were filled with silent people, and the banks by the side of the railway were thickly covered. All were thoughtful and serious; even the children were under the shadow of the na-

tion's loss and stood in silence. As the train passed on, the same scenes were repeated. The people of the United States had abandoned business and pleasure, and through their ranks the dead body of the President was swiftly passing to the capital.

The special train was preceded by the limited express, which is due in Washington at 4 o'clock. Upon it were Dr. Woodward, Dr. Barnes, Dr. Lamb, Senator Jones, of Nevada, who joined the party on the special train at Gray's Ferry; Senator Kellogg, Frederick Douglass, and other prominent gentlemen. Soon after it reached the depot it was taken away, and the terminus of the track was made clear for the train, which was close behind it. Upon the platform were long lines of army and navy officers, led by General Sherman and Rear-Admiral Nichols. The station was heavily draped in mourning. In the streets around it were thousands of people, and the military and civic bodies which were to form part of the escort. The windows of the adjoining houses and hotels were filled with men and women.

At 4.29 the special train was seen rounding the curve below the station, and almost immediately afterward it slowly entered the depot. All heads were uncovered as the heavily draped engine and cars rolled in. The engine was the one which had drawn the suffering President to Elberon.

For a moment there was no sound. The crape-covered train seemed to be a messenger from another world. Then the widow of the President, heavily veiled and in deep mourning, descended from one of the cars assisted by Secretary Blaine, whose pale face and heavy eyes betoken the suffering through which he has been passing. Then came the President's son Harry. Supported by these two, one upon each side, the noble woman walked slowly toward the exit. These three were followed by General Swaim, Colonel Rockwell, Mrs. Rockwell, Mollie Garfield, Lulu Rockwell, and other members of the little band of relatives and friends whose untiring devotion to the suffering President has become known to all the world. In the group were Dr. Boynton and Marshal Henry, arm in arm. The doctor, sadly worn by sleepless watching and anxiety, seemed to be struggling to suppress emotion which threatened to overcome him. The honest face of the sturdy Marshal was gloomy and despondent. Near these was the tall form of President Arthur, and close at hand were Chief-Justice Waite and ex-President Grant. The members of the Cabinet completed the party. Then the coffin containing the body of the President was taken from the car and placed upon the shoulders of eight United States artillerymen, who bore it slowly toward the gate. Just before reaching the street, they halted, and then from the band in waiting outside came the strains of "Nearer,

my God, to Thee," played with rare tenderness. The occasion was one that brought tears into many eyes. When the last note had died away, the coffin was placed in the hearse.

The funeral train was not expected to reach Washington until between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, but as early as one o'clock people began to assemble about the depot and to take up favorable positions on Pennsylvania Avenue, to witness the cortege as it moved to the Capitol. Before four o'clock the crowds about the depot were so large that the running of the street-cars had to be suspended, while Pennsylvania Avenue, from Sixth Street to the Capitol, was literally blockaded with all classes. The funeral procession was to move directly to the east front of the Capitol by way of Pennsylvania Avenue, the marching distance being about three-quarters of a mile. Policemen, mounted and on foot, guarded both sides of the broad avenue, to prevent the crowds from pressing on the flanks of the procession and to keep all vehicles from driving on or crossing over it while the procession was in motion. Ropes were stretched along the curb lines, and behind these the people were packed so closely that locomotion was impossible. Not only were the sidewalks filled with sorrowing people, anxious to witness the funeral honors paid the late President, but the windows and roofs of houses on both sides of the avenue were crowded with spec-

tators, while the Capitol Park and the terraces and esplanade of the great white building, beneath whose dome the body of the dead President is now temporarily resting, were crowded with those who sought that locality to witness the sad pageant. About three o'clock the several military corps designated to escort the body to the Capitol, began to arrive and take position at the railroad depot. Long before the train arrived, everything was in readiness. The military formed a long line, stretching southward along Sixth Street in front of the depot and its grounds, and to the left of the military were several commanderies of Knights Templar and other Masonic bodies, the late President having been a member of the order within the jurisdiction of Washington.

At 4.30 o'clock the bugle of General Ayres, commanding the escort, sounded the "assembly," which was the signal of the approach of the funeral train, and before the harsh notes of the bugle had died away, the train with its sombre trimmings and decorations was seen winding gracefully around the curve that terminates within the depot limits. Those persons who were admitted to the depot stood with uncovered heads as Mrs. Garfield and others of the late President's family and official household passed out to the carriages that were waiting to receive them. As soon as those who accompanied the body from Long Branch had left the depot, eight non-commissioned officers of

the Second Artillery, detailed for the purpose, lifted the body of President Garfield from the car and bore it along the platform to the main room of the depot, approaching within a few feet of the spot where he fell when struck by the bullet of the assassin, and passing out of the east, or Sixth Street door, deposited the coffin with its precious contents on the hearse, the troops presenting arms and the Marine Band playing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Following the body came officers of the army and navy to the number of about two hundred, wearing the full-dress uniform of their respective ranks, and headed by General Sherman and Admiral Nichols, respectively. These officers formed in ranks of two on each side of the hearse, the army officers being on the right, and the lines extending for some distance behind the funeral car, which was drawn by six gray horses, each horse being led by a colored groom, and grooms and horses wearing the customary mourning trappings. Preceding the hearse were carriages containing President Arthur, members of the Cabinet, and others who were close to the late President. Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie and Harry Garfield, after entering their own carriage, were driven directly to the house of Attorney-General MacVeagh, whose guests they will remain until they leave Washington. The carriages were filled in the following order: First carriage, Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie and Harry Garfield, Mrs. Rockwell

and daughter; second, Mrs. MacVeagh and Mrs. Lincoln; third, Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Fred. Grant; fourth, ex-President Grant, Senator Jones, of Nevada, who joined the funeral train below Philadelphia, and General Beale; fifth, President Arthur (looking sad and troubled), Secretaries Blaine and Windom, and Chief-Justice Waite; sixth, Secretaries Lincoln, Kirkwood and Hunt; seventh, Attorney-General MacVeagh and Postmaster-General James. Then followed carriages containing Private Secretary Brown, General Swaim, Colonels Rockwell and Corbin, Dr. Boynton, and a few others.

Everything being in readiness, the troops wheeled into column, the bands struck up a funeral march, and the procession moved toward the Capitol in the following order:

Mounted Police.
General Ayres and staff.
Colonel Amos Webster and staff.
Washington Light Infantry, four companies, Colonel Moore commanding.
Union Veterans, Captain Thomasson.
National Rifles, Captain Burnside.
Washington Light Guard, Lieutenant Hodson.
Capital City Guards, Captain Keeley.
Battalion of United States Marines.
Four companies of Second United States Artillery, marching as infantry, and one light battery.
Washington and Columbia Commanderies Knights Templar, and other Masonic Societies.

As the procession moved down Pennsylvania Avenue with draped flags, muffled drums and

solemn music, the thousands of sorrowing spectators involuntarily contrasted the scene of to-day with that which was witnessed a little more than six months ago, when President Garfield was the great central figure, and when drums were rolled and colors were dipped in honor of his inauguration as President of the United States, and when 15,000 uniformed citizen-soldiers from various States proudly marched in review before him. Then the populace lining the sidewalks manifested their feelings in glad shouts and enthusiastic cheers; now the same populace stood with bowed heads and tearful eyes as the dead President was borne back to the place at which he so recently took the oath of office. The procession moved to the Capitol by the same route that was taken by the inauguration procession in March last, passing around the south or House wing of the Capitol.

On arriving at the east front, the troops were again wheeled into line, and as the hearse and carriages drove up to the main entrance of the building, the customary salute was paid. Those Senators and members of the House of Representatives who were in the city assembled and proceeded to the east front of the Capitol to receive the body, and upon its arrival formed two lines with open ranks at the foot of the main stairway in the following order: Sergeants-at-Arms Thompson, of the House, and Bright, of the Senate;

Clerk Adams and Door-keeper Fields, of the House; Representatives Tucker and Dezendorf, of Virginia; Wilson, of West Virginia; Townsend, of Ohio; Thomas, of Illinois; Shelley, of Alabama; Urner, of Maryland; Delegate Luna, of New Mexico; Senators Ingalls, of Kansas; Garland, of Arkansas; Kellogg, of Louisiana; Pugh, of Alabama; Davis, of West Virginia; Associate Justices of the Supreme Court Harlan and Matthews and ex-Justice Strong. The coffin was borne through the open ranks by the eight United States artillerymen, who carried it from the depot to the funeral car, the Senators and members following immediately after it, and President Arthur and ex-President Grant, the Chief-Justice, the members of the Cabinet following in turn in this order: President Arthur and Secretary Blaine, Secretary Windom and Chief-Justice Waite, Secretary Hunt and ex-President Grant, Secretary Lincoln and Attorney-General MacVeagh, Secretary Kirkwood and Postmaster-General James. Next came General Swaim and Colonel Rockwell, Private Secretary Brown and Colonel Corbin, Dr. Boynton and Surgeon-General Barnes. The coffin was carried to the centre of the rotunda and placed upon the catafalque prepared to receive it. This was the same catafalque used for Thaddeus Stevens, President Lincoln, Senator Sumner, Chief-Justice Chase and Vice-President Wilson. It rested on a platform about six inches high and rose about

three feet above the platform, being about four feet wide and seven feet long, and covered with heavy black velvet, a light silver bar running around the upper edges and down the joints. The body was guarded by a detail of the Capital and Metropolitan Police, and the resident members of the Army of the Cumberland acted as a guard of honor. At night the rotunda was open for the admission of the public, and several hundred persons passed in and gazed upon the features of the dead Executive.

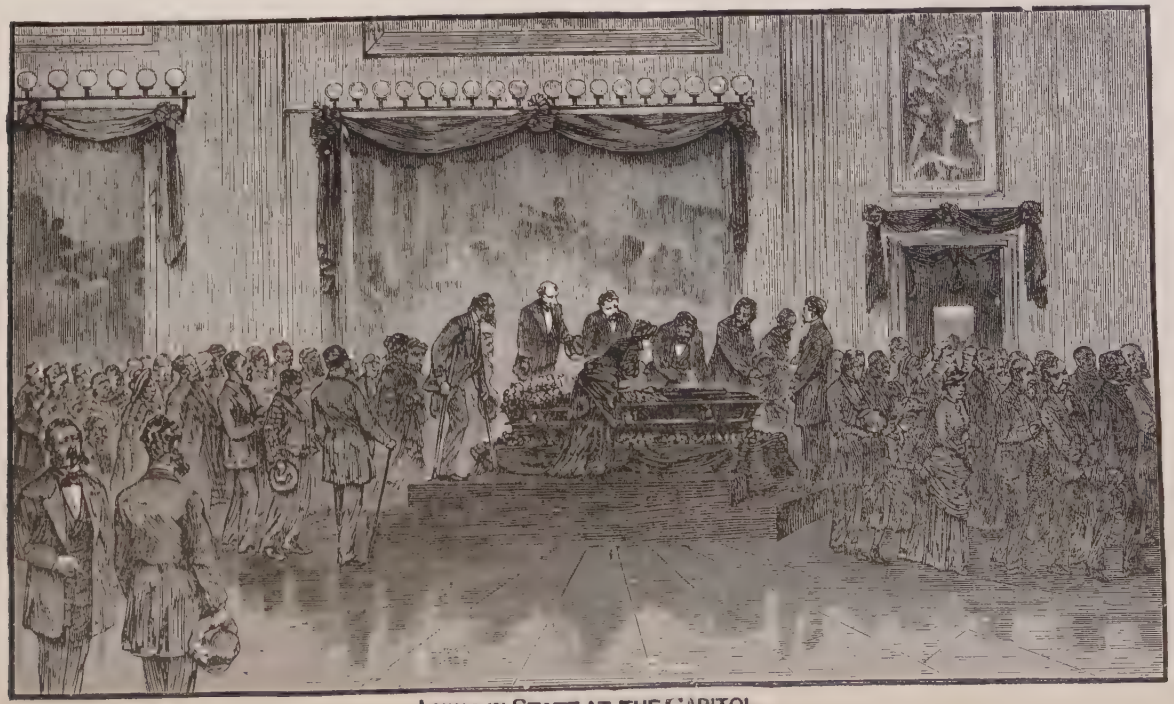
All day Thursday, Washington did little else than crowd about the Capitol, that the last tribute of respect might be paid to one whose death had been the completed majesty of his life. The sun poured down with relentless heat, but it could not disperse the thousands who had gathered to pay the last tokens of respect to the dead. The line formed outside the Capitol was a quarter of a mile long, and it resembled a huge serpent, with its head on the Capitol steps and its tail stretching out beyond the long folds of the body to East Capitol Street. The line arranged itself in this fashion to keep within the limits of the Capitol grounds.

The rotunda was heavily draped, and the vast dome, stretching away toward the heaven above, seemed in sympathy, so reverently did it echo the tread of the people. Floral decorations were scattered about the coffin, and placed upon the floor of the rotunda. On the foot of the coffin

rested an immense wreath of white rosebuds; attached to it was a card bearing the following inscription: "Queen Victoria, to the memory of the late President Garfield, an expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation." The wreath was placed upon the casket by Mr. Hitt, Assistant-Secretary of State. It was prepared by telegraphic direction of the Queen at the British Legation. One of the most beautiful of the decorations was a piece prepared at the White House conservatory, representing the "Gates ajar."

The day following, Friday, was appointed for the funeral services at the Capitol, and at their close the record of James A. Garfield at the National Capital came to a solemn end.

The funeral services were appointed for three o'clock. At eleven o'clock the Capitol was closed to the public that proper arrangements might be made for the religious ceremonies. Up to the hour of closing, the people continued to pass through the rotunda to gaze upon the closed coffin. Though they knew that the face of the dead President was effectually hidden from view, it seemed to make no difference in the numbers of those who demanded permission to approach near to the remains of the late Chief Magistrate for the last time. A few minutes after the closing of the Capitol to the people there occurred a sadly solemn scene. The bereaved family came to take



LYING IN STATE AT THE CAPITOL.

one last look, before the beloved form was hid forever. Mrs. Garfield, accompanied by her son, Harry, her daughter Mollie, Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell and daughter, General Swaim and Attorney-General and Mrs. MacVeagh, drove to the Senate wing of the Capitol, and, repairing to the President's room, sent for Colonel Bright, who was informed that Mrs. Garfield desired to look for the last time on the face of her deceased husband. Colonel Bright directed that all persons should leave; that the four doors leading to the rotunda should be closed, and that the guard should retire to the outside and remain there until Mrs. Garfield had performed her mission of love. The four entrances having been thus closed and guarded, the lid of the coffin was removed and Mrs. Garfield entered the rotunda alone through the north door. Not a living soul was in the vast circular room except herself. She was alone with her dead. Of the supreme agony of this moment, who can speak? Alone, beneath the vast dome of a nation's hall, all the eloquent silence of which spoke in softened tones to her broken heart, sat the well-beloved wife. And he, who for twenty-three years she had loved, honored and obeyed, spoke no word, gave no sign! The ice of death was in his heart—great, gentle, generous—it would never beat more. Then, as she knelt beside the coffin, beside the altar of the nation's tears and bade Good-bye to him on earth, there stole in at one

of the great windows without a ray of sunshine, the light of the world. God grant that it lightened the grief of the woman!

When she left, she took with her some of the blossoms that surrounded the coffin. At exactly twelve o'clock, General Swaim and Colonel Rockwell, the two life-long friends and faithful nurses of the late President throughout his suffering, repaired to the rotunda and closed the lid of the coffin and locked it, and directed that it should never again be opened. This was done by direction of Mrs. Garfield. It was just twenty-nine weeks ago at noon on Friday, September 23d, that General Garfield was inaugurated President of the United States, and it was deemed fitting that his career should close with the coffin-lid in the Capitol, where it was substantially begun, shaped and rounded.

The first organized body to enter the rotunda was composed of the survivors of the Army of the Cumberland, comprising not only those resident in Washington, who had been serving as a guard of honor to the body since Wednesday, but also a number visiting from New York, Philadelphia and other points. The diplomatic corps in full uniform came next, dropping in by legations, the Chinese being the first to take the seats assigned them. The glittering decorations of these representatives of foreign nations were dulled and chastened by crape in every instance. The offi-

cers of the army and navy, with crape on arm and sword-hilt, came by squads, and soon lighted up the scene with a brave show of blue and gold. The Chief Justice, accompanied by Justices Miller, Harlan and Matthews, in their official robes, with the officers of the Supreme Court, followed. Then, from the south wing, came the members of the House of Representatives, marshaled by Sergeant-at-Arms Thompson. A moment later the Senate, approaching from the north wing, with ex-Vice-Presidents Hamlin and Wheeler, soberly filed into their allotted places. They had scarcely seated themselves, when the Cabinet entered, preceded by ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, and President Arthur, on the arm of Secretary Blaine. The President and Secretary of State occupied seats at the west end of the semi-circle, immediately opposite the two ex-Presidents, while the Cabinet, with members of their families, took seats in the front row, between the two extremities. The clergymen who were to conduct the religious services, and the Philharmonic Society, who were to render the hymns and anthems, were arranged about the head of the coffin.

At precisely three o'clock the beautiful harmony of the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," swelled softly forth and filled the rotunda. At the first note, the guard of honor, twelve in number, who had, during all of the subdued bustle of filling the rooms, stood silent and rigid about the catafalque, quietly with-

drew, leaving their comrade to receive the solemn offices of the Church. At the conclusion of the hymn, Rev. Dr. Rankin read a portion of the Scriptures. The Rev. Isaac Erret, of the Christian Church, offered prayer, Rev. Dr. Power, the pastor of the late President, addressed the gathered mourners, and the services closed with prayer by the Rev. D. Butler, for many years chaplain of the House of Representatives.

The floral tributes, which were numerous and appropriate, were removed. The wreath sent by the Queen was alone carried out upon the coffin, which still bore the palm leaves first placed upon it at Elberon. Then the bearers, strong men who had won General Garfield's esteem as co-worshipers in the little frame church on Vermont Avenue, bore out from the hall and from the Capitol the mortal remains of the man who had, for so many years, made its walls ring with the eloquent appeals of his patriotic utterances. The intimate friends and White House official family followed after, and were succeeded by the two ex-Presidents, the President and the Cabinet, and the representatives from the Supreme Court. Then, by direction of General Field, the Master of Ceremonies, the Diplomatic Corps passed out. After them the members of the Senate and the House marched slowly down the broad steps of the eastern front.

When the body was borne through the bronze doors of the Capitol, the troops drawn up in line,

and facing the building paid the customary honors, the Marine Band, which was stationed directly in front of the main stairway, playing "Sweet by and by." The officers of the army and navy, who constituted the guard of honor, preceded the body down the stairs and formed in two lines facing inward, the right resting at the hearse. Through these lines of officers the coffin was borne and deposited in the hearse, President Arthur leaning on the arm of Secretary Blaine, ex-President Grant and Hayes, the members of the Cabinet, foreign Ministers, and Senators and Representatives following immediately after in the order named. When the body had been placed in the hearse, the troops were wheeled into line, and the cortége moved off to funereal music, in the following order:

Two battallions of District of Columbia Militia, ten companies.
Two companies of United States Marine
Four companies of the United States Second Artillery.
Light Battery Company A, United States Artillery.
Grand Army of the Republic.
Roscoe Conkling Club Boys in Blue.
Columbia, Washington and De Molay Commanderies, Knights Templar, of Washington, in full regalia.
Beauseant Commandry, Knights Templar, of Baltimore.
The hearse, drawn by six iron-gray horses, each led by a colored groom.

Carriages occupied officers of the Executive Mansion and their wives, relatives of the late President, ex-President Grant and Hayes, President Arthur, and Secretary Blaine; the other Cabinet Ministers and their wives, the Diplomatic Corps, Chief-Justice Waite, and Associate Justices Harlan, Matthews and Miller; Senators, members of the House, Governors of States and Territories, and Commissioners of the District of Columbia, the Judges of the Court of Claims, the Judiciary of the District of Columbia, and

Judges of the United States Courts; the Assistant Secretaries of State, Treasury and Interior Departments; the Assistant Postmasters-General, the Solicitor-General, and the Assistant Attorney-General.

Slowly the march to the station continued. What a contrast to the 4th of last March! Then as now the Capitol Park was crowded with an immense throng, composed of visitors, from every section of the country waiting the grand procession in long lines of soldiery and civic organizations. The contrast smote every heart. Where before were thunders of applause and gayly floating banners and every demonstration of patriotic enthusiasm, were now the quiet of the funeral hour, furled banners and muffled drums, and instead of the quick march of a triumphant column, there was the slow step, the hearse, the black plumes and wailing funeral music; and in lieu of salvos of artillery, there were the mournful echoes of the minute gun. And so with arms reversed and banners wound with crape, the long column moved on through solid lines of people, standing with uncovered heads. Thus, for the last time, President Garfield was borne along this broad avenue, whose national fame is now increased and made additionally interesting, because it was the scene of his great triumph, of his assassination and his burial.

The trip of the train westward was an ever-memorable one. It started from Washington at 5.21 P. M. It was composed of two sections. The

first was composed of four cars, the second car from the engine being heavily draped in mourning. In this reposed the body of the President. In the other two cars were Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie Garfield, Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, General Swaim, the Rev. Mr. Powers, the pastor of the President, and the members of his political household. The second section, which followed immediately after the first, consisted of five cars. The first was a dining-room car, and the other three were occupied by Senators and Representatives, who journeyed to Cleveland to pay the last tribute of respect to the nation's murdered chief. In the second car were Senators Bayard, of Delaware; Anthony, of Rhode Island; Camden, of West Virginia; Sherman, of Ohio; Ingalls, of Kansas; Pugh, of Alabama; Morgan, of Alabama; Blair, of New Hampshire; Miller, of New York; Sergeant-at-Arms Bright, Executive Clerk Peyton, Stenographer Murphy and Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms Christy. In the third car were Senators Jonas, of Louisiana; McMillan, of Minnesota; Jones, of Nevada; Garland, of Arkansas; Beck, of Kentucky; Jones, of Florida; Edmunds, of Vermont; Kellogg, of Louisiana, and Groome, of Maryland. The car of the railroad officers came next, followed by two coaches, in which members of the House of Representatives were seated. In the first were Messrs. Jacobs, of New York; Harris, of New Jersey; Brewer and Errett, of Pennsyl-

vania; Wilson, of West Virginia; Chandler, of Massachusetts; and Belmont, of New York. In the last car were Representatives Hogg, of West Virginia; Townsend, of Ohio; Hill, of New Jersey; Hardenburgh, of New Jersey; J. R. Thomas, of Illinois; Clark, of Missouri; Dezendorf, of Virginia; Nathan, of Ohio; Schultz, of Ohio; Camp, of New York; Hiscock, of New York; Bayne, of Pennsylvania; the Hon. John H. Starin, of New York; General Banks, of Massachusetts; Representatives Evans, of South Carolina; Robinson, of Ohio; McCook, of New York, McKinley, of Ohio; Briggs, of New Hampshire; Dowd, of North Carolina; Henderson, of Illinois; Watson, of Pennsylvania; McClure, of Ohio; Morey, of Ohio; Dawes, of Ohio; Taylor, of Ohio; Buck, of Connecticut; Kassan, of Iowa; Beltzhoover, of Pennsylvania; Urner, of Maryland; West, of New York; Randall, of Pennsylvania; Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms Rainey and Doorkeeper Field.

All along the route people crowded the sides of the track with uncovered heads. Never before was such national mourning.

In the depot at Baltimore were the Mayor and Common Council of the city, officers and employés of the custom-house, post-office, and the civil and naval service of the Government, five posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, comprising about five hundred men, and the officers of the Fifth Maryland Regiment in uniform, all wearing crape.

A stop of ten minutes was made to change engines, and at 6.44 the train again started on its way to the West. For the distance of nearly a mile on the outskirts of the city the sides of the track were crowded with men, women and children. The train passed Mount Vernon, on the Northern Central Road, at 6.49, Mount Washington six minutes later, and Parkton at 7.29. New Freedom was reached at 8 o'clock, Hanover Junction at 8.13.30, York at 8.32.30, Summit at 8.43, Goldsboro at 9.02, and Bridgeport, opposite Harrisburg, at 9.18. The City Grays of Harrisburg, the two posts of the Grand Army of the Republic of the city, and the several Republican and Democratic clubs marched over the bridge to Bridgeport, and were waiting at the depot when the train passed. As the train appeared in sight around a bend of the river a short distance below Bridgeport, a cannon on Hargest Island, in the middle of the river, broke the silence of the night, and the bells from every steeple in Harrisburg and Bridgeport began to toll. This tribute was continued until the funeral train passed out of sight. Marysville, seven miles west of Harrisburg, was reached at 9.31, and here a stop was made of 14½ minutes to secure a new locomotive, and a new crew of train men. At 9.46 the train left Marysville and proceeded on its journey. Cone was passed at 9.54, Aqueduct at 10.07, Newport at 10.23, Tuscarora at 10.47, Mifflin at 11 o'clock, Lewiston Junction at 11.21,

and Anderson at 11.30. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, crowds were on hand at all these stations to look upon the train which bore so precious a burden, and as it passed by the platforms everybody stood with uncovered heads. McVeytown was passed at 11.39, Managunk at 11.50, and Mount Union at 12.06, the train at this point being on schedule time. The funeral train passed Coal Siding at 12.20, Huntington at 12.30, Petersburg at 12.41, and Spruce Creek at 12.54. The train left Altoona on time at 1.40 A. M., and from there all up the grand old mountain to Cresson the track was guarded by mountaineers and woodsmen, who stood uncovered in the darkness, able to see nothing, yet testifying their respect as grandly as their brethren all over the world, and passed Johnstown at 3.15 A. M. About 3 000 people had congregated at the depot, standing uncovered and silent. The bells of all the churches, school-houses and engine companies were tolled Derry station was reached at about 4.30 o'clock. Hundreds had gathered here, and the same scenes were enacted when the train entered the Union depot at Pittsburg at 5.40. Fully 5,000 people had assembled at the depot, and in the streets through which the train was to pass. No demonstration was made, save the tolling of all the bells and the firing of minute guns. A committee of citizens was on hand, and, like the crowd, stood with their heads bowed and uncov-

ered. During the fourteen minutes stop at Pittsburg, while the train was being shifted to the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad tracks, no one ventured to speak above a whisper, and the funeral party kept themselves out of sight. The train drew out of the depot at 5.45, and slowly crossed the bridge to Alleghany City, where a car containing the Cleveland committee was attached. More people even than in Pittsburg lined the tracks through Alleghany City and the parks along the line of the railroad. Where it passed through the West Park the tracks were covered with plants in bloom and thousands of fragrant blossoms. The train steamed out of Alleghany City at 6.20 amid the tolling of bells.

The train arrived at Rochester at 7.43 o'clock. A large number of people were gathered at the depot, and Post No. 183 of the Grand Army of the Republic was drawn up in line to receive the train. A Post of the Grand Army of the Republic was drawn up in front of the depot at East Liverpool, Ohio, which was reached at 7.58, when the train passed in the order of salute. A band of music was in attendance and played a funeral dirge. A beautiful arch was erected over the main street, tastefully decorated. The Fire Department was also drawn up in line, and about 1,000 people were congregated at the station and along the track. The train made another stop at Wellesville Junction, about three miles from

Wellesville, to take in water. The car-shops of the company are situated here, and the employés, with their wives and children, were assembled in a body to witness the passing of the train. Across the front of one of the largest shops was stretched a wide piece of canvas, on which was painted in prominent letters, "We Mourn our Dead President." The people stood quietly by when the train stopped, scarcely any of them moving until it again started. A large number of the male portion of the crowd were in a kneeling position as the train rolled by.

The manifestations of sympathy for the dead President were most marked along the entire route. The houses from a mansion to a log cabin were draped in mourning at all points. At Salineville, Ohio, there was quite a gathering of all classes of people. Coal-miners, with their lamps on their hats and clothes covered with dirt, just as they had rushed from the mines, were mingled with well-dressed men and women. A number of coal-mine boys, with lamps on their hats, were drawn up in martial line in front of the depot. At Atwater, the next station west of Alliance, quite a crowd was gathered at the station. The train stopped for water at Ravenna at 11.31. Here a large number of people were assembled; buildings were draped in mourning, and there was a general manifestation of sorrow. This was the last stop which the train made before reaching its destination.

At 1.30 the train bearing the remains of the murdered President arrived at Cleveland, and twenty minutes later the Congressional train rolled into the depot. The mournful journey had been made without accident of any kind, and the pageant had been witnessed by more sorrowing citizens than ever before looked upon a funeral train in this country.

For a moment after the train had stopped, the silence was unbroken, and no one appeared at the doors or windows. Then the relatives and friends and members of the escort stepped down upon the platform. The arrangements were not of so formal a character as at Long Branch and Washington. As soon as these living occupants of the train had departed, the soldiers of the Second Artillery, to whom had been assigned the duty of bearing the coffin to the hearse, came forward to remove the body from the car. Their white helmets and blue and red uniforms were in strong contrast with the dark garments of the relatives and friends. The coffin was gently moved from its resting-place, passed through the door of the car, and placed upon the shoulders of the artillerymen, who bore it along the platform and through the lines to the street, where the hearse was guarded by the veterans of General Garfield's old regiment, the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, who wore the clothing of civil life. The commanderies of Knights Templar and the Cleveland Grays,

and other organizations, were awaiting the movements of the procession. The hearse was a plain but costly one, furnished by local undertakers, and drawn by four handsome black horses, which were covered with black robes fringed with silver. The body of the hearse was enveloped in crape. A colored man led each horse. These colored men had performed the same duty at the obsequies of President Lincoln.

The start for the centre of the city was made at twenty minutes to two o'clock. On reaching Euclid Avenue the scene was sadly affecting. There are few thoroughfares in the world which rival this in beauty. The broad roadway runs for miles between rows of stately dwellings, which are surrounded by spacious grounds, and shaded by numerous trees from the station to the public square. The sidewalks and broad porches were filled with people. The display of symbols of mourning and grief upon the house-fronts was remarkable. Some of the larger mansions were almost hidden in folds of black. The pillars of porticoes were covered with black and white. Large portraits of the murdered President were frequently exhibited. Huge anchors of black and white had been placed in the windows. Flags at half-mast, with wide black borders, floated from many a lofty staff. In some of these exhibitions rare taste was shown. The avenue, like the business streets, had put on mourning garments,

and in the outskirts of the city, where the poor live in humble dwellings, the display was universal.

The procession to the catafalque was led by three platoons of policemen, each line stretching from one curbstone to the other. These were followed by Colonel John M. Wilson, United States Army, and staff, who rode in front of the Cleveland Grays' band. The first City Troop rode slowly behind the band, and preceded the carriages which contained the local Committee of Arrangements. These were followed by Governor Foster, of Ohio, and his staff. Next marched delegates representing Columbia Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templar, of Washington, the Commandery of which the late President was a member. Directly in the rear of these was the body of the President, drawn by black horses, which were held by colored grooms by means of silver cords. The body was guarded by the United States artillerymen who had borne it from the railway car. Following the body were eight drummers, whose drums were muffled and covered with crape. The outer guards consisted of long lines of Knights Templar from local commanderies. These were followed by the Cleveland Grays, a company wearing gray uniforms and huge shakos of bearskin. Then came the sorrowful handful of veterans from General Garfield's old regiment, the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, in citizens' clothing. There were forty-six of these men, and they carried their

torn and blood-stained battle-flags closely furled and bound with crape, as befited the memories of the tented field. A long line of carriages then appeared, bearing the members of the Cabinet, the officers of the Army and Navy, the Governors of States, Senators, Representatives in Congress and other distinguished visitors.

The procession moved slowly to the measures of a mournful dirge. At 3 o'clock the vanguard reached the black arch which spanned the entrance of the public square. The roadways around the square were blocked with people, but there were very few within the inclosure. The pavilion was an imposing structure. The floor upon which the catafalque rests was five and a half feet above the ground and was approached over an inclined plane from the east and the west. The pavilion was square and the arched openings faced the four points of the compass. At the apex of the roof was a large gilded globe. The arched openings at the sides were twenty-four feet wide and thirty feet long. The floor was forty-five feet square. The columns at the angles of the pavilion were graced by minarets of festooned flags, and from each corner hung a large black banner. Draped field-pieces were placed a short distance from each corner. The facades were ornamented with beautiful floral emblems. Some of them deserve description. A large cross of begonias and ivy, with arms of ferns and begonias, bore a heart made

of rosebuds. Beneath was an anchor of white balsams. A large Bible of white balsams lay open, its pages studded with rose-buds, carnations and tuberoses. Part of a beautiful altar-piece consisted of an open book of pink and white balsams and tuberoses, with pale yellow buds on the pages. A cross of white balsams, white asters, white roses and carnations towered above it. A tyre of balsams and rosebuds lay against a green column, over which birds hovered. Another piece represented a dreary stubble-field, brown and bare, bearing one garnered sheaf, at the foot of which, lay a sickle of balsams and rosebuds and tuberoses, and the word "Gathered" in purple immortelles. A monument of white balsams and tuberoses had its base banded with pink, and upon the apex was a dove with folded wings. A lighthouse of balsams, tuberoses, begonias and geranium leaves, with a broad base of fern leaves and begonias, bore a shield on which in purple immortelles were the words: "Garfield—a beacon to posterity." In another structure the States were represented by columns of ivy or smilax, with the name of each in white immortelles, while over all was an arch which bore the words, "Columbia mourns her son."

When the, police reached the archway at the entrance of the public square, the space within the pavilion was guarded by soldiers, who mournfully paced to and fro. The breeze from the lake

fitfully shook the great black banners which hung from the corners of the pavilion. As the head of the procession entered the public square, the bell of the First Presbyterian Church, near at hand, began to toll. The band, continuing the dirge, filed in and stood at one side of the space between the arch and the pavilion. The Templars followed them, and formed in lines extending on each side of the way from the arch to the catafalque. The delegates from Columbia Commandery entered the pavilion. The remaining Templars guarded the space over which the body had to pass. Marshal Henry and the local committee came up the inclined plane, and the grooms led the black horses into the public square. The Templars presented their swords. The band began the mournful strains of Pleyel's Hymn, playing softly and tenderly. Governor Foster and his staff took places in the pavilion, and then the eight artillerymen took the coffin from the hearse and bore it slowly up the inclined plane to the catafalque, upon which they placed it. The clay which had been James A. Garfield was lying in the city of his dearest friends. It had almost reached its last resting place.

The scene was one to be remembered. There was a deep solemnity about every action and every whispered word. The eye glancing down between the lines of Templars and through the archway, saw the troops quietly wheeling and preparing to depart. So still was it in the

presence of the great multitude which surrounded the square that the rustling of the plants which adorned the pavilion as the breeze swept by them was plainly heard. The coffin having been deposited in its place, the hearse was taken away. The Templars wheeled before the pavilion and prepared to depart. Twelve privates of the Cleveland Grays marched to the front of the pavilion and then, three at a time, went up and took their places as guards around the catafalque. They allowed no one to enter the pavilion. The remainder of the company departed, and the Templars followed them, leaving four of their number to act as guard. Three minutes afterward the war-worn veterans of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers marched up to the entrance of the pavilion, and passed out of the square by a gate at the right. The ceremony was over.

The structure and the whole square was illuminated by electric lights at night. At the head of the coffin was placed a large portrait of the late President. Upon the coffin lay the palm leaves and the wreath sent by Queen Victoria, which had not been removed after the body was placed in the Capitol. At the head of the coffin lay a scroll bearing the following words:

"Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won
Now comes rest."

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LAST ACT.

A SAD Sunday it was for the fair city of Cleveland, on September 25th, 1881. Right in the heart of the place lay the dead ruler, dead, though, only in the flesh, a President of his people, still in their hearts and homes. An endless throng paid him the silent homage of respect, streaming by his coffin from early morn till the shades of night had long kissed the grieving city. In every church the preacher dwelt lovingly on the character and glories of the deceased. Everywhere else the masses were busy with the arrangements for the day following—the day upon which the last that mortality could do for man would be done, and then would come the tomb.

During the night a gentle shower fell upon the shadowed city, and when morning was ushered in a bright September sun shone through fast disappearing clouds. All night the park was carefully guarded by soldiery, and up to the hour of midnight, a throng was constantly passing in a regular, solemn procession, with uncovered heads. It is not probable that more than half of the people

went to bed at all. At any rate, they were out again before the sun, and moving about. Some dissatisfaction was expressed when it was known that the crowd would not be admitted to the park during the funeral exercises, but no attempts were made to break through the guard, and all contentedly accepted the poor satisfaction of beholding the funeral pageant as it impressively passed along the streets.

Promptly at 10.30 o'clock the ceremonies at the pavilion began. The immediate members of the family and near relatives and friends took seats about the coffin. At each corner was stationed a member of the Cleveland Grays. The committee members on duty about the pavilion wore heavy crape.

Dr. J. P. Robinson, president of ceremonies, announced that the exercises would open by the singing of Beethoven's funeral hymn, by the Cleveland Vocal Society, whereupon the hymn was sung as follows:

Thou art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy light thro' the gloom.

Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, then read some appropriate selections from the Scriptures, after which the Rev. Ross C. Houghton offered a most appropriate prayer.

After the prayer the vocal society sang:

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
Who breaks in love this mortal chain;
My life I but from Thee inherit,
And death becomes my chiefest gain.
In Thee I live, in Thee I die,
Content, for Thou art ever nigh.

Hardly had the last word died in the hushed air, when the Rev. Isaac Errett, of Cincinnati, began his most excellent and appropriate sermon, taking as his text these words:

"And the archers shot at King Josiah, and the king said to his servants, Have me away, for I am sore wounded.

"His servants, therefore, took him out of that chariot and put him in the second chariot that he had, and they brought him to Jerusalem, and he died, and was buried in one of the sepulchres of his fathers. And all Jerusalem mourned for Josiah.

"And Jeremiah lamented for Josiah, and all the singing men and singing women spoke of Josiah in their lamentations to this day, and made them an ordinance in Israel; and, behold, they are written in the lamentations.

"Now the rest of the acts of Josiah and his goodness according to that which was written in the law of the Lord,

"And his deeds, first and last, behold, they are written in the book of the kings of Israel and Judah.

"For, behold, the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, doth take away from Jerusalem and from Judah the stay and the staff; the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water.

"The mighty man and the man of war, and the prophet, and the ancient.

"The captain of fifty, and the honorable man and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer and the eloquent orator.

"The voice said Cry. And he said What shall I cry?

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever."

Dr. Errett was listened to with close and earnest attention. He spoke for forty minutes, and when he closed, a hush for a moment hung over the vast audience.

The Rev. Jabez Hall then read General Garfield's favorite hymn, which was beautifully sung by the Vocal Society:

Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there, ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom
And crush each error low.
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

At 11.45 o'clock Dr. Charles S. Pomeroy delivered the final prayer and benediction.

During the last ceremonies at the catafalque 100,000 men in uniform were moving up and down

the broad avenues pointing to the public square from the east. The music of many bands came faintly to the hushed assembly about the catafalque, while as far as the eye could discern there were moving columns of bright uniforms and densely packed sidewalks. An impressive but almost painful moment of silence and inactivity followed the solemn benediction by Rev. Charles C. Pomeroy. The perfect silence in the groups surrounding the remains of the President was broken by his faithful servant Dan, who opened the door of Mrs. Garfield's carriage, the first in the long line of vehicles behind the funeral car. General Barnett, the master of ceremonies, summoned the bearers, ten sergeants of the Second Artillery, who advanced in close ranks, forming a single file on both sides of the casket. The remains were raised from their resting-place at 12.10 P. M., and on the shoulders of the stalwart soldiers, borne very slowly down the incline, every eye in that assemblage of not less than 10,000 persons followed the black casket encompassing the remains of the dead President, till they were placed on the dais, under the sable canopy of the funeral car. Another moment of waiting, and the long line of carriages began to fill, minute guns were fired at Lake View Park, on the outskirts of this city, and from a hundred steeples the response came back with the tolling of the bells. The slow measure of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," played

by the Marine Band of Washington, seemed in unison with the halting of carriages, slowly receiving their complement of passengers at the catafalque, and moving away to their place in the procession. To the relatives of the family the guard of honor was summoned, then the Justices of the Supreme Court, the Governors of States, Senators Kellogg, Logan, Cameron, Jones, Conger, Miller, Pendleton, Beck, Edwards, Garland, Blair, Camden, Pugh, Ingalls, Anthony, Morgan, Bayard, and Sherman, forty members of the House of Representatives, then Generals Sherman and Sheridan and Admirals Rodgers and Stanley, together. Generals Hancock, Sergeant, Wales, Admirals English and Wyman, Adjutant-General Drum, Chief-Paymaster Looker of the Navy, and Colonels Tourtelotte and Ward and aids-de-camp. The next carriages in the rear contained all the members of the Cabinet, General Hazen, chief signal officer, Colonels Swaim and Rockwell and Private Secretary Brown. Ex-President Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, ex-Secretary William M. Evarts and Miss Lucy Hayes occupied one of the last carriages leaving the catafalque. Rear-Admiral Nichols, Dr. and Mrs. Boynton, the veterans of the Army of the Cumberland and the representative delegations from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, Albany, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Columbus, led by the Mayors of all cities, except the three first named, occupied the last

carriages in the procession, of which the advance guard was already five miles away, and even then within a short distance of Lake View Cemetery in the country beyond Cleveland. The file of carriages left the public square through the funeral archway on the east. As column after column of troops wheeled into line from Euclid Avenue, the procession became a magnificent spectacle, but the bright colored uniforms and the flashing of steel in the sun was forgotten, for wherever the uniform was brightest, the steel keenest, a bit of fluttering crape was fastened, while the bright banners of the infantry were shrouded in black. The procession moved slowly, not more than a mile and a half per hour. The advance guard left Monumental Square at 12.20 P. M., and entered the cemetery, six miles from Cleveland at 2.40. At that moment the end of the procession was just leaving the public square at Cleveland.

At 3.30 o'clock the procession entered the gateway, which was draped in black, with appropriate inscriptions. On the keystone were the words, "Come to Rest;" on one side were the words, "Lay him to rest whom we have learned to love," on the other, "Lay him to rest whom we have learned to trust." A massive cross of evergreens was in the centre of the arch.

The United States Marine Band, continuing the mournful strains it had kept up during the entire march, entered first. Then came the Forest City

troop, of Cleveland, who were the escort of the President at his inauguration. Behind them came the funeral car, with its escort of twelve United States artillerymen, followed by a battalion of Knights Templar and the Cleveland Grays. The mourners' carriage and those containing the guard of honor comprised all of the procession that had entered the grounds. None of the President's family except two of the boys left the carriages.

Dr. J. P. Robinson, as president of the day, opened the exercises by introducing the Rev. J. H. Jones, chaplain of the 42d Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, which General Garfield commanded. Mr. Jones said:

Our illustrious friend has completed his journey—a journey we must all soon make, and that in the near future; yet, when I see the grand surroundings on this occasion, I am led to inquire, Was this man the son of the emperor, of the king, that wore the crown? for in the history of this great country there has been nothing like this seen by the people, and perhaps in no other country. Yet I thought, perhaps, speaking after the manner of men, that he was a prince, and this was offered in a manner after royalty.

He was not, my friends. It is not an offering of a king. It is not, as we are taught, an offering to earthly kings and emperors, though he was born a prince and a free man, the great Commoner of the United States.

Only a few miles from where we stand less than fifty years ago he was born in the primeval forests of this State and this County, and all he asks of you now is a peaceful grave in the bosom of the land that gave him birth. I cannot speak to you of his wonderful life and works. Time forbids, and history will take care of that, and your children's children will read of this with emotion when we have passed away from this earth. But let me say that when I was permitted with these honorable men to go to Pittsburg as one of a committee to receive his mortal remains, I saw from

that city to Cleveland hundreds and thousands of people, many of them in tears. Then I asked the meaning of all this. For I saw the workingmen coming out of the rolling-mills, with dust and smoke all over their faces; their heads uncovered, and tears rolling down their brawny cheeks, and with bated breath, I asked, What is the meaning of all this because it casts down a working man. He was a workingman himself, for he had been a worker from his birth, almost. He has fought his way through life at every step, and the workingman he took by the hand. There were sympathy and brotherhood between them. In the small cottages as well as in the splendid mansions there are drapings on the shutters, and it may have been the only veil a poor woman had, and, with tears in her eyes, she saw us pass. I asked why; what interest has this poor woman in this man? She had read that he was born in a cabin, and that when he got old enough to work in the beech woods, he helped to support his widowed mother. Then I saw the processions and the colleges pouring out; the local processions, and civic societies, and the military, all concentrated here. And he has touched them all in his passage thus far through life, and you feel that he is a brother. He is, therefore, a brother to you in all these regards.

But when a man dies his work usually follows him. When we sent Garfield to the Capitol at Washington he weighed 210 pounds. He had a soul that loved his race, a splendid intellect that almost bent the largest form to bear it. You bring him back to us a mere handful of some 80 pounds, mostly of bones, in that casket. Now I ask, why is this? I do not stop to talk about the man that did the deed. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord: I will repay." He sees the terrors of a scaffold before him probably, and the eternal disgrace which falls to the murderer and assassin, and he is going down to the judgment of God amid the frowns of the world. But where is James A. Garfield, whom we lent to you seven months ago? Many of you were there at the time of his inauguration, and witnessed the grand pageant which passed in front of the Capitol, and the grandest that was ever had in the nation was held on that occasion. And now comes this unwelcome but splendid exhibition, that will be read of all over the world with regret; for Secretary Blaine, in a business-like manner, made out that there were three hundred million people of the world mourning the death of President Garfield and offering up sympathy. Where is he? Here is all that is left of him, the grand, bright and brilliant man. Now that soul that loved, that mind that taught and has impressed itself upon the world, must come back, for if thoughts live, will that precious thought cease? In reason he speaks, and in example he lives. His thoughts and mighty deeds still flourish in structure. We shall get him back, fellow-citizens.

In conversation with one nearest and dearest to him, she said when she

thought of his relations as a husband, a son and a statesman, having reached the highest pinnacle to which man can be elevated by the free suffrage of our 50,000,000 of people, there was no promotion left for her beloved but for God to call him higher. He has received that promotion. He believed in the immortality, not only of the soul, but of the body, and that the grave will give up the dead. He must live, and, my friends, that was the hope that sustained him. It was with him in the war, and the enemy never saw his back. They never looked upon his back; he was fortunate in every contest in being on the victorious side. But the grandest fight he ever made in the last eighty days of his existence, fought not because he himself personally expected to live, but the doctors told him to hope. He loved his wife and children, and he hoped. "I am not afraid to die, but I will try to live." And then he was not conquered except by simple exhaustion.

It seems to me that no good man by the name of Abraham can be President of the United States, and can be long absent from Abraham's bosom, for both of them have been called, and early, to the Paradise of God, and his spirit looks down on us to-day. He is in the society of Washington and Lincoln, and the immortal hosts of patriots that stood for their country. Let me say in conclusion: There was a man in ancient Bible history that killed more in his death than he did in his life, and I believe that to be true with James A. Garfield. I doubt whether there is a page that equals this in sympathy and love, not only in this country but all over the world. Have you ever read anything like this? You brethren here of the South, I greet you to-day, and you brethren of the North, East and West, come, let us lay all our bitterness in the coffin of the dear man. Let him carry it with him to the grave in silence. Till the angels disturb the slumbers of the dead, let us love each other more and our country better. May God bless you and the dear family; and as they constitute a great family on earth, I hope they will constitute a great family in the Kingdom of God, where I hope to meet you all in the end. Amen.

The Latin ode from Horace, "To Arestius Fuscus," was sung by the United German Singing Society.

Dr. Robinson then announced the late President's favorite hymn: "Ho, reapers of Life's Harvest!" which the German vocal societies of Cleveland sang with good effect. The exercises

closed with the benediction by President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, who was introduced by Dr. Robinson. Mr. Hinsdale said:

O God, the sad experience of this day teaches us the truth of what Thou hast told us in Thy Word. The grave is the last of this world and the end of life. "Earth to earth; dust to dust; ashes to ashes." But we love the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the power of the endless life. Therefore, O God our Father, we look to Thee now for Thy greatest blessing. We pray that the fellowship and the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, may be with all who have been in to-day's great assembly. Amen.

Harry and James Garfield then entered the tomb to take a last look at the casket that inclosed the remains of their father. They were accompanied by Colonels Rockwell and Corbin, and, on coming out, James was sobbing bitterly. He picked up a little red flower from the steps of the tomb and carried it to his mother, who pressed it to her lips. Then the members of the Cabinet visited the coffin for the last time, and, at 4.30 o'clock, the sad cortége departed to the world without.

FINIS.